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THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

X.

IN THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC.

By the time Lynde had changed his wet clothing, the rain had turned into a dull drizzle which folded itself like a curtain about the valley. Mont Blanc, with its piled-up acres of desolation, loomed through the mist, a shapeless, immeasurable cloud, within whose shadow the little town was to live darkly, half blotted out, for the next four days.

Lynde spent the afternoon between his own chamber and the reading-room of the hotel, wandering restlessly from one to the other, and not venturing to halt at Mrs. Denham's door to inquire after Ruth. Though he held himself nearly guiltless in what had occurred, Mrs. Denham's rebuking tone and gesture had been none the less intolerable. He was impatient to learn Ruth's condition, and was growing every moment more anxious as he reflected on her extreme delicacy and the severe exposure she had undergone; but he could not bring himself just then to go to Mrs. Denham for information. He concluded to wait until he met her at dinner; but Mrs. Denham did not come down to the table-d'hôte.

The twilight fell earlier than usual, and the long evening set in. Lynde

smoked his cigar gloomily at an open window looking upon the street. It was deserted and dismal. Even the shop across the way, where they sold alpen stocks and wood-carvings and knick-knacks in polished lapis, was empty; in pleasant weather the shop was always crowded with curiosity-mongers. The raw wind spitefully blew the rain into Lynde's face as he looked out. "Quel temps de loup!" sighed a polite little French gentleman, making his unlighted cigarette an excuse for addressing Lynde. The wretched little French gentleman was perishing with a desire to say a thousand graceful things to somebody, but Lynde was in no mood for epigrams. He gave his interlocutor a light, and sheered off. In a corner of the reading-room was a tattered collection of Tauchnitz novels; Lynde picked up one and tried to read, but the slim types ran together and conveyed no meaning to him. It was becoming plain that he was to have no communication with the Denhams that night unless he assumed the initiative. He penciled a line on the reverse of a visiting card and sent it up to Mrs. Denham's parlor. The servant returned with the card on his waiter. The ladies had retired. Then Lynde took himself off to bed disconsolately.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he awoke the following morning. The storm

had not lifted; the colorless clouds were still letting down a fine, vapory rain that blurred everything. As soon as he had breakfasted, Lynde went to Mrs. Denham's rooms. She answered his knock in person and invited him by a silent gesture to enter the parlor. He saw by the drawn expression of her countenance that she had not slept.

"Ruth is ill," she said in a low voice, replying to Lynde's inquiry.

"You do not mean very ill?"

"I fear so. She has passed a dreadful night. I have had a doctor."

"Is it as serious as that? What does he say?"

"He says it is a severe cold, with symptoms of pneumonia; but I do not think he knows," returned Mrs. Denham, despairingly. "I must despatch a courier to my husband; our old family physician is now with him at Paris. I have just received a letter, and they are not coming this week! They must come at once. I do not know how to telegraph them, as they are about to change their hotel. Besides, I believe a telegram cannot be sent from here; the nearest office is at Geneva. I must send some messenger who will have intelligence enough to find Mr. Denham wherever he is."

"I will go."

"You?"

"Why not? I shall waste less time than another. There should be no mistake in the delivery of this message. A courier might get drunk, or be stupid. I can do nothing here. If it had not been for me, possibly this unfortunate thing would not have happened. I am determined to go, whether you consent or not."

"I shall be grateful to you all my life, Mr. Lynde. I should not have thought of asking such a favor. Ruth says I was rude to you yesterday. I did not mean to be. I was distracted with anxiety at having her out in such a storm. If there is any blame in the matter it is entirely mine. You forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Mrs. Denham; blame rests on no one; neither you nor I could foresee the rain. Write

a line to Mr. Denham while I pack my valise; I shall be ready in ten minutes. Who is his banker at Paris?"

"I think he has none."

"How do you address your letters?"

"I have written but once since Mr. Denham's arrival, and then I directed the letter to the Hôtel Walther."

"He has probably left his new address there. However, I shall have no difficulty in finding him. Mrs. Denham" — Lynde hesitated.

"Mr. Lynde?"

"Can I not see her a moment?"

"See Ruth?"

"My request appears strange to you, does it not? It would not appear strange if you knew all."

"All? I don't understand you," replied Mrs. Denham, resting her hand on the back of a chair and regarding him with slowly dilating pupils.

"If you knew how troubled I am — and how deeply I love her."

"You love Ruth!"

"More than I can tell you."

"Have you told *her*?" Mrs. Denham demanded.

"Not in so many words."

Mrs. Denham slowly sank into the chair and for several seconds appeared completely oblivious of the young man's presence; then, turning sharply on Lynde, and half rising, she asked with a kind of fierceness, "Does Ruth know it?"

"A woman always knows when she is loved, I fancy. Miss Denham probably knew it before I did."

Mrs. Denham made an impatient gesture and subsided into the chair again. She remained silent a while, staring at the pattern of the carpet at her feet.

"Mr. Lynde," she said at length, "I was not prepared for this. The possibility that you might grow interested in my niece naturally occurred to me at first. I was pleased when I became convinced that the acquaintance between you had resolved itself into merely a friendly liking. I was thrown off my guard by your seemingly frank manner. I trusted you. You have been alone with my niece but twice, — once for only ten minutes. I will do you the justice to

say that you have made the most of those two occasions."

"I made very little of those two occasions," said Lynde, reflectively.

"I think you have been — treacherous!"

"I do not see what there can be of treachery in my admiring Miss Denham," he replied, with a flush. "I entered into no compact not to admire her."

"Mr. Lynde, Mr. Denham will not approve of this."

"Not at first, perhaps . . . but afterwards?"

"Neither now nor afterwards, Mr. Lynde."

"Why not?"

"He has other views for Ruth," said Mrs. Denham, coldly.

"Other views!" repeated Lynde, paling. "I thought her free."

"She is not free in that sense."

The assertion Ruth had made to him the previous day on the mountain side, to the effect that she had never known any gentleman as intimately as she had known him, flashed across Lynde's memory. If Mr. Denham had views for her, certainly Ruth was either ignorant of them or opposed to them.

"Is Miss Ruth aware of Mr. Denham's intentions regarding her?"

"I must decline to answer you, Mr. Lynde," said Mrs. Denham, rising with something like haughtiness in her manner.

"You are right. I was wrong to speak at present. I cannot conceive what impelled me; it was neither the time nor the place. I beg you to consider everything unsaid, if you can, and I especially beg you not to allude to this conversation in your note to Mr. Denham. The one important thing now is to have proper medical attendance for your niece. The rest will take care of itself."

Lynde bowed somewhat formally and was turning away when Mrs. Denham laid her fingers lightly on the sleeve of his coat. "I am sorry I have pained you," she said, as if with a touch of remorse.

"I confess I am pained," he replied,

with the faintest smile, "but I am not discouraged, Mrs. Denham."

A quarter of an hour later Lynde was on the way to Geneva. Life and the world had somehow darkened for him within the hour. It seemed to him incredible that that was the same road over which he had passed so joyously two days before. The swollen torrents now rushed vengefully through the arches of the stone bridges; the low-hanging opaque clouds pressed the vitality out of the atmosphere; in the melancholy gray light the rain-soaked mountains wore a human aspect of dolor. He was not sorry when the mist gathered like frost on the carriage windows and shut the landscape from his sight.

The storm had been terrible in Geneva and in the neighborhood. It was a scene of devastation all along the road approaching the town. Most of the trees in the suburbs had been completely stripped of foliage by the hailstones; the leaves which still clung to the bent twigs were slit as if volleys of buckshot had been fired into them. But the saddest thing to see was field after field of rich grain mown within a few inches of the ground by those swift icy sickles which no man's hand had held. In the section of the city through which Lynde passed to the railway the streets were literally strewn with broken tiles and chimney-pots. In some places the red and purple fragments lay ankle-deep, like leaves in autumn. Hundreds of houses had been unroofed and thousands of acres laid waste in a single night. It will take the poor of the canton fifty years to forget the summer storm of 1875.

By noon the next day Lynde was in Paris. As he stepped from the station and stood under the blue sky in the sparkling Parisian atmosphere, the gloom and desolation he had left behind at Geneva and Chamouny affected him like the remembrance of a nightmare. For a brief space he forgot his sorrowful errand; then it came back to him with its heaviness redoubled by the contrast. He threw his valise on the seat of a *fiacre* standing near the cross-way, and drove

to the office of Galignani in the Rue de Rivoli, — the morgue in which the names of all foreign travelers are daily laid out for recognition. The third name Lynde fell upon was that of William Denham, Hôtel Meurice. The young man motioned to the driver to follow him and halt at the hotel entrance, which was only a few steps further in the arcade facing the gardens of the Tuileries.

Mr. Denham was at breakfast in the small salon opening on the paved square formed by the four interior walls of the building; he had just seated himself at the table, which was laid for two persons, when the waiter brought him Mrs. Denham's note and Lynde's card. Mr. Denham glanced from one to the other, and then broke the seal of the envelope with a puzzled air which directly changed into a perturbed expression.

"Show the gentleman in here," he said, speaking over the top of the note-sheet to the servant, "and set another cover."

It was a strongly featured person of fifty or fifty-five, slightly bald, and closely shaven with the exception of a heavy iron-gray mustache, who rose from the chair and stepped forward to meet Lynde as he entered. Lynde's name was familiar to Mr. Denham, it having figured rather prominently in his wife's correspondence during the latter part of the sojourn at Geneva.

"You have placed us all under deep obligations to you, sir," said Mr. Denham, with a smile in which the severity of his features melted.

"The obligations are on my side, sir," replied Lynde. "I owe Mrs. Denham a great many kindnesses. I wish I could have found some happier way than the present to express my sense of them."

"I sincerely hope she was not justified in allowing you to take this long journey. I beg of you to tell me what has happened. Mrs. Denham has been anything but explicit."

She had merely announced Ruth's illness, leaving it to Lynde to inform Mr. Denham of the particulars. That gentleman wrinkled his brows involun-

tarily as he listened to Lynde's account of his mountain excursion alone with Ruth and the result. "I have not seen Miss Denham since," said Lynde, concluding his statement, in which he had tripped and stumbled wofully. "I trust that Mrs. Denham's anxiety has exaggerated her niece's condition."

"Ruth is far from strong," replied Mr. Denham, "and my wife is almost morbidly quick to take alarm about her. In fact, we both are. Do you know how the trains run to Geneva? Is there anything earlier than the evening express?"

Lynde did not know.

"We will ascertain after breakfast," continued Mr. Denham. "Of course you have not breakfasted yet. You ought to be in appetite by this time. I am unusually late myself, this morning, and my friend, the doctor, is still later. We tired ourselves out yesterday in a jaunt to Fontainebleau. The doctor's an incorrigible sight-seer. Ah, there he is! Mr. Lynde, my friend, Dr. Pendegast."

Lynde did not start at hearing this unexpected name, though it pierced his ear like a sharp-pointed arrow. He was paralyzed for an instant; a blur came over his eyes, and he felt that his hands and feet were turning into ice. However, he made an effort to rise and salute the elderly gentleman who stood at his side with a hand stretched out in the cordial American fashion.

Evidently Dr. Pendegast did not recognize Lynde, in whose personal appearance three years had wrought many changes. The doctor himself had altered in no essential; he was at that period of man's life — between fifty and sixty — when ravaging time seems to give him a respite for a couple of lustrums. As soon as Lynde could regain his self-possession he examined Dr. Pendegast with the forlorn hope that this was not *his* Dr. Pendegast; but it was he, with those round eyes like small blue-faience saucers, and that slight, wiry figure. If any doubt had lingered in the young man's mind, it would have vanished as the doctor drew forth from his fob that

same fat little gold watch, and turned it over on its back in the palm of his hand, just as he had done the day he invited Lynde to remain and dine with him at the asylum.

"Why, bless me, Denham!" he exclaimed, laying his ear to the crystal of the time-piece as if he were sounding a doubtful lung, "my watch has run down,—a thing that has n't happened these twenty years." As he stood with his head inclined on one side, the doctor's cheery eyes inadvertently rested upon Mr. Denham's face and detected its unwonted disturbance.

"Mr. Lynde has just come from Chamouny," said Mr. Denham, answering the doctor's mute interrogation. "It seems that Ruth is ill."

Dr. Pendegrast glanced at Lynde and turned to Mr. Denham again.

"I imagine it is only a cold," Mr. Denham went on. "She was caught in a rain storm on the mountain and got very wet. Mrs. Denham is of course worried about her, and Mr. Lynde has been kind enough to come all the way to Paris for us."

"That *was* very kind in him."

Dr. Pendegrast drew a chair up to the table and began questioning Lynde. Beyond satisfying such of the doctor's inquiries as he could, Lynde did not speak during the meal. He managed to swallow a cup of black coffee, which revived him; but he was unable to eat a mouthful. The intelligence he had brought so occupied his companions that the young man's very noticeable agitation and constraint escaped them. In a few minutes Mr. Denham rose from his seat and begged the two gentlemen to finish their breakfast at leisure, while he went to consult the time-table at the bureau of the hotel.

"The doctor can give you a genuine Havana," he remarked to Lynde. "I will join you shortly in the smoking-room."

While Dr. Pendegrast silently drank his coffee, Lynde gathered his scattered thoughts together. What course should he pursue? Should he take the doctor into his confidence, or should he let him-

self drift? How could the doctor help him in the circumstances? Ruth had been insane. What could do away with that dreadful fact, the revelation of which now appalled him as if he had never suspected it. Ruth, Ruth,—the very name was significant of calamity! Flemming's words rang in his ears: "You would not marry her!" He had not replied to Flemming that night when the case was merely supposititious. But now—it seemed to Lynde that he had never loved Ruth until this moment. The knowledge of her misfortune had added to his love that great pity of which he had spoken to his friend. But could he marry her? He did not dare put the question squarely, for he dared not confess to himself that he could not give her up. This, then, was the key to Mrs. Denham's cold rejection of his suit; it explained, also, Ruth's unwillingness to have him speak to her of his love. How poignant must have been her anguish that day on Montanvert if she cared for him! She loved him,—how could he doubt it?—but she had accepted the hopelessness of the position. In his own mind he had accused her of coquetry in their walk at the cascade of Nant d'Arpenaz. He saw through it all now; the scales had fallen from his eyes. She was hiding her misery under a smooth face, as women will. A sudden reflection sent a chill over Lynde: what if she had recognized him that first day at dinner in Geneva and had been playing a part all the while! Then she was the most subtle actress that ever lived, and the leading lady of the Théâtre Français might indeed go and take lessons of her, as Flemming had said. The thought gave Lynde a shock. He would not like to have the woman he loved such an actress as that. Had Ruth revealed everything to the aunt, and was she too playing a part? In her several allusions to Dr. Pendegrast Mrs. Denham had called him "the doctor" simply, or "an old friend of our family," and never once pronounced his name. "Was that accidental or intentional?" Lynde wondered. "It was inevitable that he and I should meet sooner or

later. Was she endeavoring to keep the knowledge of Dr. Pendegrast from me as long as possible? The exigency has unmasked her!"

"Now, Mr. Lynde, I am at your service."

Lynde gave a start, as if the doctor had suddenly dropped down at his side from out of the sky.

Dr. Pendegrast pushed back his chair and led the way across the quadrangle, in which a number of persons were taking coffee at small tables set here and there under oleander-trees in green-painted tubs. The smoking-room was unoccupied. Lynde stood a moment undetermined in the centre of the apartment, and then he laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"You don't remember me?"

"Ah, then I *have* seen you before!" exclaimed Dr. Pendegrast, transfixed in the act of drawing a cigar from his case. "Your name and your face puzzled me, but I could not place you, so I did n't mention it. You must pardon an old man's bad memory. I am confused. When and where have I had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"It was scarcely a pleasure," said Lynde with bitterness.

"Indeed? I cannot imagine that; it is a pleasure now," returned the doctor courteously.

"It was three years ago, at your asylum. As you will recollect, I was brought there by mistake the day the patients"—

"Bless me!" exclaimed the doctor, dropping the ignited match. "How could I forget you! I took such a great liking to you, too. I have thought of that awkward affair a thousand times. But, really, coming across you in this unexpected manner"—

"I suppose I have changed somewhat," Lynde broke in. "Dr. Pendegrast, I am in a very strange position here. It is imperative you should be perfectly frank with me. You will have to overlook my abruptness. Mr. Denham may return any instant, and what I have to say cannot be said in his presence. I know that Miss Denham has been under your charge as a patient.

I want to know more than that bare circumstance."

The doctor recoiled a step. "Of course," he said, recovering himself, "you must have recognized her."

"I met your friends six or seven weeks ago at Geneva," continued Lynde. "I recognized Miss Denham at once; but later I came to doubt and finally to disbelieve that I had ever seen her elsewhere. I refused to accept the testimony of my eyes and ears because—because so much of my happiness depended on my rejecting it."

"Does Mrs. Denham know that you are in possession of the fact you mention? Denham of course does n't."

"No; it is my meeting with you that has turned my discarded doubt into a certainty."

"Then, for goodness' sake," said Dr. Pendegrast, throwing a glance across the quadrangle, "do not breathe a syllable of this; do not even think of it. It has been kept from every one,—from even the most intimate friends of the family; Ruth herself is not aware of her temporary derangement."

"Miss Denham does not know it?"

"She has not the remotest suspicion of the misfortune which befell her three years ago."

"Miss Denham does not know it?" repeated Lynde, in a dazed way. "That—that seems impossible! Pardon me. How did it happen, Dr. Pendegrast?"

"I assume that you are not asking me through idle curiosity," said the doctor, looking at him attentively.

"I have vital reasons for my question, doctor."

"I do not see why I should not tell you, since you know so much. The family were in Florida that spring. Ruth had not been well for several months; they had gone South on her account. It was partly a pulmonary difficulty. On their return North, Ruth was prostrated by a typhoid fever. She recovered from that, but with her mind strangely disordered. The mental malady increased with her convalescence. Denham and I were old friends; he had faith in my skill, and she was placed

in my care. She was brought to the asylum because I could not attend to her anywhere else. I considered her case serious at first, even hopeless. The human body is still a mystery, after science has said its last word. The human mind is a deeper mystery. While I doubted of her recovery, she recovered. At the first intimation of returning health, she was taken home; when her wandering thought came back to her she was in her own room. She remembered that she had been very ill, a long time ill; she had a faint impression that I had attended her meanwhile; but she remembered nothing more. The knowledge of her affliction was kept a secret from her, — unwisely, I think. They put it off and put it off, until it became very awkward to tell her."

Lynde started as he recalled his conversation with Miss Denham on the rocks overhanging the Mer de Glace. With unwitting cruelty he had told Ruth her own pathetic story, and she had unconsciously pitied herself! A lump came into his throat as he remembered it.

"That was a mistake," said Lynde, with an effort, "not to tell her."

"An absurd mistake. It has given my friends no end of trouble and embarrassment."

"How long was she ill this way?"

"Something less than two months."

"It was the result of the fever?"

"That chiefly."

"It was not — hereditary?" Lynde lingered on the word.

"No."

"Then it is not likely to occur again?"

"I cannot think of anything more unlikely," returned the doctor, "unless the same conditions conspire, which is scarcely supposable, as I could easily prove to you. You can understand, Mr. Lynde, that this has been a sore trial to Denham and his wife; they have had no children, and their hearts are bound up in Ruth. The dread of a recurrence of the trouble has haunted them night and day in spite of all the arguments I could advance to reassure them. They have got what our French friends call a fixed

idea, which is generally an idea that requires a great deal of fixing. The girl ought to marry, — every woman ought to marry, it is her one mission; but between their affections and their apprehensions, my friends have allowed Ruth no opportunity to form attachments."

"I am glad of that," said Lynde, quietly.

"Are you!" snapped the doctor. "I am not. I would like to see her married some day. I would like to see a dozen lovers about her. It is as natural for a young girl to coquet as it is for a canary to peck at its seed or trim its bill on a bit of fishbone. It is bad for the girl and the canary when they are prevented."

"There is something human in this crisp old doctor," said Lynde to himself, and then aloud: "So Mr. Denham has no matrimonial plans for her?"

"None whatever. Since Ruth's recovery the family have been on the wing constantly, either at home or abroad. Most of Ruth's life has been passed over here. I trust to your discretion. You will see the necessity of keeping all this to yourself."

"I do, and I now see that your traveling with the Denhams is a circumstance in no way connected with the state of Miss Denham's health."

"Not in the most distant manner, Mr. Lynde. I am with them because they are my old friends. I was worn out with professional work, and I ran across the sea to recuperate. It is fortunate I did, since Ruth chances to need me."

Lynde pondered a moment, and then, abruptly: "Does Mrs. Denham know of my former meeting with her niece?"

"I never breathed a word to Mrs. Denham on the subject of Ruth's escape," replied the doctor. "It would have pained her without mending matters. Besides, I was not proud of that transaction."

Mrs. Denham's suppression of the doctor's name, then, in speaking of him to Lynde, had been purely accidental.

"Miss Ruth's strange hallucination, in her illness, as to personality, her fancy

about the Queen of Sheba, — what was that traceable to?" asked Lynde.

"Heaven only knows. She was reading the Old Testament very much in those days. I have sometimes accepted that as an explanation. It often happens that a delusion takes its cue from something read, or thought, or experienced in a rational state. In the case of the man Blaisdell, for example, — you remember him, with his marble ship? He was formerly an enterprising ship-builder; during the Southern war he filled a contract with government for a couple of iron-clads, and made his fortune. The depression in shipping afterwards ruined him — and he fell to constructing marble vessels!"

Lynde did not speak immediately, and the doctor relighted his cigar, which had gone out.

"Dr. Pendegrast, you have lifted a crushing weight from me. I cannot explain it to you now and here; but you shall know some day."

Dr. Pendegrast smiled. "I did not recollect you at first, Mr. Lynde; my memory for names and faces is shockingly derelict, but I have retained most of my other faculties in tolerably good order. I have been unreserved with you because I more than suspect" —

The doctor's sentence was cut short by Mr. Denham, who entered at the instant. He had learned that there was no train for Geneva before the night-express. Lynde lighted the cigar which he had been unconsciously holding between his fingers all this while, and on the pretense of cashing a draft at a banker's left the two gentlemen together. He wandered absently into the Place de la Concorde, crossed the crowded bridge there, and plunged into the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter. Finding his way back after an hour or so to the other bank of the Seine, he seated himself on one of those little black iron chairs which seem to have let themselves down like spiders from the lime-trees in the Champs Élysées, and remained for a long time in a deep study.

The meeting with Dr. Pendegrast had been so severe a shock to Lynde that

he could not straightway recover his mental balance. The appalling shadow which the doctor's presence had for the moment thrown across him had left Lynde benumbed and chilled despite the reassuring sunshine of the doctor's words. By degrees, however, Lynde warmed to life again; his gloom slipped off and was lost in the restless tides of life which surged about him. It was the hour when Paris sits at small green tables in front of the cafés and sips its *absinthe* or *cassis*; when the boulevards are thronged, and the rich equipages come and go. There was not a cloud in the tender blue sky against which the reddish obelisk of Luxor looked like a column of jet; the fountains were playing in the Place de la Concorde, and in the Tuileries gardens beyond, the breeze dreamily stirred the foliage which hid from Lynde's view the gray façade of the gutted palace, still standing there, calcined and cracked by the fires of the Commune. Presently all this began to distract him, and when he returned to the hotel he was in a humor that would have been comparatively tranquil if so many tedious miles had not stretched between Paris and Chamouny.

He found Mr. Denham and Dr. Pendegrast delaying dinner for him. After dinner, seeing no prospect of renewing conversation in private with the doctor, Lynde killed the time by writing a voluminous letter to Flemming, whose name he had stumbled on in the passenger-list of a steamer advertised to sail two days later from Liverpool.

As Lynde took his seat in the railway carriage that night he had a feeling that several centuries had elapsed since day-break. Every moment was a month to him until he could get back to Chamouny. The thought that Ruth might be dangerously ill scarcely presented itself among his reflections. She was free, he loved her, and there was no reason why he should not try to win her, however strongly the Denhams might be opposed to him. His mind was perfectly easy on that score; they had no right to wreck the girl's future in their shallow fear. His two traveling companions shortly

dropped asleep, but Lynde did not close his eyes during those ten weary hours to Mâcon. Thence to Geneva was five hours more of impatience. At Geneva the party halted no longer than was necessary to refresh themselves at a buffet near the station and hire a conveyance to Chamouny, which they reached two or three hours after sunset. The town still lay, as Lynde had left it, in the portentous shadow of the mountain, with the sullen rain dropping from the black sky.

Lynde drew an alarming augury from the circumstance that Mrs. Denham did not come down to greet them. It dawned upon him then for the first time with any distinctness that Ruth might be fatally ill. Mr. Denham, accompanied by Dr. Pendegrast, hastened to his wife's apartments, and Lynde stationed himself at the head of a staircase in the hall, where he waited nearly an hour in intolerable suspense before the doctor reappeared.

"What is it, doctor?"

"Pneumonia. No," he added, divining Lynde's unspoken thought even before it had fairly shaped itself in his brain, "it is not the other business."

"You are hiding the truth from me," said Lynde, with a pang. "She is dead!"

"No, but she is very low. The disease is approaching a crisis; a change must take place by to-morrow. Frankly, I dread that change. I am hiding nothing from you."

"Is there no hope? You do not mean that!"

"I am afraid I do. Perhaps it is because she is so dear to me that I always anticipate the worst when she is concerned. The other physician is more sanguine; but then he does not love Ruth as I do."

"You might have saved her!"

"Everything has been done that could be done. He is a person of remarkable skill, this Paris physician. I could have advised no change in his treatment of the case if I had been on the spot at first. That is a great deal for one physician to say of another. You had better go and get some rest," added Dr. Pendegrast,

in a changed voice, struck by the young man's ghastly look. "Your two night-journeys have used you up."

Lynde went mechanically to his room and threw himself upon the bed without undressing. He had no inclination to sleep, but his fatigue, bodily and mental, overcame him unawares as he lay listening to the wind which swept through the mountain-gorges, and rose and fell monotonously with a sound like the rote of the sea. It was a vision of the sea that filled his unrestful slumber; Ruth was dead, she had died in his arms, and he was standing woebegone, like a ghost, on the deck of a homeward bound ship, with the gray, illimitable waste of waters stretching around him.

It appeared to Lynde to be in the middle of the night, though it was in fact on the edge of day-break, that he was awakened by some one knocking softly at his door. He lighted a match, and by its momentary flicker saw Mr. Denham standing on the threshold.

"Ruth wishes to see you," he said, indistinctly and with an indecisive air. "As nearly as we can gather, that is what she wants. Come quickly!"

Without waiting for a reply Mr. Denham turned and passed through the hall. Lynde followed in silence. He was less surprised than agitated by the summons; it was of a piece with the dream from which he had been roused.

There were candles burning on the mantel-piece of the chamber, and the dawn was whitening the window-panes. In that weird, blended light the face of the sick girl shone like a fading star. Lynde was conscious of no other presence, though Mrs. Denham and Dr. Pendegrast with a third person were standing near the chimney-place. Ruth raised her eyes and smiled upon Lynde as he came in; then her lids closed and did not open again, but the smile stayed in a dim way on her features, and a flush almost too faint to be perceived crept into her cheeks. Lynde stooped by the bed and took one of Ruth's hands. She turned her head slightly on the pillow, and after a moment her lips moved as if she were making an effort to speak.

Lynde remained immobile, fearing to draw breath lest a word should escape his ear. But she did not speak. As he stood there listening in the breathless stillness, the flame of the candles burned fainter and fainter in the increasing daylight; a bird twittered somewhere aloft; then the sunshine streamed through the windows, and outside all the heights were touched with sudden gold.

Dr. Pendegrast approached Lynde and rested one finger on his arm. "You had better go now," the doctor whispered hastily. "I will come to you by and by."

Lynde was sitting on the side of the bed in his own room in the broad daylight. He had been sitting motionless in one posture for an hour,—perhaps two hours, he could not tell how long,—when Dr. Pendegrast opened the door without pausing to knock. Lynde felt the cold creeping about his heart.

"Doctor," he said, desperately, "don't tell me!"

"Mr. Lynde," said Dr. Pendegrast, walking up to the bedside and speaking very slowly, as if he were doubtful of his own words and found it difficult to utter them, "a change has taken place, but it is a change for the better. I believe that Ruth will live."

"She will live!"

"We thought she was sinking; she thought so herself, the poor child. You were worth a thousand doctors to her, that's my belief. Mrs. Denham was afraid to tell her you had gone to Paris to fetch us, thinking it would excite her. Ruth imagined that her aunt had offended you, and thought you had gone not to return."

"Ah!"

"That troubled her, in the state she was in,—troubled her mightily. She has been able to take a few spoonfuls of broth," the doctor went on, irrelevantly; "her pulse is improved; if she has no drawback she will get well."

Lynde looked around him bewilderedly for a moment; then he covered his face with his hands. "I thought she was dying!" he said under his breath.

That day and the next the girl's life

hung by a thread; then the peril passed, and her recovery became merely a question of careful nursing. The days which immediately followed this certainty were the happiest Lynde had ever known. Perhaps it was because his chamber was directly over Ruth's that he sat there in the window-seat, reading from morning until night. It was as near to her as he was permitted to approach. He saw little of Mr. Denham and still less of Mrs. Denham during that week; but the doctor spent an hour or two every evening with Lynde, and did not find it tiresome to talk of nothing but his patient. The details of her convalescence were listened to with an interest that would have won Dr. Pendegrast if he had not already been very well disposed towards the young fellow, several of whose New York friends, as it transpired, were old acquaintances of the doctor's,—Dr. Dillon and his family, and the Delaneys. The conversation between Lynde and Dr. Pendegrast at the Hôtel Meurice had been hurried and disjointed, and in that respect unsatisfactory; but the minute history of Ruth's previous case, which the doctor related to Lynde in the course of those long summer nights, set his mind completely at rest.

"I could never have given her up, any way," said Lynde to himself. "I have loved her for three years, though I did n't know it. That was my wife's slipper after all," he added, thinking of the time when it used to seem to be sitting up for him at night, on his writing-table at Rivermouth.

By and by the hours began to drag with him. The invalid could not get well fast enough to keep pace with his impatience. The day she was able for the first time to sit up a while, in an arm-chair wheeled by the bedside, was a *fête* day to the four Americans in the Couronne Hotel. If Lynde did not exhaust his entire inheritance in cut flowers on this occasion, it was because Dr. Pendegrast objected to them in any profusion in a sick-chamber.

"When am I to see her?" asked Lynde that evening, as the doctor dropped into the room to make his usual report.

"Let me think. To-day is Tuesday, — perhaps we shall let you see her by Friday or Saturday."

"Good heavens! why don't you put it off thirty or forty years?"

"I have n't the time," returned Dr. Pendegrast, laughing. "Seriously, she will not be strong enough until then to bear the least excitement. I am not going to run any risks with Ruth, I can tell you. You are very impatient, of course. I will give you a soothing draught."

"What is it?"

"A piece of information."

"I'll take it!"

"And a piece of advice."

"I'll take that, too; you can't frighten me."

"It is a betrayal of confidence on my part," said the doctor slowly, and with an air of reconsidering his offer.

"No matter."

"Well, then, Ruth's asking for you, the other night, rather amazed Denham when he came to think it over quietly, and Mrs. Denham judged it best to inform him of the conversation which took place between you and her the morning you set out for Paris. Denham was still more amazed. She had attempted to cure him of one astonishment by giving him another. *Similia similibus curantur* did not work that time. Then the two came to me for consultation, and I told them I thought Ruth's case required a doctor of divinity rather than a doctor of medicine."

"Did you say that!"

"Certainly I did. I strongly advised an operation, and designated the English Church here as a proper place in which to have it performed. Moreover, as a change of air would be beneficial as soon as might be afterwards, I suggested for the invalid a short trip to Geneva — with not too much company. My dear fellow, you need not thank me; I am looking exclusively to Ruth's happiness, — yours can come in incidentally, if it wants to. Mrs. Denham is *your* ally."

"Is she, indeed? I thought differently. And Ruth" —

"Ruth," interposed the doctor, with

a twinkle in his eyes, "Ruth is the good little girl in the primer who does n't speak until she's spoken to."

"By Jove, she does n't speak even then! I have tried her twice: once she evaded me, and once she refused to listen."

"The results of her false education," said the doctor, sententiously.

Lynde laughed.

"To what view of the question does Mr. Denham incline?" he asked.

"Denham is not as unreasonable as he used to be; but he is somewhat stunned by the unexpectedness of the thing."

"That's the information; and now for the advice, doctor."

"I advise you to speak with Denham the first chance you get. You will have an opportunity this evening. I took the liberty of asking him to come up here and smoke a cigar with us as soon as he finishes his coffee."

Lynde nodded his head approvingly, and the doctor went on: —

"I shall leave you together after a while, and then you must manage it. At present he is in no state to deny Ruth anything; he would give her a lover just as he would buy her a pair of earrings. His joy over her escape from death — it was a fearfully narrow escape, let me tell you — has left him powerless. Moreover, her illness, in which there has not been a symptom of the old trouble, has reassured him on a most painful point. In short, everything is remarkably smooth for you. I think that's Denham's step now in the hall," added Dr. Pendegrast, hurriedly. "You can say what you please to him of Ruth; but mind you, my dear boy, not a word at this juncture about the Queen of Sheba — she's dethroned, you know!"

XI.

FROM CHAMOUNY TO GENEVA.

One morning in September, a month after all this, three persons, a lady and two gentlemen, stood on the upper step of the Couronne Hotel, waving farewell

with their handkerchiefs to a carriage which had just started from the door and was gayly taking the road to St. Gervais-les-Bains, on the way to Geneva.

A cool purple light stretched along the valley and reached up the mountain side to where the eternal snows begin. The crown of Mont Blanc, muffled in its scarf of cloud, was invisible. The old monarch was in that disdainful mood which sometimes lasts him for months together. From those perilous heights came down a breath that chilled the air and tempered the sunshine falling upon Chamouny, now silent and deserted, for the season was well-nigh over. With the birds, their brothers, the summer tourists had flown southward at the rus-

ting of the first autumnal leaf. Here and there a guide leaned idly against a post in front of one of the empty hotels. There was no other indication of life in the main street save the little group we have mentioned watching the departing carriage.

This carriage, a maroon body set upon red and black wheels, was drawn by four white horses and driven by the marquis. The doctor had prescribed white horses, and he took great credit to himself that morning as he stood on the hotel steps beside Mr. and Mrs. Denham, who followed the retreating vehicle rather thoughtfully with their eyes until it turned a corner of the narrow street and was lost to them.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

"Nought but the fittest lives," I hear
 Ring on the northern breeze of thought:
 "To Nature's heart the strong are dear;
 The weak must pass unloved, unsought."

And yet, in undertones, a Voice
 Is heard that says: "O child of earth,
 Your mind's best work, your heart's best choice,
 Shall stand with God for what they're worth."

'Tis not the strong alone survives;
 Truth, Beauty, Virtue, scattered wide
 In humble soil, bear noble lives
 Whose fruits forever must abide.

Time's buildings are not all of stone;
 With frailest fibres Nature spins
 Her living webs from zone to zone,
 And what is lost she daily wins.

I fain would think, amid the strife
 Between realities and forms,
 Slight gifts may claim perennial life
 'Mid slow decay and sudden storms.

This tuft of silver hairs I loose
 From open windows to the breeze,
 Some bird of spring perchance may use
 To build her nest in yonder trees.

These pictures painted with an art
 Surpassed by younger sight and skill
 May pass into some friendly heart,
 Some room with Nature's smiles may fill.

These leaves of light and earnest rhyme
 Dropped on the windy world, though long
 Neglected now, some future time
 May weave into its nest of song.

C. P. Cranch.

THE AMERICAN IRON-MASTER'S WORK.

IN the year 1608 the British East India Company purchased seventeen tons of pig-iron — subsequently declared by Sir Thomas Gates to be “as good as any in Europe” — for four pounds sterling per ton. This iron had been smelted from ore sent to England by the new colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The successful result of the experiment was not forgotten, although the disastrous speculation in mining and exporting to England glittering mica and iron pyrites for gold drew off the attention of the colonists even from those industries which were necessary to support life; and after its collapse and their narrow escape from starvation there was little heart for mining of any kind. But in 1620 the iron business was begun in earnest, — not, however, in the way of exporting ores. Large transactions of that kind are the product of later times, and peculiar to countries where fuel is scarce. The great need of England at the beginning of the seventeenth century was not iron ore, but fuel. The method of making iron was the most wasteful form of the charcoal manufacture, and had already devastated the forests of a large

part of the kingdom. Hence what Evelyn called “the goodly forests of the other world” offered, in connection with the discoveries of excellent iron ore in Virginia, a promising field for this industry. A hundred and fifty skilled workmen were sent to the colony to erect iron-works, and it is said that a fund subscribed by philanthropic Britons “for the education of the colonists and Indians” was invested in the enterprise as a means of increasing it. But the copper-colored beneficiaries of the fund, not appreciating these benevolent introductory steps, fell upon the infant institution, massacred all the workmen they could get hold of, and destroyed the works. Various causes prevented the resumption of the undertaking, among them the rapid and profitable development of the culture of tobacco, which became the staple of the colony.

For an interesting review of the progress of the iron manufacture of the colonies, the reader is referred to the recent work of Mr. Pearse,¹ who has collected many valuable facts bearing upon the subject. The Centennial address of Mr. Hewitt presents a brief outline of

¹ A Concise History of the Iron Manufacture of the American Colonies up to the Revolution, and of Pennsylvania until the Present Time. By John B.

Pearse, A. M., Metallurgist, Engineer, Commissioner of Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, etc. Philadelphia. 1876.

the beginnings of this business and its ante-Revolutionary course, together with a picture of the condition of mining and metallurgy at the close of that period, preparatory to the sketch of the century's progress¹ and the forecast of the future which form the main portion of the address. Mr. Hewitt covers with his compact but comprehensive generalization the whole field of mining and metallurgy. We are indebted to his address for a few of the following facts concerning the development of the iron manufacture.

Early in the eighteenth century, the blomaries and charcoal blast-furnaces of America began to be seriously felt in competition with the pig-iron manufacture of the mother country. The government having protected by heavy duties the home production, a new competition sprang up in bar-iron, nails, steel, etc., in the manufacture of which the abundant cheap fuel of the colonies continued to give them a decisive advantage. This new difficulty soon overshadowed the old one; and Parliament determined to abandon the pig-iron business to the natural effect of the laws of trade, and to "regulate" the more dangerous industries growing out of it. Hence the famous decree of 1750, by which colonial pig-iron was admitted free of duty, while the erection in America of slitting, rolling, or plating mills, or steel furnaces was prohibited, and all new ones thereafter built were ordered to be suppressed as "nuisances." It is related that the ingenious mechanics of the colonies evaded this prohibition to some extent by constructing machinery which could be quickly dismantled and hidden. When the visit of a royal official was expected, an active slitting-mill would retire through some convenient trap-door into the cellar, leaving perhaps an innocent grist-mill sole apparent occupant of the building. Only industrious counterfeiters and whisky-distillers labor under such disadvantages nowadays! The Declaration of Independence enumerates these arbitrary acts for the destruction of our infant manufactures among the grievances which justified separation.

¹ A Century of Mining and Metallurgy in the United States. Centennial Address of Hon. Abram

The Revolutionary War, while it put an end to American exportation, caused a large demand for iron at home and consequently a rapid increase in its production. Meanwhile, the successful employment of mineral coal, the introduction (1776) of the perfected steam-engine, and the general adoption of the "puddling" process completely transformed the conditions of this business in England. When our ports were reopened at the close of the war, our iron industry had to meet, not only the inevitable reaction from its fever of the past few years, but also the competition of foreign iron, now for the first time produced under conditions and by methods which permitted capital to exert its full economical influence. The growth of the American industry from that time to this has been determined partly by the changing tariff legislation, partly by the growing domestic demand, and partly by the successive introduction of various improved methods and machines. The total product of pig-iron (not including charcoal-blooms and other forms of iron made directly from the ore without complete fusion, the amount of which is, however, small in comparison) has been, since 1776, about forty million tons avoirdupois. The maximum product was that of 1873, when 2,560,962 tons were manufactured. That was the year of the panic. But a blast-furnace is not a thing to be stopped in a day, just because of a catastrophe in Wall Street; and either by reason of contracts and orders still pending, or through the influence of a general expectation that the storm would soon blow over, the iron-works of the country kept on at full speed into 1874. But the blow struck them at last, and the history of their business ever since has been one of continued loss and disaster.

Before looking more closely into the present situation and prospects of the iron business, let us devote a few words to the natural resources of the United States in this respect. As we do not purpose to be technical, we shall say as little as possible of the geological, mineralogical, or chemical aspects of the subject.

S. Hewitt, President Elect of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Philadelphia, June 20, 1876

The three great essentials to the profitable manufacture of iron are ore, flux, and fuel, in cheap and regular supply. A fourth necessary condition is cheap and regular transportation to the centres of consumption. But the latter is to some extent furnished by the operation of the former, since the supply of suitable and cheap raw material at any point encourages the growth at that point of industries employing that material. It is cheaper to transport manufactured articles than crude products. Even now, though practically no pig-iron is exported from this country, the annual export of manufactured forms of iron and steel exceeds twenty million dollars in value. This principle operates to create great manufacturing centres, like Pittsburgh, in regions where iron can be economically produced.

Viewed on the large scale, and apart from the temporary phase of the industry supported by the use of charcoal, the iron ores of the United States, it must be confessed, are not conveniently located with respect to its metallurgical fuels. Very brilliant exceptions there are, such as the black-band ores of Ohio; the carbonates, red hematites, and limonites of Western Pennsylvania; the great magnetite deposit of Cornwall, in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, very near the Schuylkill anthracite coal-field; and some localities in the South which are reported to be highly favored in this regard. At all such points, pig-iron can be and is cheaply produced. Only the cost of getting it to market protects the producers at other points, nearer to certain markets, though further from their own sources of raw material. But the most widely developed and most extensively used of the iron ores of the country are mined in places remote from the coal-fields, such as the Champlain region, or the Highlands of New York and New Jersey, or the peninsula of Michigan, or the heart of Missouri. If we assume that on the average two tons of ore yield in the furnace one ton of iron, while the consumption of fuel is generally from one and one quarter to two tons per ton of iron (less weight of coke than of an-

thracite being required), it is apparent that so far as these ingredients are concerned the fuel might be carried to the ore not less cheaply, perhaps more cheaply, than the ore to the fuel. This is indeed done at a few points, as, for instance, the blast-furnaces in New Jersey, along the Hudson and on Lake Champlain, and one in Massachusetts, which obtain anthracite from Pennsylvania. But other questions of economy and trade have in most cases settled the relation in the opposite sense; and the great majority of American iron-works are nearer to their fuel than to their ore. Thus the ores of Lake Superior and Missouri find their way to the coal of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, while the great groups of iron-works along the Lehigh draw their supplies of ore largely from the New Jersey mountain ranges. It is not unusual, in fact, to find in their stock-yards material from still more distant lands. Thus there may at almost any time be seen at the Bethlehem Iron Works thousands of tons of Spanish brown hematite, or of the famous ore of Mokta-el-Hadid, in Algiers, — the wonderful deposit which yields more than half a million tons annually, supports a railroad, a sea-port, and fleets of vessels, and supplies all Europe (to say nothing of occasional shipments to other quarters of the world) with perhaps the purest and best "Bessemer" ore known. The Spanish ore from Bilbao is also free from deleterious ingredients, but it is not so rich in iron. Under the pressure of hard times and low prices, the somewhat costly business of importing European or African ores to the interior of this country for treatment will probably decline, and Bessemer pig-iron, like other brands, will be made from native ores exclusively. Mokta-el-Hadid has a long arm, but she cannot reach Chicago and Joliet, or even Pittsburgh and Cleveland.

The anthracite furnaces of the Lehigh Valley, the seat of the most extensive manufacture of pig-iron in the country, are between the fuel and the ore, and close by the limestone which they require as a flux. This position is rendered specially favorable by the circumstance

that they can draw their supplies from the mountains of the anthracite (Lehigh) field on the one hand, and from the iron ranges of New Jersey on the other hand, *by descending grades*. During a part of 1876, it is believed that some of these works have obtained coal for less than three dollars per ton delivered, and ores at rates which made the amount of ore required for one ton of iron cost less than nine dollars. Of course these conditions cannot be compared with exceptional cases, East or West. There are works, for instance, in Alabama, where the item of ore per ton of iron aggregates but ninety cents; the ore in that case being a brown hematite, and lying on the surface, so that to mine it is merely to shovel it. But, on the whole, the commercial importance of the Lehigh Valley may be said to be based on a concurrence of very favorable natural conditions, and therefore to be, so far as the great Eastern markets are concerned, beyond the danger of overthrow for many years to come. The West, however, will no longer be a customer of Eastern Pennsylvania. The decline in the production of the Lehigh, Susquehanna, and Schuylkill valleys since 1872 is partly offset by an increased yield in certain Western districts, particularly the Hanging Rock district in Ohio. The latest development is that of the Hocking Valley in the same State, where many new furnaces have started or are about to start, and where, it is said, with the advantage of cheap coal, ore (carbonate), and limestone, iron is made at a cost of from thirteen dollars to fifteen dollars per ton.

Returning now, for a general survey, to the distribution of the great deposits of iron ores in the United States, we may adopt the words of Councilor Wedding, one of the German commissioners to the late Centennial Exhibition, whose admirable monograph on the American iron industry¹ is now in course of publication abroad. He says:—

“The great occurrences of iron ore which have a general importance for the

industry are confined to the magnetic ores of the eastern crystalline azoic zone, the red hematites and magnetites of Lake Superior, and the similar ores of South Missouri. Great but local importance attaches to the brown hematites of the limestone ranges, the red fossiliferous ores of the Clinton group, and the carbonates and clay ores of Ohio.”

Of the massive but little-developed deposits of the Southern Appalachians, or the Rocky Mountain region (Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah), or the Sierra Nevada (California, Oregon), Councilor Wedding says nothing. They form a necessary part of every picture drawn by prophecy of the future industrial progress of the nation; but they are not factors in present problems. The same author estimates the product of iron ores in the United States as follows:—

Eastern Magnetites:	
Lake Champlain . . .	330,000 tons,
New Jersey . . .	620,000 tons,
Cornwall, Pa. . .	250,000 tons,
Other districts . . .	100,000 tons,
	1,800,000 tons,
Eastern brown hematites . . .	500,000 tons,
Lake Superior region . . .	1,000,000 tons,
Missouri region . . .	330,000 tons,
All other regions . . .	570,000 tons,
Total . . .	3,700,000 tons,

— representing at sixty per cent. an annual yield of pig-iron of 2,220,000 tons. Since sixty per cent. is higher than the average yield of the ores charged in American furnaces, we must infer that either the ore product is underrated or the iron product is overrated in this statement. It is probable that Councilor Wedding, misled by the absurd traditional confusion of our weights, has taken the amount of ore in gross tons of 2240 pounds, and the iron in net tons of 2000 pounds. For some inscrutable reason, the statistics of the American Iron and Steel Association as to the product of pig-iron are always published in net tons. This is the more unfortunate for foreign readers, because the *avoirdupois* ton of 2240 pounds is but thirty-five pounds heavier than the *tonneau* or metric ton familiarly known in Europe, whereas our “short” or net ton differs from the

nigl. Bergrath. (Prussian Zeitschrift für das Berg-, Hütten-, und Salinen-Wesen, vol. xxiv. et seqq.)

¹ Das Eisenhüttenwesen in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. Von Dr. H. Wedding, kö-

tonneau by 205 pounds. Adopting as correct the above estimate of 3,700,000 tons of iron ore as our annual product, and 2,000,000 gross tons as the product of pig-iron, we have an average yield of fifty-four per cent., which is certainly high enough.

It is interesting to observe how our iron mines and mining strike a foreigner familiar with other systems. Councilor Wedding finds a great resemblance between the Champlain deposits and those of Sweden, excepting, of course, the freedom of the ore from phosphorus, in which respect Sweden has the advantage. In the same connection he laments the lack of thorough explorations, which would throw light on obscure questions as to the position and relations of the ore bodies, and says: "It is a peculiarity of American mining that explorations in advance of actual necessity are practically neglected. Excavation is made from the surface down into the ore, without reference to the labors which will be rendered necessary a few years later; ground is filled with waste rock, which has to be removed afterwards at great cost. This is called a better use of capital, and indeed the calculation of economy in such questions of mining is difficult, since it may easily happen that the developments made do not cover the cost of explorations; but American practice seems to go to an unjustifiable extreme." This criticism is partially, and only partially, justified by the facts. The greater cost of labor in this country has enforced on the one hand, especially in the mining of cheap ores like those of iron, a system involving as little current "dead work" as possible; but, on the other hand, the same conditions have stimulated the mechanical ingenuity of our people, and the systematic use of the diamond drill (originally a French invention) for "prospecting" purposes has been carried on more widely and successfully in the United States than anywhere else. A curious commentary on the condemnation of American mine owners by a German engineer, because they do not sufficiently explore in advance, is furnished by the

recent complaint of the San Francisco speculators that the use of the diamond drill in the mines of the Comstock lode has turned "legitimate" speculation into a game in which one party has loaded dice. The managers of the mine know beforehand what will be the results of opening each new level or stope, and the purchase and sale of stocks is no longer a "fair gamble." But aside from explorations for the purpose of ascertaining the limits and value of ore deposits, it is quite true that American mines seldom present large reserves of ground opened in advance with the necessary shafts and galleries, and ready for the systematic extraction of the ore. Hence their history is usually a succession of "flush times" and "hard times" instead of a general average of moderately profitable industry. We cannot pause here to discuss the causes of this fact. They lie deeper than any mere whim or peculiarity of national character.

To return to Councilor Wedding: the text from which he preaches seems to be the practice of working iron mines as open cuts and quarries. This is generally admitted to be, except in certain cases (like the hill of iron ore at Cornwall, for instance), poor economy in the long run, because of the ever-increasing amount of "stripping" and surface work which it requires, as well as of other difficulties connected with hoisting, drainage, etc. Numerous American iron mines, begun in this way, are now worked subterraneously; but the earlier excavations often turn out annoying and expensive.

The iron-ore deposits of the country are sometimes owned in fee, together with the land, by the parties working the mines; and sometimes the "mineral right" is leased by the land-owner. In either case the mining operator may be himself a manufacturer of iron, or merely a seller of ore to furnace proprietors. Not infrequently both sources of profit are combined, as at Lake Superior, Cornwall, and Lake Champlain. But in these cases the sales of ore exceed the domestic consumption. A prudent iron-master would not sell ore that was suit-

able for his own purposes, unless assured of a supply far beyond his needs for years to come. The leasing of mineral rights has often proved very profitable to the lessor. There is usually a certain royalty to be paid per ton of ore extracted, and a minimum of annual payments fixed in the agreement. A common term is twenty years. Many a plain old farmer, skinning a scanty living from his rocky fields, has come into a handsome income as the result of such a lease. The royalty on iron ores in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has ranged from twenty-five cents to more than a dollar per ton; and the majority of leases now in force probably require the payment of at least fifty cents. These figures were fixed during and after the war, when the high price of iron made the royalty insignificant. They cannot be reduced without the consent of the lessors before the termination of the leases; and they constitute almost the sole item of the cost of iron which has remained unchanged by hard times. The last two years have, however, opened the eyes of mine owners to their true interests; and a voluntary reduction of rents and royalties is gradually coming to pass. Meanwhile, mining operators who own their mines outright are selling ore at prices which scarcely cover the cost of extraction; hundreds of leases have been abandoned; speculators in ore have come to grief; in short, the struggle for life is in full operation, and even the fittest find it not easy to survive.

The main cause of the present condition of the iron industry, in this country at least, is admitted to be over-production. But this is not the whole of it. The 760,000 tons of unsold pig-iron on hand at the end of 1875 and the 675,000 at the end of 1876 do not measure the extent of the difficulty. For these figures show that the iron actually produced in 1875 was all sold. But the American Iron and Steel Association reports seven hundred and fourteen blast-furnaces in the country, with an annual capacity — in round numbers — of five million tons. We have, then, nominally, the power to make five million tons of iron, and

the chance to sell a little over two million. The vast body of idle furnaces is the source of the pressure on the trade. There may be comparatively little steam in a boiler, but all the water is ready to fly into steam if released. In the same way, these furnaces out of blast are ready to start the moment there is a chance or the hope of a chance — nay, even the chance of a hope — of selling iron. More than this: such works represent an enormous capital, at present unprofitable. If it be borrowed capital, the creditors may get the property at a trifling price compared with its cost. If it be the capital of the works, the owners are glad enough to lease the works at rates far below full interest and repairs. In either case, a new operator is enabled to start unburdened with heavy interest charges, perhaps buying ore and coal on credit, and running along "from hand to mouth," a dangerous competitor to stable concerns, and a perpetual promoter of forced sales for cash. To meet such competition, some large iron-manufacturing establishments boldly put prices down, and others, after carrying heavy stocks of iron in the hope of improved prices, are at last forced to make sales at a sacrifice. The treatment is heroic, but it is the only cure for the disease. While it lasts, the old established iron manufacturers are in the position of solvent merchants trying to carry on business across the way from a row of bankrupts whom the sheriff or receiver is selling out below cost. When it is over, the bankrupts will be out of the way, and business will begin anew.

This over-capacity of production is not merely the result of a sudden failure in the demand for iron. Two million tons were consumed in 1875, the worst year of the business, and only two and a half million were produced in 1873, its most prolific year. Making due allowance for the fact that in the most prosperous times the actual product must fall short of the total nominal capacity, it is evident that the strong demand for iron in 1871, 1872, and part of 1873 led to an increase of the facilities of production in geometric ratio; and that the disappoint-

ment which overtook the trade consisted not merely in a reduction of the actual demand, but still more in the failure of that further increase in consumption which had been confidently expected, and in view of which an enormous amount of capital had been invested in new works or enlargements of old ones. The capital of the iron trade (including rolled and forged as well as pig iron) was reported by the census of 1870 at more than one hundred and two million dollars. It has probably been increased by at least one half since that time, though the general depreciation of values might make, upon an honest inventory of all the property concerned, a different showing. How much of the activity of 1870-73 and the consequent prosperity of the trade was due to speculation, premature enterprises, etc.; how much was the result of protective tariff legislation; and how much was real and may be expected to return and resume its growth when that vague element known as "confidence" shall be restored are questions upon which we cannot enter here. One thing must be admitted: the prevalence of a similar prostration of this industry in Great Britain and Europe justifies the inference that causes peculiar to this generation rather than this nation have been operating to bring it about. War, railroad extensions, and various speculations "discounting the future" are such causes, and can be traced in other countries than our own. Perhaps it is fair to say that the whole civilized world has been making more iron than was really needed and could be profitably used, and counting too sanguinely upon the continuance of a rate of increase in that demand which was really the product of a sudden "spurt" of enterprise. Under the stimulus of steam and electricity, many elements of progress have been amazingly accelerated; but one thing, at least, remains old-fashioned, — the way in which people are born, and the rate at which population increases. A simple calculation of the aggregate of population expected to "pour" from somewhere into the regions traversed on both continents by new railroads, which

could become profitable only through the settlement of adjoining lands and the growth of business, will show that while a few of these schemes, unincumbered by competition, might have succeeded, most of them were doomed to fail, for one reason, if for no other: people could not be born fast enough to meet the draught upon the supposed surplus of population. It is reported that the managers of one great projected line thought of settling a large part of their lands with Chinese; but, aside from the social and political questions involved in such schemes, the impracticability of suddenly creating a large population in that way is evident. The Chinese have been "pouring" into California for many years; yet their numbers are still insignificant.

Another element in the problem of the iron industry all over the world is the growing stock of old iron and the increased facilities for its economical use. The introduction and the enormous extension within the last dozen years of the manufacture of Bessemer and open-hearth steel has called for a large supply, not only of new pig-iron, but of pig-iron of specially good quality. The steel rails laid in tracks all over the world have replaced old iron rails, which are everywhere for sale at prices not much above those of pig-iron, and are available for many purposes, though not (in this country, at least) to any extent for the manufacture of steel. The steel rails have a much longer "life" than iron ones; and hitherto the proportion of them which has been worn out has been insignificant. But they will begin before long to wear out, and the supply of old material from this source will thereafter be continuous. The two questions, how to utilize old iron rails in the manufacture of steel rails, and how to utilize old steel rails in the manufacture of new ones, are among the most important that now engage the attention of metallurgical engineers.

At the risk of imparting to this article an even more desultory character than its limits and theme involve, we pause to attempt, for the benefit of the non-technical reader, a succinct explanation

of the different processes now in use for the manufacture of iron and steel.

Metallic iron is not found in nature, meteorites and one or two obscure and curious instances excepted. The ores of iron all contain it as an oxide, usually mixed with earthy materials. To reduce the iron to the metallic state, and to separate it from these earthy materials, is the work of the metallurgist. In the bloomery or forge this is done by heating the ore in contact with charcoal sufficiently to fuse the earthy material or "gangue" with a part of the iron oxide, while another part of the iron gives up its oxygen to the carbon of the charcoal and is reduced to metal. But this metal cannot be melted in the forge; it is too nearly pure iron. It is thus separable from the molten slag, and is removed in white-hot balls and hammered into rough bars or blooms. Hence the name wrought-iron, to distinguish it from cast-iron, which has been melted.

In the blast-furnace the ore is melted in contact not only with coal or coke, but also with such fluxes as may be required to prevent the gangue, when it is fused, from taking up oxide of iron. But in this process the reduced iron absorbs from two to five per cent. of carbon, and the alloy thus formed is fusible. Hence all the contents of the furnace are melted, and the separation of iron from slag or cinder takes place in the hearth, by the action of specific gravity, like the separation of milk from cream, the cinder being the lighter and floating on the top. The liquid iron is drawn from the furnace and run into molds on the floor of the casting-house. As these molds, lying side by side, at right angles to the channels which supply them, have a fanciful resemblance to litters of pigs sucking their maternal parents, the iron ingots are called "pigs," and the iron in the lateral channel is called the "sow."

Most of the wrought-iron of commerce is made from pig-iron by removing the carbon which it absorbs in fusion. This is done in the puddling furnace, where the pig-iron is melted under exposure to a current of air, and often also in contact with iron oxide. The carbon of the

pig-iron acts in the latter case like the charcoal in a bloomery forge; it reduces the iron oxide to metallic iron. At the same time all impurities are melted out; the pig-iron, losing its carbon, acquires the infusibility of wrought-iron, and the liquid bath coagulates, or, as the puddlers say, "the iron comes to nature." It is collected in balls and removed to be squeezed, hammered, and rolled.

Steel, as formerly understood, was a compound of iron containing more carbon (and possessing greater fusibility) than wrought-iron, and less carbon (with less fusibility) than pig-iron. It could be made by adding carbon to the former, or subtracting it from the latter. The first was the case with the steel produced direct from the ore in forges, and with the manufacture of cemented or "blister" steel, varieties which, for improvement of their quality, it was usual to remelt in crucibles, whence "crucible cast-steel." Steel has also been made by the fusion of various ingredients in crucibles. The second general method, the decarbonization of cast-iron, was employed in the manufacture of "puddled steel." The puddling of cast-iron was arrested, so to speak, at an intermediate stage, before the production of wrought-iron, and steel in a pasty condition was obtained.

The Bessemer process consists in the decarbonization of pig-iron by blowing air through it while it is melted. The air burns out the silicon and carbon of the pig-iron, producing so intense a temperature that though wrought-iron is nearly or quite produced there is no coagulation. The metal remains liquid. Theoretically this process, being arrested at any desired point, might be made to furnish any desired quality of steel, or even of wrought-iron. But practically this is too difficult, as a simple illustration will show. If we had more than a pint of water in a pitcher, in which we wished to have exactly a pint, which would be easier: to pour out the surplus, "guessing" when we had a pint left, or to empty the pitcher and then introduce a measured pint? The latter is what is usually done in the Bessemer process. The bath in the "converter"

is decarbonized by the air-blast nearly to the point of wrought-iron. Then a fresh quantity of melted pig-iron, containing a known amount of carbon, is added, to bring the wrought-iron to the desired grade of steel. This last pig-iron, commonly called "spiegeleisen," contains also a certain proportion of manganese, which (somewhat to the surprise of metallurgists) has turned out to be an essential ingredient, without which the whole process would fail. The most probable explanation of its use is that it unites with oxygen caught in the bath, or with the oxygen of iron oxides produced by the vehement blast and caught in the bath, and otherwise certain to remain in the cast product and to destroy its homogeneity and strength. The manganese uniting with this oxygen carries it into the cinder, which floats on the top of the bath. Another portion of the manganese, however, remains in the bath, and subsequently appears as a constituent of the steel, the quality of which it is held to improve.

The Bessemer process is one of the most picturesque and striking in metallurgy. When first invented, it was recommended as a substitute for other processes (puddling, etc.) which involved much manual labor; and its great capabilities of improvement in respect of mechanical economy have fairly taken the world by surprise. The interior of a large Bessemer establishment like that at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is as impressive as a cathedral. The two great converters (or "pears," as the Germans call them, in allusion to their shape) are mounted side by side on a platform above the general floor. They swing on trunnions, so that they can turn their mouths upwards to receive a charge, or downwards to discharge it. The cupola furnaces for the preliminary melting of pig-iron and spiegel are usually behind the converters and on a still higher level, so that, when tapped, the molten metal may flow through a runner into the mouth of the converter. (This is not the case at Bethlehem, where the melted pig is brought in a huge pot and lifted to the converter.) All the heavy opera-

tions are conducted by hydraulic power. Let us ascend, at one side of the great hall, the platform or pulpit where a couple of men stand behind a row of levers, controlling by a touch the movements of the ponderous converters and of huge cranes here and there. The pumping-engines and blowing-engines are out of sight, in another room. This hiding of the causes gives to the effects an appearance of magic.

A "blow" or "heat" is about to commence. One of the converters turns slowly on its axis, until its mouth is on a level with the platform. Immediately a fiery stream of molten iron appears from the obscurity of the recess behind, in which stand the cupola furnaces, and flows rapidly through a movable gutter into the mouth of the vessel. A workman at one side touches a lever, and the converter, which has lain, as it were, on its side to drink in its glowing charge, swings into a vertical position, with its mouth directed towards the throat of a large chimney behind and over it. An instant before, however, a touch upon another lever has caused the monster to begin to roar and to belch a yellowish flame. This is the effect of the combustion of silicon by the blast, which is delivered under a pressure of fifteen to twenty pounds per square inch, through the hollow axis of the vessel, down its side in an exterior pipe, and finally through its perforated bottom into the mass of fluid iron. After five or six minutes, the flame grows white and intolerably brilliant. The carbon is burning, and with so much intense ebullition that particles of melted iron and finely-divided slag are thrown out in showers of sparks. Six minutes more, and a quieter flame, with bluish tinge and still greater heat, indicates the last stage of the conversion. Suddenly the flame shortens with a jerk, as if the monster had drawn in his fiery tongue. With an almost human air of exhaustion after its fit of fury, the converter rolls back upon its belly, to drink, by way of cordial, its final dose of spiegel. This produces a brief internal commotion, but it is soon digested, and the heat is over.

Nothing remains but to pour five tons of liquid steel in a dazzling, almost transparent, incomparably beautiful stream, into the ladle, which delivers it in turn to the ingot - molds. A Bessemer blow is perhaps the most imposing spectacle which metallurgical industry can present. The apparently automatic movements of great masses, the overwhelming display of vehement chemical reactions, and of light and heat in consequence, and finally the rapidity of the whole process, which can be seen from beginning to end in twenty minutes, combine to render it unique as a "sensational" exhibition. The sudden shortening of the flame at the end of the carbon reaction is so decided that the precise moment of its occurrence may be distinguished from a distance of miles.

Another modern process, the open-hearth or Martin process, ally and rival of the Bessemer, is now producing in this country and Europe large quantities of steel. This method consists in decarbonizing pig-iron by melting it in the hearth of a reverberatory furnace with wrought-iron, iron oxide, steel scrap, or iron ore, under the influence, when required, of an oxidizing flame. The decarbonization is carried so far that the bath of molten metal approaches the constitution of wrought-iron; and spiegel-eisen or ferro-manganese is then added, as in the Bessemer process. It will be seen that the first part of this process, especially when the pig and ore variety of it is employed, involves the same reactions as puddling. But the iron when decarbonized does not "come to nature," because the temperature of the furnace is so high that even wrought-iron remains fused in it. This sustained high temperature has been made practicable in such metallurgical operations by the invention of Siemens, the regenerative gas - furnace, to describe which would lead us too far from our subject. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note the fact that the Bessemer and the open-hearth steel processes are carried on at temperatures far above those previously maintained in the metallurgy of iron, — temperatures at which all com-

pounds of iron and carbon, from cast-iron through steel to wrought-iron, will remain in fusion.

It is this circumstance which has led to the agitation, in recent years, of the question now occupying so much of the attention of chemists and steel manufacturers, "What is steel?" For besides the alloys of iron and carbon, which contain enough of the latter element (say 0.35 to 1.9 per cent.) and possess enough of the property of "tempering" to be called steel under the old definitions, the Bessemer converter and the open-hearth furnace (and to some extent the crucible also) are now sending forth thousands of tons of metal which contains less than the above minimum of carbon, will not practically harden or temper, and yet is not wrought-iron. Convenience and the general practice of manufacturers favor the calling of such metal steel. But the old chemical and half the old physical definition favor its classification as iron. The American Institute of Mining Engineers — a society which, though only five years old, has gathered a large membership, manifested a remarkable scientific activity, and exerted no little influence on the mining and metallurgy of the country — deserves credit for having opened the way to the harmonious settlement of a difference of opinion which threatened to breed confusion in the technical literature of both continents. This society, taking advantage of the presence of numerous distinguished iron-masters from abroad during the late Centennial season, appointed an international committee on the nomenclature of iron and steel; and this committee, representing various views of the question involved and various nationalities (English, French, German, Swedish, and American), presented a unanimous report, recommending a nomenclature which is likely to be adopted hereafter in literature and practice. According to this recommendation, the "low," "mild," or "soft" cast-steels will be known as "ingot-iron," the tempering cast-steels as "ingot-steel," while iron and steel that are not fused in manufacture will be called

"weld-iron" and "weld-steel;" or perhaps — to retain, without misusing, a more familiar term — "wrought-iron" and "wrought-steel." Cast-iron or pig-iron remains unaffected by the change. Both parties appear satisfied with this solution, though it still has to pass the ordeal of much discussion; and it may be expected that, for a long time to come, the Bessemer and open-hearth manufacturers will continue to call their products steel, partly because they are, in respect of structure, method of manufacture, and commercial application, fairly cast-steel; and partly because this name indicates to the popular mind and to the trade a more expensive, more uniform, and stronger material than wrought-iron. The best ingot-iron or soft cast-steel is now largely used for boiler-plates, axles, etc., where toughness rather than hardness is the quality required.

There are eleven Bessemer works in the United States, one of which went into operation in 1876, and two in 1875. The product of Bessemer metal in 1875 was 259,700 tons. The product of open-hearth steel in the same year was 8080 tons only. But this may be expected to increase rapidly after the present depression of business shall have passed away. A number of the Bessemer works have erected furnaces for the Martin process, in order to utilize their scrap and rail ends. It is anticipated also that this process will have a great future in the remelting of old steel rails, a subject to which allusion was made above. From our description of the Bessemer process, the reader will have perceived that the temperature of fusion is maintained in the converter by the combustion of certain ingredients in the molten bath. But the metal as finally cast into ingots and rolled into rails does not contain enough of these ingredients to support a second combustion of that kind. Hence old Bessemer rails cannot be used, except in small proportions, mixed with fresh pig-iron, in the converter. But the Martin process receives its heat chiefly from the combustion of gaseous fuel, and is therefore available for the remelting of any variety of iron or steel.

In bringing to a close this familiar talk rather than formal treatise on the American iron industry, we are well aware that we have given no complete picture of any of its aspects. Our excuse must be — apart from the limitations of space, time, and ability — that it has been our purpose to afford to non-technical and non-commercial readers a few glimpses into an industry which more, perhaps, than any other is identified with the advancing progress and the increasing complexity of civilization. These innumerable conditions and relations which we have but sketched or hinted at must be studied, comprehended, and handled simultaneously by the managers of great iron-works. One of these large establishments is a world in itself. There are the near or distant mines and quarries supplying the raw material; the railroads and canals, which bring a steady stream of supplies and carry away a steady stream of manufactured products; the blast-furnaces, which must not stop, day or night; the mighty blowing-engines, the pumps, the pipes, the ovens, all of which must be vigilantly guarded against accidents, which would bring certainly great loss and possibly great disaster; the army of workmen engaged in making or moving materials and products, or in perpetual constructions and repairs; the repair shops, each with its system of machines and necessity of thorough administration. To this must be added the chemical department, whether represented by a regular laboratory and a chemist or by the occasional employment of scientific assistance. The quality of ores and mixtures and of the products must be ascertained and controlled; the furnaces must be managed, humored, corrected, nursed, like so many willful or ailing children. The workmen and their families are usually tenants as well; and the management, perhaps, complicates matters still further by keeping a store. Finally comes the crowning feat (in these times, at least) of selling the iron, shipping it, and getting paid for it in due time. All this multifarious dealing with human nature, physical laws, and commercial conditions is required

for the mere administration of a large establishment manufacturing pig-iron only. But add to that (as is in many instances the case) Bessemer works, Martin steel works, rolling mills, wire mills, nail mills, plate mills, etc., all under one management, and each having its internal economy which must be harmonized with all the rest, and the conception of the powers of the human mind in organizing and directing industry is greatly enlarged.

It is true that in this, as in many other departments, the final impressive aggregate is the result of growth. Many establishments began small and have grad-

ually increased to their present size. But what shall we say of works like the Edgar Thompson at Pittsburgh, or those at Joliet or North Chicago, which sprang from the brain of the designing engineer, complete in the beauty of symmetry and adaptation! For our part, we must declare our conviction that the original production of such plans, in whole and in detail, by the engineer seems to us an intellectual act partaking of inspiration. The architect of a cathedral, the author of a great poem, do not more distinctly create than do the quiet gentlemen who thus shape in advance the forms and the future of a mighty industry.

R. W. Raymond.

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF.

“NORROWAY hills are grand to see,
Norroway vales are broad and fair:
Any monarch on earth might be
Contented to find his kingdom there!”
So spake Harald Haardrade bold
To Olaf, his brother, with beard red-gold.

“A bargain!” cried Olaf. “Beside the strand
Our ships rock idle. Come, sail away!
Who first shall win to our native land,
He shall be king of old Noroway.”
Quoth Harald the Stern, “My vessel for thine
I will not trust to this laggard of mine.”

“Take thou my Dragon with silken sails,”
Said Olaf. “The Ox shall be mine in place.
If it pleases our Lord to send me gales,
In either vessel I’ll win the race.
With this exchange art satisfied?”
“Ay, brother,” the crafty one replied.

King Olaf strode to the church to pray
For blessing of God on crew and ship;
But Harald, the traitor, made haste to weigh
His anchor, and out of the harbor slip.
“Pray!” laughed Harald Haardrade. “Pray!
The wind’s in my favor. Set sail! Away!”

As Olaf knelt by the chancel rail,
Down the broad aisle came one in haste,
With panting bosom and cheeks all pale;
Straight to King Olaf's side he paced.
"Oh, waste no time in praying," cried he,
"For Harald already is far at sea!"

But Olaf answered: "Let sail who will,
Without God's blessing I shall not go."
Beside the altar he tarried still,
While the good priest chanted soft and slow;
And Olaf prayed the Lord in his heart,
"I shall win yet if thou take my part!"

Cheerily then he leaped on board;
High on the prow he took his stand.
"Forward," he bade, "in the name of the Lord!"
Held the white horn of the Ox in his hand:
"Now, Ox! good Ox! I pray thee speed
As if to pasture in clover-mead!"

The huge Ox rolled from side to side,
And merrily out of the harbor sped.
"Dost see the Dragon?" King Olaf cried
To the lad who clung to the high mast-head.
"Not so!" the watcher swift answer gave;
"There is never a boat upon the wave."

Onward then for a league and twain,
Right in the teeth of the wind they flew.
"Seest aught of the Dragon upon the main?"
"Something to landward sure I view!
Far ahead I can just behold
Silken sails with a border of gold."

The third time Olaf called with a frown:
"Dost see my Dragon yet? Ho! Say!"
Out of the mast-head the cry came down:
"Nigh to the shores of Norrøway
The good ship Dragon rides full sail,
Driving ahead before the gale!"

"Ho! to the haven!" King Olaf cried,
And smote the eye of the Ox with his hand.
It leaped so madly along the tide
That never a sailor on deck could stand;
But Olaf lashed them firm and fast
With trusty cords to the strong oak mast.

"Now, who," the helmsman said, "will guide
The vessel upon the tossing sea?"
"That will I do!" King Olaf cried;
"And no man's life shall be lost through me."

Like a living coal his dark eye glowed
As swift to the helmsman's place he strode.

Looking neither to left nor right,
Toward the land he sailed right in,
Steering straight as a line of light:
"So must I run if I would win;
Faith is stronger than hills or rocks.
Over the land speed on, good Ox!"

Into the valleys the waters rolled;
Hillocks and meadows disappeared.
Grasping the helm in his iron hold
On, right onward, St. Olaf steered;
High and higher the blue waves rose.
On!" he shouted. "No time to lose!"

Out came running the elves in a throng;
Out from cavern and rock they came:
"Now, who is this comes sailing along
Over our homes? Ho! tell us thy name!"
"I am St. Olaf, my little men!
Turn into stones till I come again."

The elf-stones rolled down the mountain side;
The sturdy Ox sailed over them all.
"Ill luck be with thee!" a Carline cried;
"Thy ship has shattered my chamber wall!"
In Olaf's eyes flashed a fiery glint:
"Be turned forever to rock of flint!"

Never was sailing like this before:
He shot an arrow along the wind,
Or ever it lighted the ship sailed o'er
The mark; the arrow fell far behind.
"Faster, faster!" cried Olaf. "Skip
Fleet as Skidbladnir, the magic ship!"

Swifter and swifter across the foam
The quivering Ox leaped over the track,
Till Olaf came to his boyhood's home;
Then fast as it rose the tide fell back.
And Olaf was king of the whole Norse land
When Harald the third day reached the strand.

Such was the sailing of Olaf, the king,
Monarch and saint of Norroway;
In view of whose wondrous prospering
The Norse have a saying unto this day:
"As Harald Haardrade found to his cost,
Time spent in praying is never lost!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE.

I.

It was a fine night in March, the moon at the full, when I was called to see the Berlengas, a group of rocky islets off the coast of Portugal, crowned by a lighthouse and a fort. The steamer passed between these and the mainland. Soon after the day began to break, and the rising sun revealed a coast bold and rugged, gradually rising to the stupendous grandeur of the Rock of Lisbon and the jagged, isolated, and at that distance seemingly barren range of Cintra. A bit of an old Moorish fortress near the water blended well with the russet of the slopes, the iron grimness of the coast, and the turquoise blue of the sea. As we rounded the point which opened to us the entrance to the mouth of the Tagus, we came upon a fleet of fishing craft of the most extraordinary form and rig now existing. But it was startling, indeed, on further inspection of what seemed so novel a model, to find in these fishing boats evidence of the former Roman dominion in Portugal: they differ in no material particular from the galleys engraved on old Roman coins. The bar was propitious, although some fine rollers flashed close on the right as we entered the harbor, passing the yellow battlements of Cascaes, and gliding up the river by the picturesque Castle of Belem and the magnificent Jeronymite Convent close to it; before us the blue and yellow waters of the Tagus seemed to stretch illimitably, while a long succession of hills on the left were covered with the white walls of Lisbon, imperially situated, and doubling its beauty, as it were, by reflection on the glassy surface of the full-fed but tranquil river. Less beautiful than Naples, less enchanting than Constantinople, Lisbon is still sufficiently effective as seen from the water, especially from Barreiro, on the opposite side of the river, which here expands to the size of a lake. What Lisbon really lacks

to complete the attractiveness of its situation is more verdure in the environs, and more towers and spires to relieve the sameness of so many roofs. The great earthquake overthrew many churches, and they have not been rebuilt.

There are no wharves: all ships load and discharge their cargoes in lighters, giving employment to a large number of picturesque boats; the lateen-sail is very common, and a variety of brilliant colors and designs embellish the boats. A system of wharves has, however, been planned, and the contract undertaken by an enterprising Englishman, who will add another to the many benefits which Portugal now owes to British skill. The chief landing-place is at the Praça de Commercio, called also Black Horse Square. Imposing and extensive government buildings form three sides of a vast quadrangle, including covered arcades. On the north side, opposite the landing, with its fine steps of marble, is a noble triumphal arch over the entrance to the Rua Augusta. It is surmounted by a colossal group representing Glory with outstretched arms crowning Genius and Valor. The height of the structure to the laurel on the head of the central figure is one hundred and twenty-nine feet. In the centre of the square is a bronze equestrian statue of Dom Jozé I. In the face of the pedestal is a bronze medallion of the Marquis of Pombal. To these two men, sovereign and prime minister, especially the latter, the city owes its rapid and elegant restoration after the great earthquake of 1755, which in a few moments demolished seventeen thousand houses and swept sixty thousand people into eternity. The city at present consists of the old and new quarters, the former chiefly on the lofty hill crowned by the fort St. George, the original site of the capital of the Moors. The old streets are curiously narrow, steep, and winding. The new quarter covers the ground most shaken by the earthquake,

and is laid out with considerable regularity and a rather tedious uniformity in the style of the buildings, which are constructed with an inner frame of wood as a precaution against earthquakes. The excessive steepness of many of the streets affords charming glimpses of city and port; and by moonlight the elegant marble palaces of the nobility, towering one above the other in the white light, give an effect of peculiar beauty. By eight or nine o'clock at night quiet reigns in every quarter and the streets are almost deserted. But they are quite safe. Time was when the streets of Lisbon had a very bad reputation, when the dirk was used in many a dark corner, and foreigners were waylaid, robbed, and murdered. But matters are now wonderfully improved. Three distinct police organizations, one of them military, preserve the peace of the city. All night infantry patrol the streets by twos, giving the impression of a city under martial law, and on the occasion of great festas mounted cuirassiers guard the public order. Lisbon was also notorious, within the memory of many now living, for the almost incredible filth of its streets, said to have been the worst in this respect on the continent. But no city is now more clean in its thoroughfares. Of the many curious street sights which attract the attention of the stranger, the oddest appeared to me the quaint carts drawn by oxen or cows, and the fish women and girls with their black felt hats, blue kirtles, bare feet, massive gold ear-rings, and rich brown complexions and piercing black eyes, streaming into the city every morning from Belem with baskets of white, lustrous fish. Fighting crickets are sold at retail in cages two or three inches square, and boys are everywhere hawking about quarters, eighths, or tenths of a lottery ticket. "Tomorrow the wheel goes round" is an every-day notice on the doors in certain streets. The traffic in lottery tickets is permitted by law; indeed, certain charitable institutions are sustained in this manner. The hearse one sees at funeral processions is in form like the carriages of the early part of the last

century, the driver riding on one of the mules. The vehicle is of vivid scarlet, profusely gilded, and surmounted by a crest. The priest sits inside on the way to the grave-yard, and the coffin rests upon an iron frame directly in front, where the driver's seat would otherwise be, and is entirely unprotected from sunshine or rain except by a cloth adorned with gold thread.

The great earthquake—many of sufficient violence, but less appalling than that of the last century, have visited Lisbon—destroyed a large number of the most interesting edifices, yet enough remain to attract the attention of the ecclesiologist and man of taste. Few of them, however, have escaped the architectural folly of the seventeenth century, when, with almost incredible absurdity, even men like Sir Christopher Wren completed or restored buildings of pure Gothic in the Italian style. The effect in Portugal has been to mar very nearly every valuable church edifice. The Sé or cathedral church of Lisbon has suffered in this way: the exterior is Gothic of a hoar antiquity, the interior is Italian. In the rear of the chancel is a stone seat from which the early kings of Portugal administered justice. The cloisters, which might have been handsome once, have been entirely bricked up. The relics of St. Vincent are preserved in one of the chapels, translated to this place by King Alfonso Henriques from Cape St. Vincent, where they had been piously protected by two ravens of unusual intelligence, doubtless lineally descended from the ravens which fed Elijah. When the bones of the saint were brought to Lisbon the aforesaid ravens accompanied the ship. The least that could be done in recognition of the services of these estimable birds was to extend to them the hospitality of the city, and a cage was prepared for them in the cloisters of the cathedral. But in thus entertaining them it was forgotten to give them also the freedom of the city, and the cage had iron bars. Ever since two ravens have been kept in this cage, and until within a very short time the sacristan assured visitors that the birds

exhibited were the identical ravens which came to Lisbon six centuries ago.

Farther up the hill, behind the *Sè*, is the church of St. Vincent, purely Italian throughout. The dusky hall adjoining the sacristy is the depository: the registries of births, marriages, and deaths are kept in dingy, yellow piles shoved into innumerable pigeon-holes, covered with unmeasured dust, and quite open to the public, as it seemed to us. But the object that chiefly attracts the wanderer to St. Vincent's is the Chapel of the Kings, attached to the southeast corner. The chapel is simply but elegantly finished with black and white marbles, executed under the direction of Dom Fernando, late king consort and father of the reigning king. He is a man of excellent architectural tastes, and Portugal, among many other benefits for which she is indebted to him, owes a large debt of gratitude for the care he has given to the restoration of some of her finest edifices, always entirely in the spirit of the original work. In this funereal chapel are preserved the remains of all the sovereigns of the house of Braganza, and their families, in chests or coffins covered with black velvet embroidered with gold, and ranged in order of date upon a marble platform which runs along each side of the chapel. The founder of the house of Braganza is in a tomb at one end. In the centre are two cenotaphs, on one of which the coffin of the late king is laid, to remain there until his successor shall in turn be carried to the same place. On the other cenotaph permanently repose the relics of Dom Pedro IV., who was emperor of Brazil, and was also proclaimed king of Portugal, but resigned in favor of his daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria. He died at the early age of thirty-six, but not before he had shown himself to be one of the most remarkable men of the century, — as regent overthrowing the usurper Dom Miguel, breaking the power of the clerical party, abolishing convents, giving Portugal a constitutional government, and once more placing her on a firm footing among the nations after the disasters attending and suc-

ceeding the Napoleonic invasion of the peninsula. It cannot be said of the Portuguese that they are unmindful of their great men and benefactors. Statues and monuments commemorative of their heroes and noted men are common, and Dom Pedro IV. has his share both of bronze statues and of public places bearing his venerated name.

But the building best worth seeing in Lisbon, and the only one claiming the attention of those whose stay is limited, is the Jeronymite church and convent of Belem, the Portuguese for Bethlehem. One may reach it by the horse-railroad, called the American tramway, and provided with cars from New York. Several of these railways are laid in Lisbon, Coimbra, and Oporto, and are much patronized. The church is built upon piles near the river, which formerly washed its base, on the site of the chapel in which Vasco da Gama and his adventurous crew passed the night previous to sailing on the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and was erected by Dom Manoel the Fortunate, in commemoration of that enterprise. This able sovereign evidently agreed with the opinion of the Portuguese chronicler, who devoted six closely printed folio pages to an elaborate argument regarding the question whether Jonah went around the Cape of Good Hope in the whale's belly, and concluded that if he did the fact ought not to be permitted to detract from the just merits of Vasco da Gama. The building is constructed of a finely-grained limestone, which is capable of being carved as delicately as Carrara marble and takes a rich golden tint after exposure for several centuries. Most of the public buildings of Portugal, both ancient and modern, are of this material. It is doubtful whether there is any other structure in existence which so distinctly indicates mental conditions, so clearly interprets the subjective by the objective. The three phases of art culture, of early prejudices and education, of later principles operating on a mind prepared by a transient civilization to be impressed by them, are all as clearly laid before us

on the stones of Belem as if analyzed and traced out by a Hamilton or a Kant. The Portuguese architect and Dom Manoel, a monarch of undeniable architectural tastes, were first familiarized with the Gothic, but the supremacy of the noblest architecture the world has seen was already on the wane. Innumerable Moorish associations imbued them with a love for the Saracenic, the influences of which on Portuguese architecture up to the fifteenth century are everywhere more or less evident. At a later period the rising but more artificial glory of the Italian or Renaissance was also felt by them and interpreted by the Italian architect who assisted in the plan, together with a suspicion of the peculiar and *bizarre* style of the temples of India, then just discovered by Portuguese navigators. One who is conversant with architecture will readily detect all these phases in the church of Belem, without including the choir, added at a later age and quite out of harmony with the rest of the building. The style of the windows and doors is flamboyant Gothic, but the square outlines of the exterior, with two Saracenic domes at the western end, overthrown by the earthquake, and one of which has been rebuilt, are more like those of a mosque. The nave is entered by a superb door in the western end, and one even more beautiful and elaborate on the south side, divided in the centre by a shaft, on which is a statue, in armor, of the Infante Henriques, the chief promoter of the maritime discoveries of his country. The archway of the door is decorated with thirty statues of kings and saints. All the ornamental tracery is purely Pompeian or Italian carved on Gothic forms. The combination is at first sight very rich, but the incongruity of the two after a while disturbs the fancy. The roofs of the nave and transept were of flamboyant Gothic, but so flat that they fell in when the staging was first removed. They were rebuilt after the same design, and the scaffolding was removed by criminals who were promised their freedom in return. The transept is sustained only by two shafts, the nave by four, sixty-six feet

in height. These columns are slender and exceedingly ornate, in the same style as the doors. Their form, and the way in which they meet the vaulting of the roof, suggests the palm, and is decidedly Indian. The central arch of the nave is Moorish. The groining of the roof is so admirably designed as to give the effect of extreme lightness to a mass of stone so solid that it withstood the great earthquake. In the sacristy, which is beautifully vaulted and ribbed, some ancient sacerdotal vestments are shown, of massive velvet and gold. The cloisters are of rare beauty; but the peculiarities of the Manoelite architecture, as we shall call it, are still more evident here. The general outlines are Portuguese flamboyant Gothic, the details are Roman. But they are full of poetic feeling, and might prove satisfactory to one who has not seen Alcobaça and Batalha, with which Belem is not to be compared. In the church of Belem Gothic art makes its last protest against the pagan art which for over three centuries has rendered architecture cold and merely intellectual materialism, instead of the warm effusion of a rapt imagination quickened by the fervor of heart enthusiasm, a living form of utterance for the deepest emotions of the soul.

The specimens of the arts of design at Lisbon worthy attention are scarce. There is a gallery of paintings at the old convent of San Francisco that contains some works attributed to Gran Vasco, which are quite striking, although indicating the struggles of a mind which never acquired full power of expression. Like most of the old Portuguese paintings, they are on panels, and the boards have gradually shrunk, leaving cracks across the picture. Gran Vasco, or Vasco Fernandez, is a semi-mythical character of whom rather less is known than of Shakespeare; many works are attributed to him which in style are either earlier or later than his time, and some critics even go so far as to doubt whether any painting actually known to be by him exists. But there are paintings attributed to him at Viseu, two or three at Lisbon, two or three at

Evora and other places, — of some of which the writer can speak from personal observation, — which, like the Homeric poems, bear too strong an impress of one great individual mind to be the work of different hands. At the vast, unfinished palace of Ajuda, occupied by the reigning family, is a collection of ancient masters said to be very good; it is open to the public on certain days, but there is so much else distinctively national to be seen that I did not find time to visit it.

One of the national sights is the bull-fight. The idea is general that such a spectacle is peculiarly Spanish; this is to a degree untrue, for not only is the sport common in Portugal, but it is in many respects quite unlike and superior to the bull-fighting of Spain. In that country the horses are miserable, untrained hacks, brought into the arena blindfold to be slaughtered, and the chief part of the amusement is to shed the most blood possible, with little science and the utmost cruelty to both bulls and horses, of which sometimes twenty-five or thirty will be slain in one afternoon. The Portuguese, while yielding to none of the Latin nations in physical courage, are naturally more humane. The bulls are often very fine animals, but by law their horns are wrapped with felt, and it is impossible for them to gore a horse, although they may give him some hard hits. The horse, on the other hand, is generally very valuable and admirably trained, and goes into the fight with his eyes open. No weapon more severe than a small barbed pike is used, which rarely penetrates much below the hide, but suffices to arouse the mettle of a spirited bull. These pikes are planted in his neck by the man on horseback, or by the footmen, as he lowers his head to attack. A very dangerous exploit is to sit in a chair directly opposite the gate from which the bull is to rush, and plant two pikes in his neck before rising. Should the bull fail to make directly for the *picador* with lowered horns the man is lost. Another trick full of danger is literally to take the bull by the horns, as he lowers his head; as soon as

this is done the rest of the performers rush on the bull, and by main force drag him off the man. Two men were killed in one afternoon's sport, when I was in Lisbon, by having their spines broken when in the act of seizing the bull between the horns. The arena is surrounded by rows of seats, rising tier above tier; the last one is divided into boxes and roofed. As no curtain is drawn over the arena, half of the miniature wooden coliseum is open to the full blaze of the sun, and the tickets are sold accordingly for the shady and the sunny sides. Punctuality is not observed: the dense mass of spectators have about an hour to gaze at each other, flirt, fling nutshells, shout, bawl, hiss, and stamp their feet. When the excitement and suspense have reached their limit, which is apparently timed in order to bring the audience to the proper pitch, a trumpet sounds. Silence and breathless expectation succeed. The horse, with ears erect, half-startled eyes, and every nerve and muscle tense, awaits the crisis; the *picadors*, in gay uniforms, with their queues braided and bound each into a little ball on the back of the head, are in their respective positions, a lance in either hand. Every eye is turned on the entrance; the sliding door slips up, and, as if sent out of a catapult, forth rushes a magnificent bull, his eyes blazing, and fury in the poise of his tremendous head and neck. Half an instant he pauses and takes a hurried survey of the scene, and then makes a fearful lunge at the white horse awaiting him on the opposite side of the arena. The rider adroitly backs his steed and plunges a lance into the neck of the bull. Maddened by the pain the bull chases horse and rider around the arena; he gains on them; he is just on the point of goring the horse; the excitement exceeds language; at this critical instant an agile *picador* contrives to thrust another dart into the bull and diverts his attention. Every one again breathes freely. I saw the bull once give the horse a tremendous blow in the belly which, notwithstanding the horns were blunted with felt, at once became scarlet. When the bull becomes wea-

ried out or cowed, as often happens when he finds his neck completely fringed with javelins, and is unable to retaliate in a manner commensurate with his rage, a number of oxen are driven in; the bull runs up to them for sympathy, and readily follows them out of the arena. At intervals during the sport the picadors come forward and salute the audience, holding out their hats for coppers, which are rained down plentifully if the sport has been exciting and skillfully conducted.

The theatres and operas of Lisbon offer nothing striking, unless it be the very poor quality of the singing, which would be hissed sometimes were it not for the presence of the king and queen. The *mise en scène* is, however, often excellent and the acting by no means bad. Dom Luis, who may be often seen at the opera, is a very respectable man of a German cast of countenance. He has a good share of common sense; he also has a turn for painting, to which he devotes some attention, and he continues his liking for marine affairs, his profession before he mounted the throne being the navy. The unusual good sense which characterizes the administration of Dom Luis, as well as that of his lamented brother, Pedro V., the late king, is shown in the increasing religious toleration allowed, — priests can leave the church and marry, — the jealousy shown of all clerical interference with civil affairs, the judicious management of the finances, which make a better exhibit each succeeding year, and a general effort to develop the resources of the country, proved by the construction of nearly four thousand miles of most admirable macadamized roads within the last few years, and the extension of railroads, partly under government control. Those who return from Brazil are bringing much wealth into the country, and banks are springing up everywhere. But in nothing is the sound judgment of Dom Luis, his cabinet and legislature, better shown than in the astonishing liberty which is allowed to the press. Except in London, there is in all probability no city in Europe where greater freedom of utterance

is permitted than in Lisbon. The language used by the papers regarding the church, for example, if once repeated by the press of Madrid, or even Paris, would be punished in a manner never to be forgotten, if, indeed, the unhappy editor were permitted to survive such rashness. There is a paper published at Lisbon which to this day acknowledges only the son of Miguel the usurper as lawful king, under the title of Dom Miguel II. His birthday is always celebrated in large types and with flaming editorials, while the king *in esse* is never mentioned by his title, but only as the man who now governs. That the administration permits such license is no evidence of lack of spirit on the part of the people, who are capable of intense feeling. The 1st of December is always celebrated with immense enthusiasm: it is the anniversary of the day when the people, in 1640, rose and overthrew the tyranny of the Spanish power, usurped by Philip II. after the death of Dom Sebastian at the battle of Alcazarquivir. There is no love wasted between the two peoples: the Portuguese cannot forget the Spanish yoke; the Spaniards cannot forget that from the famous battle of Aljubarra down to the war of independence the Portuguese have beaten them in almost every battle, and once carried the Portuguese standard into Madrid itself. It is a mistake, also, to suppose that the Portuguese language is so very inferior to the Spanish: it is, to say the least, as yet an open question. The Portuguese has many delicate modes of expressing shades of thought quite peculiar to itself, and is in reality more nearly like the ancient Latin than any of the cognate tongues. The orthography is, however, not yet quite settled: the same word, and that, perhaps, a proper noun, may be spelled in different ways. Camoens is also written Camões; Guimaraens is written Guimarães and Guimaraenes. Nearly one thousand Moorish or Arabic words are in constant use. Nor are these the only signs of the former Saracenic dominion in Lusitania. The *cuisine* is quite Oriental; a dish of rice resembling *pilaff* is invariably the

second course at dinner. The people have an Eastern relish for sweets, and excellent preserves are common when everything else, perhaps, is barely eatable. The coffee is generally good; the tea, of which the Portuguese are very fond, is always good. The clapping of hands in lieu of the ringing of a bell is quite Oriental. It is by no means uncommon to meet men of remarkable personal beauty who are of unquestionable Morisco descent. The politeness of the Portuguese seems also borrowed in part from the Oriental, although it so often springs apparently from kindness of nature that I am inclined to consider it an original trait of the Portuguese character. No people I have met have struck me as so unaffectedly polite, so full of unselfish courtesy in the ordinary dealings of life, so gracious and hospitable, as the Portuguese. This politeness extends from the lowest to the highest, and pervades the whole nation. As regards other social traits, it may be said that the Portuguese lose nothing in comparison with other Latin races on the score of modesty and morals. There are certain Saxon notions of propriety which do not enter into Latin minds, and therefore should not be expected of them. The Portuguese are warm-hearted, and there seems to be considerable domestic unity and affection among them. Marriage is rather more the result of love than the mere matter of business or *convenance* too common in France and Italy. It is a noteworthy fact that the Portuguese women are inferior to the men in physical beauty. The difference is more marked in the upper than in the lower classes; perhaps the type, dark and semi-Oriental, requires the picturesque costume of the peasantry to do it the justice which it certainly does not receive from the fashions of Paris. The masculine sex of the little kingdom displays a truly feminine weakness for dress. To cut a figure on the *praça* of an evening in pantaloons that set off to the best advantage the nether limbs of the wearer, and to move and pose the person with studied effect, are apparently the chief end of being to the young cox-

combs of Lisbon and Oporto. The gold lace sported by every one who can possibly find an excuse to put on a uniform would almost pay the national revenue. However, this little foible is set off by the skill shown in managing the superb steeds which often grace the esplanade. The Portuguese also make good sailors, — the best of all the Latin races, as the writer can testify from personal observation.

From Lisbon I went by rail to Coimbra. The line runs for some distance by the Tagus, which it leaves at the historical old town of Santarem. Immediately on passing the city limits, one finds one's self in a flat, alluvial landscape rising towards the west and north: pasture lands feeding large numbers of horses and cattle, or rich fields irrigated by the water-wheels of the far East and covered with abundant harvests of grain, or scarlet, purple, and gold with the wild flowers which in spring grow with a luxuriance entirely unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. Ere long the road enters bits of woodland which grow denser as one proceeds northward, until forests of hoary olive, or of cork nearly as gray and picturesque in form, or of stone-pines, with here and there groups of stately cypresses, cover the undulating land and fade away into the distant heights crowned by Moorish turrets, or violet-hued ranges of mountains that blend with the exquisite azure of the sky. To say that the stone-pine, the olive, the cypress, and the vine flourish in Portugal is almost enough. The very names suggest whatever is most attractive to the artistic eye.

Travel on the Portuguese railways is judiciously contrived to aid the tourist who desires to see the country. The trains are *misto*, generally including freight-cars. The national character being slow and not to be hurried, at each station enough time is allowed to load or discharge freight and permit the officials to light their cigarettes and flirt with the orange girls. This admirable arrangement also enables the stranger to look about him and gain a tolerable notion of the numerous picturesque little towns on

the way. Between stations the trains are properly not permitted to run any risks from overdriving up or down the grades, and the various features of the landscape may be surveyed at leisure, the nominal time, including stoppages, being sixteen miles an hour. The third-class passengers lean their heads upon the window-sills and sleep, or exchange jokes with peasants in the fields. Accidents are of course unknown; collisions are out of the question; there are but two trains a day between Lisbon and Oporto, and only one to Evora and Setubal. To be sure much precious time, as time is reckoned in America, is lost on these roads; but after all it is the poetry of railway travel, and the only tolerable railroading I ever knew.

As I approached Coimbra the country became exceedingly beautiful, and when the famous old city appeared in view, crowning a steep hill with mediæval walls and the classic towers of the university, flanked by the nearer spurs of the Estrella range, and with the placid waters of the Mondego gliding slowly at its feet, it was easy to understand the enthusiasm which inspired the verse of Camoens and so many other Portuguese bards. The position of Coimbra is even more striking and lovely than that of Heidelberg. It was the capital for one or two centuries, and later became the seat of one of the most celebrated universities of Europe, which was still further reorganized and improved by the great Pombal. The university buildings cover the summit of the hill and present an effective appearance; the view from the balcony of the highest is one of the most remarkable in Portugal. The law school of Coimbra is justly celebrated. The medical school is also gaining a good reputation for the attention given to the latest discoveries of science, and the character of the physicians educated there; the chairs of theology, mathematics, the humanities, and other branches, including music and art, are filled by able instructors. Lectures are given twice daily the greater part of the year. The number of students is nearly one thousand. They lodge in licensed board-

ing-houses and wear long black gowns, but nothing on the head, except sometimes the *gorro*, formerly used as a pouch, thrown lightly over the crown when the sun is very powerful. It is doubtful whether a body of young men more finely formed, more intelligent looking, more courteous, than the students of Coimbra could be found elsewhere.

The women of the lower classes are also quite noteworthy for being at once neat and picturesque, and for the extraordinary skill and grace they show in carrying on their heads water jars fashioned like those of ancient Attica. From early morn to dewy eve the procession of bare-footed, handsome, nut-brown girls passes to and from the fountain, always chatting and singing and holding the distaff, as if it were nothing at all to balance a large water jar on the head from childhood to old age. The *chafariz*, or fountain, with the idyllic scenes enacted around it, is one of the most Oriental and characteristic objects, and is to be found, with slight local differences, in every village and town of Portugal. The peasants, as far as my observation goes, are more cleanly than the average continental peasant, and are fully as effective from a pictorial point of view. Indeed, Portugal offers an art field entirely new and abounding in superb *genre* landscape and marine effects of every possible variety.

The Sé Velho, or former cathedral of Coimbra, is a venerable, battlemented Romanesque building of red granite, situated on a rock and approached by a net-work of narrow lanes, covered alleys, and stairways of extraordinary steepness. Its interior has suffered in the usual manner, but contains some interesting tombs, and the door-way is rich and in good preservation. This structure is historically interesting, because tradition says the Cid Campeador within its walls first girded on the sword Tizana, with which he captured Valencia. An event of undoubted history was the crowning of the master of Aviz in this church, after the famous battle of Ouriques. Under the title of João I. he became the first king of Portugal. The church and convent

of Santa Cruz are objects of great interest. The church, although erected by Dom Manoel, is of pure flamboyant Gothic, with the peculiar modifications common in Portuguese Gothic. It has, however, suffered from the Renaissance movement. The coro-alto is one of the most exquisite specimens of antique oak-carving in Europe. The most exuberant fancy found vent in the designs of the seventy-two gilded stalls, castles, scriptural groups, pigs and monkeys turning somersaults or playing on the violin, and the like, represented with delicate humor and consummate skill. If the Portuguese have shown little talent for painting, there is, on the other hand, abundant evidence of their excellence in stone-cutting, wood-carving, and architecture. No better specimens exist than some of those in Portugal, and this national gift, if dormant, is not yet extinct, as is proved by the restorations conducted under the charge of Dom Fernando. The cloisters of the convent of Santa Cruz were erected by Dom João III. They are in the best flamboyant style, and if they were anywhere but in Portugal would be famous.

Opposite Coimbra, near the banks of the Mondego, is the Quinta dos Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears, to those of romantic turn the most interesting spot in Portugal. Although slightly changed, the house is substantially the same as when occupied by Iñez de Castro five centuries ago. Her story, which forms

one of the most singular episodes in modern history, is undoubtedly authentic. She was secretly married to Dom Pedro I., before he came to the throne, and her influence was so much feared, as she was of Spanish birth, that those opposed to Spain induced the king to allow her to be murdered. This was done while her three children were clinging to her knees, and while Dom Pedro was absent following the chase. When he came to the throne he caused the courtiers who had instigated and performed this deed of blood to be tortured to death. After this he ordered the skeleton of his beloved wife to be raised at midnight and placed in the cathedral on a throne at his side, and crowned in presence of the court, who then passed in solemn procession before their sovereigns, the living and the dead, and gave in their allegiance. Dom Pedro and Iñez de Castro were afterwards buried at Alcobaca, in two magnificent tombs erected under his direction. Under the hill, in the rear of the Quinta dos Lagrimas, is the fountain near which Iñez was murdered. It is a spring welling out of the rock. The stones over which the water bubbles are, in places, nearly of a crimson hue. Tradition, of course, attributes this to the stains of blood. A stone slab is inscribed with some beautiful stanzas from Camoens in allusion to this tragedy, and some noble cedars, undoubtedly of great antiquity, hymn a perpetual dirge over her fate.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

"AH, CHASMS AND CLIFFS OF SNOW."

AH, chasms and cliffs of snow!
 Down the dim path so many feet have beaten
 Need it be hard to go?
 From bitter bread, from fruit the frost has eaten,
 From bloom the rain has shaken,
 From wings the winds have taken?

A few gold grains of corn
 To plant in that strange soil, some hill-bird's feather,
 A broken branch of thorn
 From some dead tree where two have watched together:
 These, for the heart's close keeping
 Through waking or through sleeping!

One moans with homesick breath,
 Here, for cold crag and cloud, where vales are sunny:
 What then, if after death
 One thirst for water, having milk and honey?
 Sweeter divine regretting
 Were than divine forgetting!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VII.

(3.) *Special Crops.*—Among husbandry implements we have hitherto considered those for the culture of land and the preparation of grain for food. We now proceed to mention a few special crops and implements connected therewith, and as the list is but partial, it must be recollected that we are confined by the terms of our title to those industries which were presented at the Centennial: we find to our hand machines or implements for working in sugar, tapioca, tea, oils, fruit, honey, dyes, and lacquer.

India supplied us sugar and cotton; China, silk and tea; from Persia we have peaches and melons; Egypt, perhaps, gave us wheat; America blessed the world with corn and potatoes, — not to mention tobacco. Not one of these, however, is of as much importance as rice, the common property of India, China, and the Malaysian archipelago.

Sugar, which now seems a necessary of life among us, has been known in Europe as a common article of diet only for a couple of centuries, or so. It is

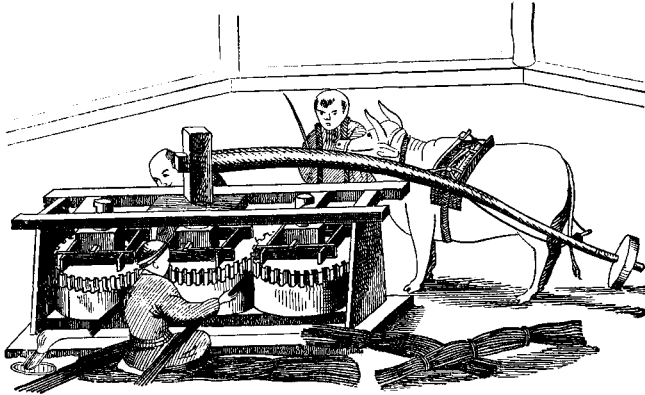
a very common organic product, being found in many grasses, roots, and even in the sap of trees, but the devices we show are for the sugar-cane, a perennial plant which has been spread over the whole tropical world as one of the results of the rage for discovery and commercial occupation which commenced about the close of the fifteenth century.

Although the western world had heard of the sugar-cane of India from Nearchus, who commanded the fleet of Alexander the Great down the Indus, and the sweet crystals had a reputation as a curiosity or as a medicine for a thousand years after the era of "Young Ammon," the sugar-cane was not known in the Mediterranean countries until brought there by the Saracens. It was cultivated in Cyprus and Sicily in the twelfth century; taken to Madeira in the fifteenth, and thence to Brazil and Santo Domingo in the sixteenth; Barbadoes was supplied from Brazil in the seventeenth century, and the plant was brought into Louisiana a little more than one hundred years ago, but the culture was much increased by refugees from Santo Domingo about the close of the last century. It does not seem to have spread very rap-

idly, but maintains its hold in climates suited to it.

The Japanese sugar-cane mill (Figure 157) has three vertical rollers geared together, and the canes are fed in on each side by two men who sit upon the

ground so that the sweep may pass over their heads. The same style of press on a smaller scale is used in the United States for grinding sorghum, which is an African cane (*holcus sorghum*). We adopt new devices and new products



(Fig. 157.) Sugar-Cane Mill. Japanese Exhibit.

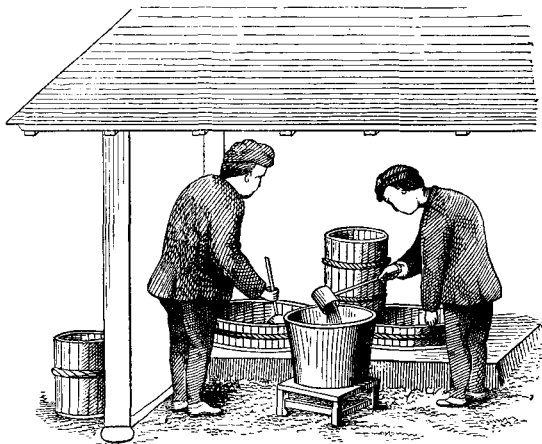
with but a passing thought; in the East it is very different: there century follows century without visible change, except as climatic or dynastic disturbance may affect industries.

The sugar-cane mill (Figure 157) has an interest in the probability that it represents the mill of the ages. The middle roller has a square gudgeon, in which the sweep lever is socketed, and is turned by a buffalo which walks round in a circular track, the end of the sweep resting on a wheel; as the rollers are geared together they revolve in exact accordance, and two *passes* are thus obtained, one on each side of the middle roller, the canes being fed in two directions. The juice flows by spouts into tubs set in the ground, one of which is seen at the left.

Figure 158 introduces us to the boiling of the cane juice, the wooden tubs with metallic bottoms being set in the top of a furnace which is on the lower story, only the top of it appearing in the view.

The condensed syrup is being ladled into tubs.

The tubs are emptied into the tray shown in Figure 159, where the concentrated syrup cools and crystallizes. When it has reached a certain condition,



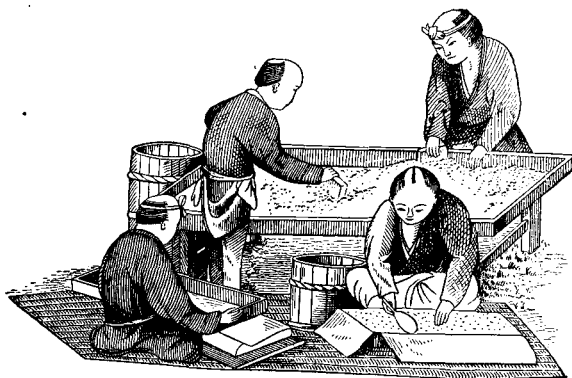
(Fig. 158.) Boiling Cane Juice. Japanese Exhibit.

it is shoveled into cloths which are held in square, open frames, so as to make up the damp sugar in packages ready for the press. Two men are seen stirring the sugar that it may granulate, and two

others are packing, one having just filled his frame; the other is beginning to arrange one.

The next step is to press the package of sugar to remove the molasses. The press is about as crude as possible. One man attends to two presses; he is about

ten feet in length and one foot in diameter, rounded to suit the shape of the mortar, and having a button on its lower end which catches in a hole in the bottom of the mortar to keep it in place. The juice runs out below through a strainer and into a sunken pot.



(Fig. 159.) Sugar Cooling and Packing. Japanese Exhibit.

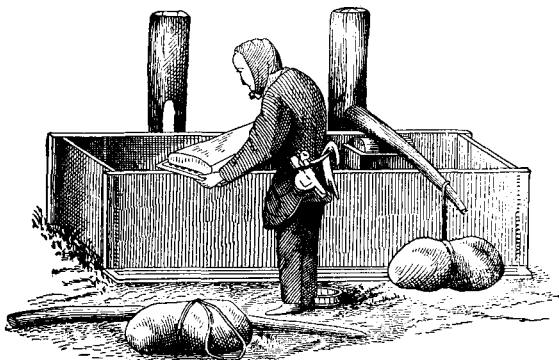
to put a cloth-covered package of sugar in the vat, upon a support which is not visible from where we stand. He will place on it a board and a square box, and a semi-cylindrical block of wood with the flat side downward. Then he will insert the end of the lever in the hole through the post and will rest it on the block; next he will pick up the heavy stone with a thong around it and suspend it from the end of the lever, which he may not be aware is a "lever of the second order." The molasses runs out of the vat into a tub at the man's feet. The pressed sugar is dry enough for market.

The sugar-cane mill of Dinajpoor, Eastern India, is a mortar the rolling pestle of which is worked by two oxen that travel in a circle and cause the pestle to crush the cane, which is chopped into thin slices and thrown into the mortar. This is a log of a tamarind-tree sunk in the ground to give it firmness, and hollowed out on top. The pestle is a timber eight-

The sugar mill is very ancient in Ceylon. The *Mahawanso* or official history states that one existed in the district of the Seven Corles at a period corresponding to our A. D. 77.

A tribe of the Zambesi, in Africa, also raises the sugar-cane and extracts the juice with primitive wooden rollers.

The Guiana Indians have two crude forms of sugar mills: one has a pair of wooden rollers; the other is a press in which a lever is made to rest upon the cane placed horizontally beneath it on a table. The standing portion is a grotesque likeness of the head and shoulders of a man: his broad shoul-



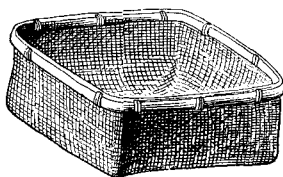
(Fig. 160.) Sugar Draining Press. Japanese Exhibit.

ders are the table, the lever passes into a hole in his neck beneath his chin, the expressed juice runs over his breast into a vessel.

Sugar-cane is grown in many places, as in Java and some of the islands of Polynesia, where the stalk is chewed and the juice sucked, but no sugar is made.

Trinidad exhibited at the Centennial its apparatus for the preparation of manioc or tapioca. This starchy product is yielded by the *jatropha manihot*, a plant which grows abundantly in the tropical regions of South America, the West Indies, and Africa. It is a plant of the family *euphorbiaceæ*, and has a tuberous root which yields a starch known in Brazil as *mandioca*, also called *cassava* from the Haytian name *kasabi*; it is the tapioca of commerce. There are three varieties, one of which has a highly poisonous milky juice, which is removed by grating and pressure.

The mandioca grater of South America and Trinidad is a wooden block, thirty-six by twelve inches, rather concave, and studded with sharp pieces of quartz set in a regular diamond pattern. The pulp of grated, woody fibre and starch is then put into a basket, such as is represented by Figure 161, which is

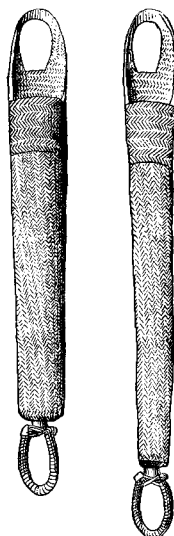


(Fig. 161.) Manioc Washing Basket. Trinidad Exhibit.

sometimes made of the bark of a water-plant, but in this instance of cane splints in regular basket work, a pattern being produced in red and black and the natural yellow color of the cane. The baskets, of which a number were exhibited, hold from one to three pecks. In this basket the root is drained of its poisonous juices; the pulp is then put into a long elastic cylinder (Figure 162) made from the bark of a climbing palm, the *jacitira*, a species of *desmoncus*. This plaited tube has a loop at each end and forms a strainer. It is packed with half-dry raspings of the root from the basket, and then hung from a limb by its upper loop; a weight is attached to the lower loop, and as the bag lengthens its cubic contents diminish and the remainder of the liquid is pressed out. The one shown at the Centennial stretches from eighteen to thirty inches. In Guiana it is

sometimes made to hold several bushels of pulp, is hung from a cross-beam between two posts, and stretched by a lever, on the farther end of which a woman sits.

The straining cylinders, called *tipitis*, are very well and ingeniously made, and it is probable that we might take a hint from them in some of our manufactures. They are an article of trade in Brazil, where the Portuguese have not yet introduced any efficient substitute for the native methods and devices. The pulp is turned out of the cylinders in a dry, compact mass, which is broken up, the hard lumps and fibres are picked out, and the farina at once roasted on large, flat ovens from four to six feet



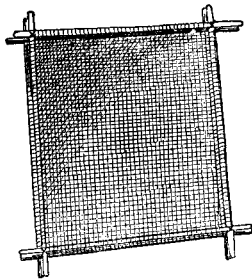
(Fig. 162.) Manioc Strainers. Trinidad Exhibit.

in diameter, with a sloping rim about six inches high. These ovens are made of clay mixed with ashes from the bark of a tree called *caripé*, and are supported on walls of mud about two feet high, with a large opening on one side to make a fire of logs beneath them. The mandioca cakes, or *beijú*, thus prepared are sweet and agreeable to the taste, and the bread is usually made fresh every day, as when it gets cold and dry it is far less palatable. All this work comes on the women, who have to go to the field for the roots at least every other day, and every day to grate and prepare the manioc and bake the bread, which forms the greater part of the food of many tribes in Brazil, Guiana, and some of the West India Islands.

The tapioca of commerce is a more carefully made article. The sieve (Figure 163) is for sifting the dry tapioca to remove the dust. It is sixteen inches square, and constructed of cane splints in a wooden frame.

The term cassava is perhaps as well known as the Brazilian mandioca and the names manioc and tapioca, all of which refer to the same article. It is a kind of starch, like the product of the *maranta arundinacea* (arrowroot), a tuberous plant growing in the East and West Indies. The root is mashed and the pulp soaked in water, dissolving the starch, which is freed from the fibre by straining. This process is analogous to that adopted with corn, potatoes, wheat, and other vegetables abounding in starch and used to afford the commercial article.

The juice from the scraped cassava is boiled to destroy its deleterious qualities, and produces a brown liquid known as *cassareep* and much used as a sauce. It is the principal ingredient in the famous West India *pepper-pot*.



(Fig. 163.) Tapioca Sieve. Trinidad Exhibit.

The tribes of tropical Africa use the manioc root in the same way as those of Guiana, the Monbuttoos, for instance. The Angolese prepare it by scraping the root on to a cloth and washing out the starch granules; these pass through the cloth and settle in the water, which is then decanted. The starchy farina is dried on an iron plate over a fire, being continually stirred with a stick till it forms into globules, making tapioca. The process is the same in Loanda-land.

Among people so painstaking as the Chinese and Japanese, every industry has its own set of tools and methods. This is true of tea as of silk, cotton, lacquer, and a variety of other things.

The Japanese implements and apparatus employed in the handling and preparation of tea are of the simplest

and cheapest kind. They are not without merit, however, and are hardly susceptible of improvement so long as the



(Fig. 164.) Strewing the Tea Leaves to Dry. Japanese Exhibit.

value of labor is so small. If we had to pick leaves, sort, and pack them, we should instantly look about for some machinery. We have reapers for grain, cutters and huskers for corn, pullers and hullers for beans, pickers for cotton, and there is no absolute reason why leaves should not be expeditiously picked, prepared, and packed without laborious handling. But it will be long ere this happens, however, unless the experiment of tea-growing in our Southern States should prove a success; even then it will be decades before they give us as good a product as China and Japan. We need patience as well as persever-

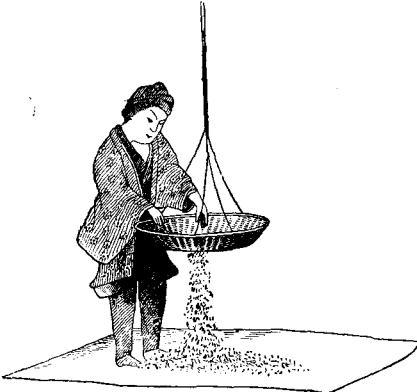


(Fig. 165.) Furnace drying Tea Leaves. Japanese Exhibit.

ance, and there is much *finesse* in the matter of tea-making, and great room for that kind of skill which seems to be

intuitive and incommunicable, being the result of the training of a people for scores of generations in special pursuits.

The Japanese at the Centennial took a great amount of pains to render their life and works plain to our people. In



(Fig. 166.) Sifting Tea. Japanese Exhibit.

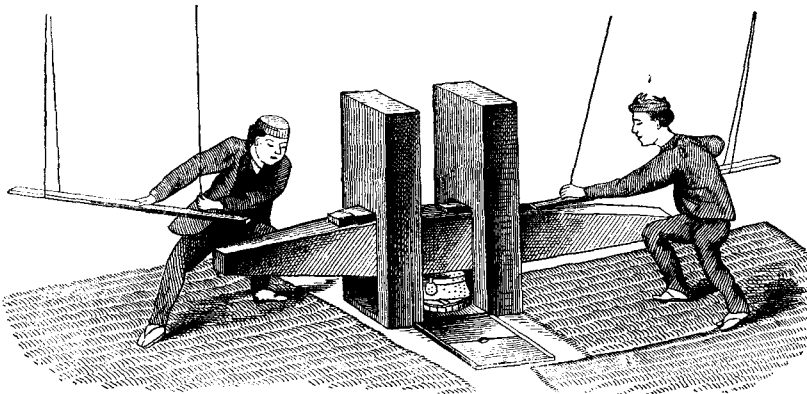
the present instance we find the cultivators and handlers represented by groups of pickers, dryers, sifters, sorters, packers, and dispensers; of these, four are selected for illustration. The mat table (Figure 164) receives the leaves which are picked from the bushes in the field;

being brought in by the pickers the leaves are laid upon the open-work table and distributed evenly by the fingers and the fan. Figure 165 shows the pan over the furnace, in which the wilted leaves are curled and dried, being stirred and rolled meanwhile. In Figure 166 is a suspended sifter of wicker work used in sorting the leaves, retaining the flat, imperfectly rolled ones, which are treated a second time; it is about as convenient a purely hand-method as can be desired, the weight of the sieve being borne by the cord, and the leaves stirred by one hand while the sieve is shaken by the other. The qualities are sorted, put into separate pans, and handed over to the packers. These are seen stowing the tea in chests or pouring it into jars. In Figure 167 a man is discharging the contents of a basket-scoop through a funnel into a jar.



(Fig. 167.) Packing Tea. Japanese Exhibit.

This tray, of rattan, bamboo, or wicker,



(Fig. 168.) Sesamum Oil Press. Japanese Exhibit.

is to be found in all countries of the Eastern seas. It is large or small, and is of various materials, but it has always the same shape and never has a handle.

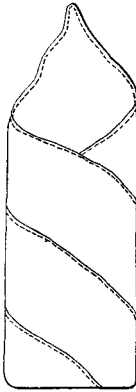
The vegetable oil *sesamum* (which substantially retains with us its Arabic and

Greek names: Ar. *simsim* ; Gr. *sesamon*) yields a large proportion of the oil of the Orient.

Figure 168 is a wedge press in which the ground and heated seeds of the *sesamum indica* are pressed, the meal being placed inside of a slack tub and beneath

a follower on which rests the beam, which is depressed by wedges driven in with poles suspended from the roof and operated by a man at each side.

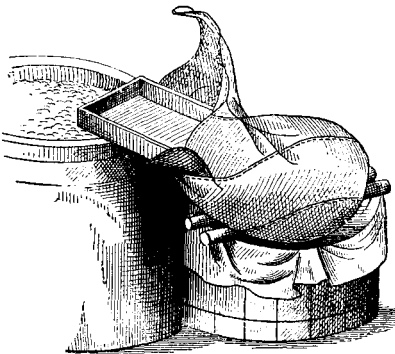
The Japanese did not exhibit the machine or mill for grinding the oleaginous seeds, but it may possibly resemble that of India and Ceylon. The mustard-oil mill of Dinajpore in Eastern India is a mortar and rolling pestle worked by a buffalo. The Singhalese oil mill is similar; their oil press has a rattan bag which is squeezed between a pair of horizontal bars by means of a band and lever.



(Fig. 169.) Bag, for Oil Magma. Japanese Exhibit.

The oil mill of Java is a pair of grooved cylinders. The separation of the oil is effected by boiling and expression. A press is made of two boards joined together at one end, and between them is placed the *magma* in mat bags.

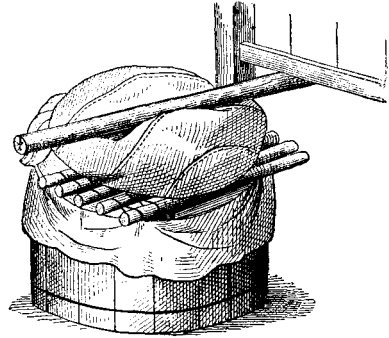
Another method of pressing vegetable oil or tallow was exhibited from Japan. The first view (Figure 169) shows the mode of making a bag out of a strip of cloth cut bias and sewed up. In Figure 170 the bag is laid upon slats on a cloth which covers the top of a barrel. The



(Fig. 170.) Filling the Bag. Japanese Exhibit.

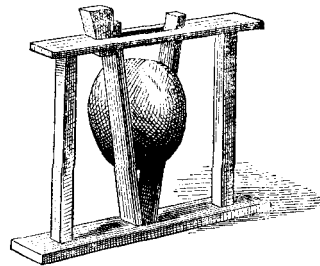
matter is of an unctuous or oily nature, is heated in a pan over a furnace, and then shoveled into a tray which conducts it into the bag.

Figure 171 is the really primitive press: the round bar is brought down upon the bag whose mouth is closed and



(Fig. 171.) Rustic Oil Press. Japanese Exhibit.

folded up beneath. The position of the bar is shifted from place to place, to squeeze out the oil or fat, as the case



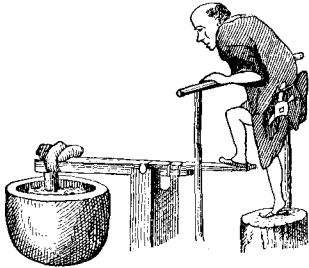
(Fig. 172.) Tingkawangalie Press. Borneo. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

may be. Have we not been at the yearly hog-butcherings of the farm and seen the cracklings thus treated?

Figure 172 is an oil press for treating the *tingkawang* pulp obtained from the vegetable-tallow tree (*dipterocarpus* genus), one of the most beautiful trees of the Bornean forests. The fruit is gathered into baskets by the natives, and set in water to rot the shell; this is then easily removed from the kernel which yields the oil. The kernels are pounded, cooked, placed in rattan bags, and then in the primitive wedge press shown in Figure 172. The driving down of the wedge compresses the bag, causing the exudation of the fat, which congeals on cooling. The machine resembles the linseed-oil press of the last century, but is a very inferior affair to the Phœ-

nician oil press of three thousand years ago.

The oil mill of Zanzibar for cocoa-nut and sesamum oil is like that of India and Ceylon. It has a wooden mortar

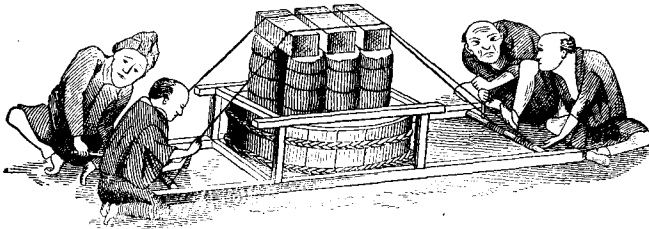


(Fig. 173.) Fruit Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

in which is a conical cavity four feet deep and three feet in diameter at top, with a broad, flat rim. A rolling-pestle six inches in diameter is secured in the bottom of the mortar, and its upper end

to a beam to the extremity of which a camel is harnessed. The correspondence between the apparatus of India and Zanzibar is not extraordinary when we reflect that the ocean has so long been a common passage way to the adventurous Arab sailors.

We do not find among these oil mills any similar to the Chilian mill, which has two large stones, like grind-stones, running on edge in a trough, a bar passing through the axes of the stones being attached to a vertical central post, to which rotation is imparted by a sweep. This is a very old form in Chili, from whence its name. The Roman *trapelum* was similar, but its stones (*orbes*) were segments of spheres and revolved in an annular basin (*mortarium*), their axes being inserted in a wooden nave (*cupa*), which was pivoted on a vertical pin on top of the central column (*miliarum*).



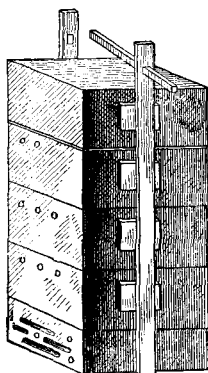
(Fig. 174.) Fruit Press. Japanese Exhibit.

The Japanese exhibited a mode of packing fruit; this is first picked, exposed on frames to dry, or hung on strings to trellises for the same purpose, and then beaten into a mass in a mortar before packing in cylindrical baskets. We have not exactly the same plan with any of our dried fruits, which are either sold loose or packed in barrels. The Spanish prunes, Portugal raisins, Smyrna figs, Normandy pippins, and Egyptian dates are, however, familiar to us in the line of imported fruits. The press for packing dried plums has a windlass at each end, around which are wound the cords which press upon the followers in the crates.

The Exhibition had the results of the work of African bees, wax being a considerable article of trade. The bees of

Africa are nearly all wild; that is, they are not cared for in hives, but build in trees and crevices of rocks, which are robbed by those who find them. The Balonda and Bongo tribes in Africa keep bees. The bee-hive of Loanda-land is a cylinder of bark taken from a tree by girdling at two points, then slitting and loosening the piece. When removed, it resumes its shape, the slit is sewed up, and the ends stopped by coils of grass rope, in the middle of one of which is the bee entrance. These hives are placed in a horizontal position in trees. The bee-hive of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is made of basket work, and is a long cylinder which has an opening at mid-length six inches square. Basket work and bark are both of very ancient use: the Romans, for instance, made their bee-hives (*alveare*) of osiers plaited, fen-

nel stalks sewed together, or of cork; also of wood and earthenware. They also divided their bee-hives into stories



(Fig. 175.) Compound Bee-hive. Japanese Exhibit.

by partial horizontal partitions with spaces for passing up and down. Apiaries and the management of bees have an important place in the husbandry of the Japanese, and they have several styles of hives, large and small, simple and compound. The one shown in Figure 175 is probably a non-swarming hive, as it has movable boxes in a frame, so that whenever a colony is pressed for room, a full box with a queen may be taken to start a new community, or a box full of honey may be taken out, in either case an empty box being substituted to give the bees space.

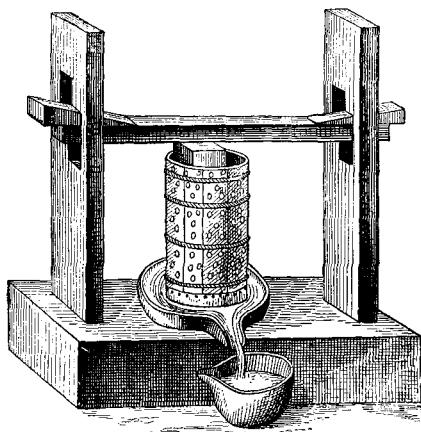


(Fig. 176.) Comb Drainer. Japanese Exhibit.

As among ourselves, the honey which drains from the comb is regarded as of the best quality, that which is pressed from the comb being more contaminated by contact with bee-bread and old comb. Virgin honey is that in comb which has been only once filled, the comb being clean and white and sweet. Figure 176 shows the Japanese comb drainer.

The press is needed, however, to get all the honey out of the comb. It has a vat with perforated staves, and a follower pressed down by a beam and wedge. The principle is exactly the same as that of the Phœnician olive-oil

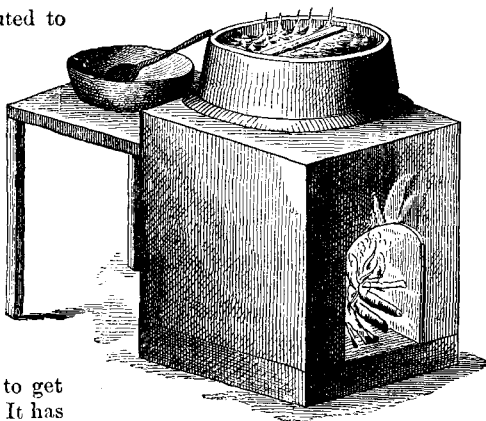
press of olden time, namely, two posts with a slot in each for the horizontal bar,



(Fig. 177.) Honey Press. Japanese Exhibit.

which is driven down by wedges upon the follower that rests on the cake of bruised fruit. The posts, however, of the Phœnician presses are of massive stone with a stone lintel, and they stand yet in Levantine countries, silent witnesses of the culture and methods of thirty centuries since.

Figures 178 and 179 show the boilers for melting and cleaning the wax from which the honey has been pressed. They scarcely need explanation.



(Fig. 178.) Wax Boiler. Japanese Exhibit.

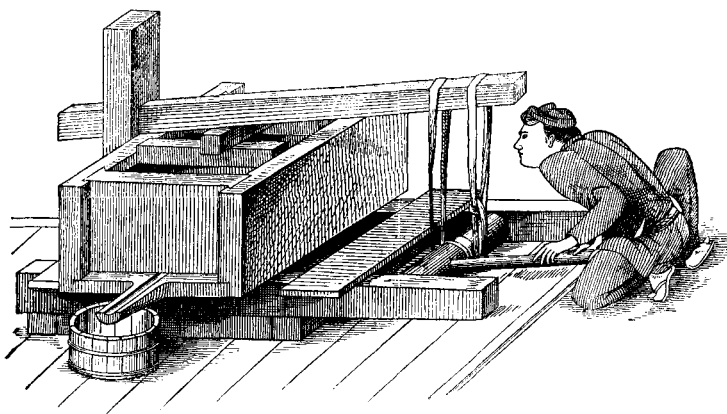
China and Japan use, and the former exports, a great many herbs and infu-

sions, which require a press either to compact them into bales, or to remove the liquor, which is afterward condensed, by boiling, to form a vegetable extract. Among these materials is safflower (*carthamus tinctorius*), a dye which is used instead of the more expensive saffron (*crocus sativus*). It is the flower which is used, in each case. The safflower is an annual of the *compositæ* tribe, and has long been cultivated in the East, whence it is exported to Europe in bales, and forms the



(Fig. 179.) Portable Wax Furnace. Japanese Exhibit.

basis of various red, rose, and pink dyes. The coloring matter is of two kinds: a yellow, which is soluble in water, and is then removable by pressure; and the red coloring principle, which is soluble in an alkaline solution. The press shown (Figure 180) is used for each of these stages of the process: we will suppose that the worthless yellow water has been run off, and a solution of soda added to the flowers in the vat. A sufficient time having elapsed for saturation, a board is laid over the material in the vat, and blocks upon the board; the lever is adjusted, and its outer end drawn down by a windlass, which winds a thong caught over the lever. The windlass barrel is rotated by a handspike in the usual way, excepting that the motions of the man are not much



(Fig 180.) Safflower Press. Japanese Exhibit.

like those of Jack Tar. The man, however, manages to throw a part of his weight upon the handspike, and if that were not sufficient he would probably call for help rather than stand up. The red-dye liquor runs out at the spout into the little tub. The pink saucers which some ladies have on their toilet-tables to give a becoming blush to their cheeks have the *carthamine* color (*rouge*) obtained in this way.

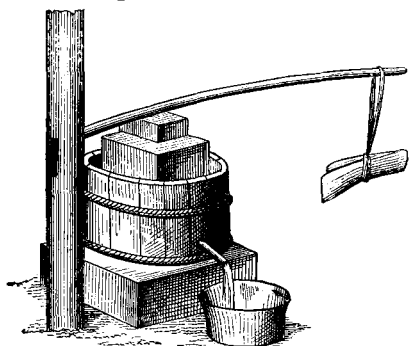
The oil and the wine press of the Romans was a lever press, the beam (*prelum*) being worked by a windlass (*sucula*), as in Figure 180, and handspike (*vectis*); beneath the lever was the *orbis*

olearius, or round, flat board which rested on the heap of olives.

Figure 181 is the Japanese press for indigo infusion. It is on the same principle as one or two others given, and is as simple a continuous press as can be devised. We need hardly go abroad for it; many a country cheese has been pressed in this way, — a fence rail in a crack of the fence, and a stick of wood suspended from the free end.

In Figure 182 are Japanese maceration vats for making vegetable infusions, and Figure 183 is a form of wedge press used when great force is required. The principle has been but lately abandoned

in this country for the hydraulic press, in obtaining linseed-oil from the boiled



(Fig. 181.) Indigo Press. Japanese Exhibit.

magma. The material to be subjected to pressure is placed in a strong canvas



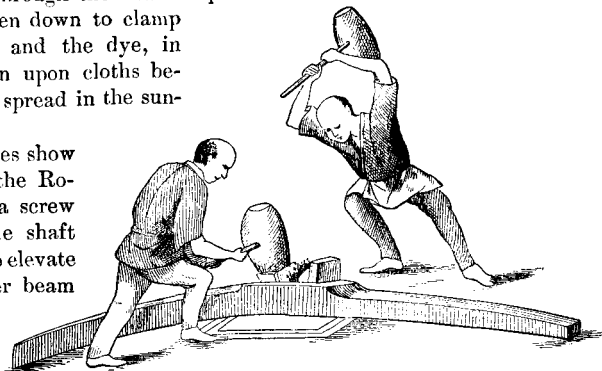
(Fig. 182.) Maceration Vats. Japanese Exhibit.

bag, and then between the cheek pieces (seen on an enlarged scale in Figure 184) in the mortise through the beam. Wedges are then driven down to clamp the cheeks together, and the dye, in this case, drops down upon cloths beneath; these are then spread in the sunlight to dry.

None of these presses show the advancement of the Roman *torcular* having a screw (*cochlea*) cut upon the shaft (*malus*), and serving to elevate or depress the follower beam (*tympanum*), which rests upon the object in the press. Such were used in the clothes-press (*pressorium*) by fullers, wine and oil makers, and others.

The ginger cleaner (Figure 185) is a sort of rough grater to remove the bark from the root to make *race*-ginger, the merchantable form when dried. It is all of bamboo: the bow is a bent strip, the bars are sharp-edged slivers which are farther roughened by notching. It is held in one hand or resting on a table while the root is rasped upon it.

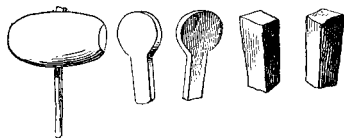
The lacquer of Japan is celebrated the world over for its excellent quality, durability, and beauty. The material used is the sap of a tree (*rhus vernicifera*) which is cultivated in Japan especially for the purpose, between the thirty-third and thirty-seventh degrees of north latitude. Figure 186 gives us a sketchy idea of the appearance of the tree, and represents the method of tapping. The tapping tool may be seen in the lower part of Figure 187. When the tree is five years old it is regularly tapped every three or four days from May to October, incisions being made through the bark just deep enough to reach the wood, and extending one quarter around the trunk. Clear sap flows out, mingled with a very white, milky substance which darkens on exposure to the air and becomes almost



(Fig. 183.) Japanese Wedge Press.

black. The incisions are made a little distance apart, and additional ones are

made from time to time above and below the starting-point, and then in other positions around the tree, so that by the

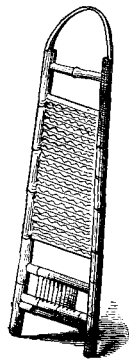


(Fig. 184.) Maul, Cheek Pieces, and Wedges of Press. Japanese Exhibit.

end of the season the whole of the tree within reach is covered. As vitality is thus destroyed, the tree is felled and the branches are cut off, soaked in water, and tapped by scoring them in a similar manner. The lacquer is removed by a spatula as soon as it has filled the incisions, the bucket, made of a section of bamboo, being carried by the gatherer.

Figure 188 shows the manner of cutting the lacquer from the limbs, and Figure 189 the peculiar knife that the man uses.

The crude lacquer (*ki-no-urushi*) is a viscid, gray liquid which is purified and cleansed by allowing it to settle in wooden tubs lined with paper. The superior quality comes on top and is poured off; the thicker quality is then decanted from the impurities. Each quality is strained, and the finer is stirred in order that it may become colored by contact with the air and acquire a dark color.



(Fig. 185.) Ginger Cleaner. Chinese Exhibit.

The manner of using the lacquer varies considerably, but we cannot spare space for intricate details. Spread on thin it is slightly yellow and so transparent as to show the grain of the wood, like shellac. Put on with a drying oil it assumes a polish, but put on alone it requires subsequent polishing. It is sometimes colored by water which has been allowed to stand on iron filings, or with an infusion of nut-galls. The first coating is thick and hard, being of the crude lacquer mixed with burnt-clay dust or

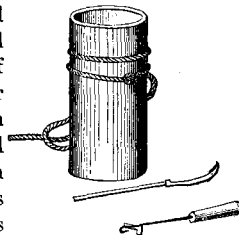
fine stone powder, and is laid on with a wooden spatula, a number of which are shown in Figure 190. The brushes are shown in Figure 191.

For coloring, the lacquer is mixed with cinnabar, orpiment, red oxide of iron, prussian blue, or is colored black by iron liquor or galls, as mentioned already. The priming of lacquer and burnt-clay dust is ground with a stone;



(Fig. 186.) Tapping the Lacquer-Bearing Tree, *Rhus Vernicifera*. Japanese Exhibit.

subsequent layers of common lacquer are put on with a stiff flat brush (Figure 191), ground with water and charcoal; and the final coat of the best lacquer is ground with soft charcoal and polished with powdered deer's horn. From this it appears that the material is excellent and the work most carefully and patiently performed. There is no first-class surface of paint, lacquer, or varnish to be obtained without pains; the stuff does not



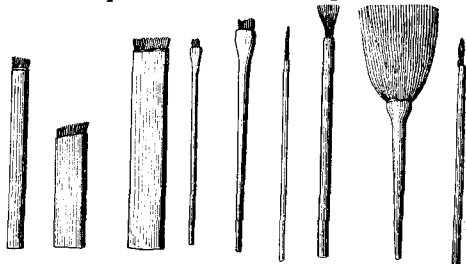
(Fig. 187.) Tapping Tool, Spatula, and Gathering Bucket. Japanese Exhibit.

float into a perfectly level, hard, glossy surface. The admirable polish on our carriages and the French polish on our pianos are the result of skill, method, and care in the use of material of good quality. The Japanese lacquer excels in all respects.

The process of hardening and darkening is a work of time, and is best accomplished in large wooden boxes whose interiors are newly wetted with water; one celebrated kind is effected at sea, in a saturated atmosphere free from dust.

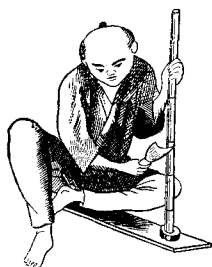
The ornamented varieties of lacquer work are numerous: the gold-sprinkled is made by dusting fine gold leaf on to a freshly lacquered surface and coating it with lacquer tinted with gamboge. By making the outer coating opaque lacquer, and then grinding it off to any given extent with charcoal, the metallic spots are revealed in the degree desired. Even tin-foil looks yellow, owing to the color of the supernatant varnish. Relief paintings are done by building up the colors and grinding flat, with a subsequent polished coat over all; carving of bodies of

laying thin plaques of shell upon the lacquered surface, coating with black,



(Fig. 191.) Lacquer Brushes. Japanese Exhibit.

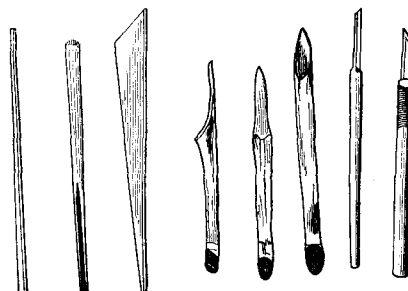
opaque lacquer, and then grinding down the surface, first with stone and subsequently with charcoal, so as to reveal the shell to the extent desired. The brill-



(Fig. 188.) Gathering Lacquer from the Branches. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 189.) Lacquer Spatula. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 190.) Lacquer Spatulas. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 192.) The Japanese Lacquerer at Work. Japanese Exhibit.

iancy of the shell is increased by laying tin-foil beneath it, and its variety by staining it with colors.

The art of lacquering is more than a thousand years old, and pieces of that age are yet extant. When of good quality it will resist hot or cold water, hot soups and pickles, and even boiling *raki*, which is a fiery spirit from the innocent rice.

This sketch of husbandry implements by no means embraces all the important husbandry interests; some which were exhibited are omitted here and will appear in future papers; as, for instance, silk and cotton, which will be considered in connection with spinning and weaving.

Edward H. Knight.

KATHERN.

THE light-house stands full seven miles from land. On every side the waters of Lake Borgne lie glistening in the sunlight; smooth, except for the surface ripple, in ordinary weather, but not incapable of foam-crested waves when the fall tides roll in from the Gulf, driven far up the curving sides by fierce September gales; for, in reality, it has no genuine title to the name of lake, being nothing more than a sheltered bay opening directly into the Gulf itself, and susceptible to all those influences which, upon the larger body of water, write their record year after year in the wreck of vessels and the total destruction of such small towns as are built in exposed situations along the low and unprotected coast farther south.

Secured, however, from these grave disasters, both by the configuration of the land and by the intervention of a number of small islands scattered near, the lake by its tranquil aspect seems always to have wooed, with moderate success, those lovers of ease and retirement to whom it has been accessible; for the watering-places along its shores are as old as the cities which supply them with visitors, and that season is yet to come which shall behold any one of them wholly deserted, either for the delights of foreign travel or the attractions of more fashionable resorts.

Until a few years ago the unpretending cottages fronting the lake were the property of two classes, differing widely in speech and habits, yet, presumably, of identical origin: the native Louisianian, descendant of the early French settler, who called himself a "Creole;" and the Acadian, more universally known, through a corruption of his name, as the "Cajen." The Creole occupied his cottage on the lake shore only during the warm summer months; the Cajen dwelt in his throughout the year. The Creole claimed to speak the French of his progenitors, the language of *la belle*

France; the severity of his discrimination between his own dialect and the French of the Cajen amounted almost to a sense of insult. To this day he admits no kinship with the descendant of Basil the blacksmith, knows no name for him but that of "the lazy Cajen." Wherever the latter is met with, be it in the quiet seclusion of Prairie du Lait or the Attakapas region, on the borders of the bayous or the shores of the lakes, he bears the same character, is recognized by the same attribute, stigmatized by the same epithet. Truth compels me to testify — though I mention him but casually — alike to its descriptive fitness and to its moral fidelity. Happily for his reputation outside the narrowed limits of his present home, both history and poetry have chronicled his defense in the record of that rude transplanting which placed him here, to vegetate where he happened to drop down, but never again to attach himself to any spot by stronger ties than those of mere proprietorship.

The Creole and the Cajen still possess most of the land, but the old days of monopoly are over. With that first wave of American immigration which swept over Louisiana after its purchase, both possessors were quick to perceive how to render this proprietorship eminently profitable. A second cottage sprang up, for rent, close beside the original dwelling; and I fear that the Creole, as well as the Cajen, relaxed his hold upon other industries to tighten his grasp upon this new and easy source of income. Presently the cottages were multiplied; little villages grew up at the steamboat landings; small tradesmen were content to establish themselves there permanently, for the sake of summer profits, and these were neither Creole nor Cajen; so that now there is scarcely a nation of the globe not represented at some point along that coast, scarcely a dialect spoken among civil-

ized people whose accents would not fit some lip in that community. More recently, it has been found profitable to open hotels at various points; and when these are filled with guests, and the rented cottages have thrown open their hospitable doors and are crowded with those who come for pleasure or for rest, there is no lack of noisy excitement, no want of genuine gayety.

But the life which is not native to the spot departs as soon as the bathing season is over, and then the old torpor returns and rests upon all who remain. The hotels are closed; a silence, broken only by the sound of lapsing waves, falls upon the beach, so lately gay with the laughter of children and the shouts of the bathers. The tide grows fuller, for a while, under autumnal influences, after which high-water mark recedes each day, leaving long reaches of sand-bar and shoal water, so that boats cease to land at their accustomed wharves, and passing schooners keep farther off from shore.

No such extremes of variety are brought by the changing seasons to the light-house seven miles away. Shall we wonder that the years glide on uncounted?

Viewed from the light-house windows in search of a limit to the smooth expanse, the swift circuit is almost completed before the eye rests on a line of dazzling white, lying to westward, — whiter than any cloud, whiter than any sail, — which marks the sandy beach full seven miles away. Above the beach, forever changing from dark to light, from bluish-black to hazy gray, stretches the heavy gloom of a belt of woodland. There is no more to be seen, though one should look forever, without the spy-glass; but that assists the picture.

A village is indicated by a cluster of dwellings and the slender church spire, partly seen between the short-stemmed, thick-foliaged oaks; while scattered along the shore, at wider intervals, the pretty rural residences of wealthy merchants reveal themselves, with flower gardens, and fanciful summer-houses,

and painted pleasure boats fluttering about the landing-places. If it be the season when these are tenanted, there will be swift-moving vehicles and ladies, mounted on fleet-footed horses, with flowing riding-habits and long, floating veils, glancing among the trees every afternoon; but if it be winter, neither carriages nor riders, but only the beach and the woodland, the vacant cottages and, in the distance, the village.

At times, the slanting rain comes down between, for days and days together; and then there is no world outside the light-house walls; no sound, except the noise of water striking on the iron-framed cupola overhead and against the piles under foot, on which the building rests.

The light-house was intended for a dwelling, and is tolerably comfortable and convenient; but life is monotonous within its walls, when a man has to live there year in and year out. David Scarborough found it so, else he never would have married.

Light-house keeper for fourteen years, he has passed half that time without a companion. Once a week he lowered a skiff which hung suspended above the water, at the pier-head, and crossed to the village, for provisions; but his interest in the gossip of the place greatly flagged on account of the absence of continuity. It was like trying to enjoy a serial of merit when one has access only to the odd numbers of a neighbor's magazine. Now and then he hailed a passing oyster boat, and held a parley with its owner, or questioned the crew of a lumber-laden schooner about what was going on in the great world, as she slowly glided under his seat on the pier, close enough for him to reach out his hand for the week-old newspapers which came from the far-off city.

These papers were David's wine of life, fresher to him, in their crumpled antiquity, than is the latest issue to most people, just from the newsboy's hands; nor is it in the power of that new delight to impart any deeper sense of satisfaction than that which David derived from the contents of his twine-tied

roll. There was some little effort required to master the printed page; but that only afforded time for him to bring his imagination to bear, well and squarely, upon each paragraph in turn. The full account of a murder was meagre compared with what his fancy made of it. The great conflagration with loss of life, the skillfully effected bank robbery with no clew to the perpetrators, the execution of some notorious criminal whose dying confession, less elegant than Cranmer's recantation, was not, perhaps, less moving, — all passed in review, with the vividness of actual vision, and were pondered for hours together as David sat at work making cast-nets for the fishermen in the village.

These sheets were never exhausted, any more than are the volumes in a library of law, or medicine, or theology. They were kept for reference, folded smooth in their original creases, and piled together, under an iron weight, in one corner of David's bed-room. Whenever he replaced that weight, he recalled the fact that he could not swim, without remembering the probable futility of that exertion should one of these frail records chance to be whisked out of the window, beyond his reach.

There was food for meditative self-gratulation, even while the horrors were being developed, upon his own immunity from such dangers as beset people less securely located than in a light-house, with water on every side, and seven miles from land.

Not that his life was wholly free from some flavoring element of conscious peril, either. There was something treacherous, David conceived, about that smooth surface, forever glittering in the sunlight; now receding, now advancing; crawling upward, stealthily, on the green and slimy piles beneath his home, until the ugly crust of barnacles, extending half their height, was quite concealed. It was always threatening mischief which it dared not quite achieve, he fancied. "If the wind should ever take a notion to help it in downright vicious earnest," he used sometimes to mutter to himself, "small 'ud be my chance, with

nothin' but *it* atween me and my neighbors."

He half suspected that it owed him a grudge for lighting up the beacon overhead every evening "so regular," and "cheating it out o' some of its tricks."

"Here's the channel, cap'n," he used to exclaim, as the broad glare fell upon the water, addressing, in soliloquy, any commander whom destiny might at that moment be directing towards his dwelling. "Here's the deep water, close to the right. If you should chance to go down *here*, you may as well telegraph your friends to look for your body on the other side o' the world; fur it's my belief there's no bottom to this part. That's why they built the light-us here. 'To mark the channel,' says they. That's why I'm kep' here to light it. That's the side fur porpusses and shirks, though they don't allus keep to it. Many's the time I seen them porpusses, atween this and shore, a-puffin' and blowin'; and when you see a porpus, the shirk ain't fur away. As fur swimmin', I would n't trust myself in that 'ere water, — no, not fur *money*!"

But, despite his literary inclination, it was not to be denied that life at the light-house was monotonous. It became more so than ever, after some years of seclusion. Still, it was not without a patient scrutiny of all possible contingencies that he finally decided to introduce a permanent resident within these walls, in the person of a wife. He remembered that his quarters were very narrow; in case they could n't agree there would be no escaping from each other's presence. He was conscious that it would go against him to be crossed! He had it all his own way now. Everything stayed where he put it; he could n't be sure that it would be so if there was a woman about. The perfect stillness, no sound but the faint stroke of wavelets against the piles, became a prized possession not lightly to be resigned when he recalled the clatter of the village fish-wives, — "enough to drive a man to jump overboard, though he could n't swim, and to make him forfeit the chance of being buried on dry land respectable-like," if he had to be "shut

up in a light-us with it, and no distance to put atween but only the length o' the pier."

There was no question that the light-house was as cosy and comfortable as could be: two rooms below, fitted up with every convenience; overhead, the beacon; beneath, the broad, flat pier running out to the channel; as much room, in the opinion of its occupant, "as any man ought to wish for; but women were apt to be onreasonable. Ten to one, a wife would clamor for double the space she could occupy."

By such meditations was David Scarborough deterred from carrying out his decision, even after it was fully formed; and another year or so wore on while he cautiously sought his Griselda. He found her in the midst of the noisy fish-wives. She had grown up among those whose garrulity had imposed upon her the silence of a perpetual listener, and whose constant quarrels had disposed her to be as little disputatious as David could desire. Round-faced and large-armed, placid and rosy, she disturbed nothing in his domicile, but made it twice as bright and cheery as before.

A smile and a nod were as agreeable an answer as a man could wish in response to propositions which required no demonstration; and Mrs. Scarborough threw into these a fullness of assent which words very rarely convey.

Meantime, her husband had never heard of Griselda; hence he called his wife what her parents had always called her, "Meena." Perhaps it was just as well for her that he was, as a consequence, also ignorant of the *tests* to which that patient lady is said to have been subjected, so prolonged was the period of his skepticism concerning his escape from the evils he had previously dreaded.

Yet he need not have doubted the success of his search. It is not rare for a man to obtain a desired object, in all the plenitude of perfect completeness, and to miss nothing but the satisfaction which was to have accompanied its possession. There is a want of fitness between perfect gifts and imperfect nat-

ures which removes improbability from the chance of such attainment.

David Scarborough could not "abide crossin'," and there was no crossing to be borne. The result was that while Meena went through every step of the refining process of self-abnegation, and came out no less pure than shining from the final ordeal, her husband remained as at the beginning, with all his better nature locked up in the yet unroasted ore.

He had his way in all things, even in the naming of their little girl. "Call her Kathern," he said. "Kathern's a good Christian name, and it's easy to speak. Call her Kathern."

So one fair spring morning the skiff was lowered, and Mr. and Mrs. Scarborough, dressed in their best clothes, descended the light-house steps with the infant and took their places in it, in order to make the journey which was to confirm this decision by giving the little girl a right to her name.

It was too early in the season for the summer residences down the beach to have received their inmates, and so it was not awkward to enter the church a little before the hour for morning service, and to wait within it for the clergyman. Indeed, they found themselves quite alone, even when the moment came for them to walk up the centre aisle to the font.

Neither had ever been so near the east window but once before, and that was when they came there, that other time, to be married. There was less embarrassment on this occasion. They had time to examine it narrowly, and they were struck with its splendor. There was a prominent group on one of its divisions, corresponding to the group at the font; it did not escape their notice. The rite seemed to receive an added solemnity from the fact that the priest had put on his white gown just for them. They were correct in thinking that their lives would hold no other day like the one "when Kathern was christened." When the priest took her from them, and stood holding her in his own arms, they seemed to have given her up to God

to do with as he pleased; and the fullness of a great content accompanied the thought. It took but a little while to give her the name of Katherine, to sign her with the sign of the cross, to breathe a prayer and a benediction; and then they carried her back to the boat, and home to the light-house again.

Six years were gone, yet Kathern had made no other trip to the land. It had happened so, that was all. Repeated promises were yet to be fulfilled. Six years old, and to have looked out all her life only on what I have described! "Why, I can take you any time," her father would say. But any time is always no time. Her mother had not revisited the village since that memorable Sunday; it was never quite convenient, and nothing had occurred of sufficient importance to call her there despite obstacles; still less would she have thought it of moment enough to ask David to leave his netting and to take the trouble of lowering the boat and carrying her over, merely for her own pleasure.

But little Kathern saw her father push off from the pier each week with wistful eyes and an ever-increasing desire to accompany him. "Not *this* time," he would say, as he descended into the boat, "but some day soon." Then Kathern would get her mother to adjust the glass, and she tired not of watching till he reached the shore; the less inclined to grow weary, because all the while she asked such questions as drew forth the oft-repeated description of what she had never seen, except in fancy.

"It's none so grand there," Meena would sometimes say, "except in the church where the picture-window is, and may be in the gentlemen's houses, where you'd have no call to go."

"May be not to you, mother, you have seen it so often; but I would like to walk, just once, on that shining white beach; the pier is so black and ugly after seeing that," the child would reply.

"It's none so nice when you're on it; sand over your shoe-tops. You'd soon tire o' walking in it; the pier is better to walk on."

"But I'm tired o' the pier, mother."

"Nay, then, that's naughty, Kathern, to tire o' your home."

"I'm none tired *that way*, mother; but I'm tired o' *this* because I'm waiting to see *that*. When I've been once, just once, only to see what it's like, I'll be rare glad to get back here, to look on 't again from the pier."

"Well, some day father will take us both over; we'll let it be a Sunday, and then we'll see more than the beach. We'll go to church, and you'll never forget it, Kathern: the singin', and the prayin', and the priest comin' and goin', in and out o' the painted light that falls from the picture-window; you'd think his gown 'ud be stained with it, till you see him move away. There's no pictures in books like to that, Kathern, that can change all that comes anear them. Then it's so still and solemn-like, too; there's a bit o' heaven's holiness on everything inside. You feel it on yourself the minit you pass the door. And you'll not be likely to forget what I ha' told you so often: how once the priest took you out o' your father's arms and held you in his own, and spoke the beautiful words over you that I ha' told you the sense o' many a time, and ha' thought on, myself, ever since."

"Would he know me now, mother, do you think? Would he be like to speak to me?"

"No doubt, after service, if we stayed a bit by the church, and saw him comin' out. He writ your name down that day in his book; so he cannot ha' forgot."

"I wish I could ha' known it *then*, and seen and understood. Seems as I shall never go again."

"Oh, yes, you will. Father'll take you some o' these days. But don't you be impatient and tire o' your home. Father has lived here twice as long as we, and weeks is like days to him; seems he don't think how time's passin'. But he'll take you there some day."

So Kathern waited, and played at her few solitary amusements, and learned to net, to sew, and to read a little. Only a little, however. It did not "come easy" to David to teach her. "She

was apt enough at her letters," he said, "but it took *guessin'* as well as *spellin'* to git the sense out o' newspapers, — about as much o' one as t' other; and she was n't up to that, yet." He could "make it out" well enough himself, but there was a superfluity of letters even in familiar words which was quite perplexing to him as a teacher. They were not greatly in his way when he read, for he "did n't notice them much," but they were constantly obtruding themselves when he tried to make Kathern understand.

"When you 're sharper at *guessin'*, you 'll read it well enough. Till then you 'd better let it be," was usually the closing remark at each lesson. Then Kathern would "give over" for that time, and listen while her father read.

As years rolled on, David Scarborough became less and less able to bear "cross-in'," from want of practice. He had not lived seven years with Kathern's mother without discovering that she had her preferences like other people, though she kept them in the background. Sometimes he thought, as he sat in the old place at the end of the pier, at work upon his nets, that he would rather she had pressed them occasionally than that he should have to reproach himself with never having done anything to gratify them. In the beginning of their married life it had been necessary to establish his position as head of the house; but he had never meant that she should give up *always*. Yet this had grown to be the habit between them, and he did not escape some pangs when he reflected upon it. More than once she had been obliged to alter such arrangements as she had ventured to make without consulting him, and undo a morning's work because he was not pleased with it. "No? And you don't like it so? Well, we 'll change it in the morning," she would say quietly; and, though he sometimes bade her let it stay, yet he was ever restless until the alteration was made.

So the battle he had once dreaded came to be fought within himself; for something always strove, on her side, against his desire to have his own way, and the conflict raged at the end of the

pier, where he used once to think he would have to go to escape it. With every battle he felt himself less and less able to bear crossing; for that something that never failed to rise up for her was always beaten fiercely back. "No, no; the place 'ud be too small for two to rule. 'T would n't be so on land, but I can't abide to give up here. Besides, I have got a good wife; what 's the use o' spoilin' her?" And so it came about that he sometimes denied her her will consciously, when there was little occasion for their differing at all.

Again, the days would come back when he lived there alone: the seven years of solitude, when there was less comfort about the light-house than now, when it held nothing for him to look forward to on his return from the village; when he had not cared, very much, where he lived, nor how. And now, — why, it was another place; that was about the way to put it. And what made it another place? Nothing was altered of what he had been used to before; only, something had been added. But Meena had brought little beside herself when she came over in the boat that first morning; yet, from that day there was more of home in the house than there ever had been before; more in his life and vastly more in his little world than he had ever dreamed of. Yes, it was those two, Meena and Kathern, who had made the light-house another place.

And what had it been to them? What had he made it to Meena? He remembered her life in the village, full of the excitement of seeing strangers come and go, the wide variety of every summer day in the neighborhood of a fashionable watering-place. He remembered other suitors besides himself, and he wondered if Meena remembered, too. "If she would ask me what she wants, I 'd never refuse her," he would say to himself. "Ay, but she 'll never ask, if she thinks you don't like it," the opponent from within would reply.

One day Meena was ill. She struggled to rise from bed, but had to sit down, between times, all through her work.

It was but a passing sickness, but it upset all the victories of the past, and beat David's will down entirely.

That night he said, "I'm afraid, Meena, I've been a poor sort o' husband to you. I've thought always o' my own pleasure, and never o' your'n. And yet, I've known I had a good wife. I've known that an angel would n't ha' suited me as you've suited me; but you've never had nothing your own way since I married you."

"I've not wanted my own way, David. What for should I be wantin' that? I've had everything else, and you've given it me. I would n't hear any one else say you had n't been a good husband."

"I don't care if you've not wanted your own way. I mean that you shall have it now. So you must ask me to-night for somethin'. I'm goin' to the village to-morrow, and I'll bring you anything you ask for."

"Do you mean, David, that you've a mind that I shall ask you something out o' the common, just to pleasure myself?"

"I've just that mind," answered David.

"Then I will ask; but, remember, I have not been thinking of it and wishin' for 't; but I ask because you bid me, and because 't will please Kathern; and 't is no great thing, after all, but only that you will take us to the village some Sunday, to go once to church. Kathern has never been, you know, and she's fairly wild to go."

"Why, that's nothing to ask. You can go any time."

"Nay, but tell us the day, and make us a promise; that will make it something."

"Well, say Sunday comin'. And to-morrow I'll bring you something to wear."

"Then let it be a bonnet for me and a hat for Kathern; for folks might laugh, even in the holy place, if I wore the one I used to wear before I came here."

So David brought "a smart hat" for Kathern, with gay ribbons and a flower on it, and her face grew radiant with delight; for Meena, also, a neat bonnet,

that she felt she would be proud to wear. Then followed other preparations; and Kathern exclaimed, as she passed the window, in a state bordering on ecstasy, "O shining shore, I shall see you close, at last! O beautiful ladies, and shady trees, and little white houses, and holy church, I shall know what you look like, now!"

So the days passed. They seemed long until Saturday; but then there came in from the Gulf a white-sailed schooner, and they all gathered at the pier-head to watch her approach. She was sure to come to the light-house, for it stood there to mark the channel. Delights were crowding that week.

It was just four o'clock when she reached the pier. The sailors seeing a little girl standing close to her mother, watching the vessel with eager interest, threw some sweet oranges to her as they passed, besides the customary roll of papers to David. There were more than would last her a week. It was a rare treat to have so many. The lamp was lighted early that evening, and David told them snatches of news, as he made it out from his papers. Decidedly, *that* week was full of golden moments.

The papers proved unusually interesting. One of them was rich in pictures, and Meena and Kathern spread it out, opened to its fullest extent, upon the table, and bent above it with absorbing interest, while David read. The package was large, too. There was about a month's work, at David's rate of reading, in those closely-printed sheets. He sat at it late that night, and he got at it early next morning. He read till breakfast, and then only stopped for the meal. He showed no signs of getting ready for church; and when Meena went to remind him of his promise, he seemed to have quite forgotten that it had any particular reference to that especial day.

"Church?" he said in a dreamy sort of way. "Ye want me to take ye to church, and I promised ye, I know; but the church won't run away. It's there every Sunday. We can go next, just as well as this. I have just got into the midst o' this paper, now. There's

great things in it. I could n't listen to the preacher; I'd be thinkin' of it all the while. You'll scarcely mind, and Kathern can wait. You can show your new bunnits as well next Sunday as this. 'T ain't often I git such a rare pack o' papers."

So Meena told Kathern to "bide a bit longer;" they were not going just yet, but that "'t would n't be long, now that father had it on his mind."

Had David been a military man he would have known that his victory was lost for want of following it up; that all the battles of his seven years' war were to be fought over again. It was folly to hint at peace while that sturdy sense of justice remained a part of his nature, backed by an honest though somewhat feeble purpose to keep a clean conscience, wronging no one; for he had chosen his own pleasure once again, as he had chosen it from the beginning, as he always would choose it in the future, so long as he might like, unless, indeed, some sharp experience should cure him.

But, happily for David and happily for us, it is not in the providence of God that any good man should be given over to the sin against which he strives, however feeble be the stand he makes. Help came from heaven, though not quite yet; a day arrived, — let me record it here, — when the foe was completely routed, never to reappear; when David received so mighty a degree of the strength requisite to bear crossing that he became able even to cross himself, and was glad so to do, in order "to pleasure Meena." But not quite yet.

Successive Sundays came, without attaching to themselves any special expectation. Meena and Kathern waited for David to speak, and they waited long.

The summer passed, while Kathern sat at the end of the pier and netted at her father's side. She netted the shadows of the clouds which swept across the water; she listened to his talk about the lake and the old grudge he used to think it bore him; of his nets and the little store from their proceeds he was laying by for her; but most, of the lonely days when he had no little daughter

and no wife, but lived in the light-house alone.

While they talked and netted, they could see the painted pleasure-boats fluttering around the landing-places of the white shore in the distance, the heavy belt of woodland forever changing from dark to light, from blue-black to hazy gray; but only at night in her dreams did the little girl behold the gorgeous picture-window and the priest who held her in his arms and wet her forehead with the mystical water.

Then followed days of rain, when there was no sound but that of water beating on the cupola overhead, and water beating against the piles below, and no world outside of the light-house walls; close upon this came the cool September mornings.

It was on one of these — a day when her father said he knew the lake meant mischief, and the wind seemed to want to help it; a day when the tide poured in fuller than ever from the Gulf, and the angry gusts dashed its spray high above the pier-head; a day when the ripple was exchanged for foam-crested waves, and the lake was white as far as the eye could reach — that little Kathern, coming to join her father where he stood with folded arms, facing the furious wind and watching a schooner come beating up the lake, lost her footing on the wet and slippery pier, and fell overboard into the treacherous water. Her father, who could not swim, saw her sink into the wave, and then he saw no more.

In the instant of her fall, it was a small thing to remember, he thought of her one ungratified wish. There flashed across his mind the swift recollection of the week when Meena was ill, — "the happy week," she had called it, — and of the succeeding Sunday that was to have been the beginning of better things.

His wife knew what he meant when staggering into her presence he sobbed, in broken accents, "O Meena, Meena, she's gone! and I never took her to the village!"

"Yes, *once*. You took her *once*. Oh, David, thank the dear God that you took her there that *once*. We went

willin' to give her to him then; can't we be willin' now?"

The schooner that was beating up toward the light-house at the instant when Kathern fell lowered a boat at once, when the men saw what had happened. The sailors rowed round and round the spot, and were loth to give up the search; but the body did not rise even once, that they could see.

But three days after, far off from home, on the white beach seven miles away, the ladies and children who rode in the shade of the oaks near the shore checked their horses and dismounted to gather round the body of a little girl, which had just been cast up by the waves. They knew at once that it had drifted there from the light-house; for the people at the village had heard of the accident, and were watching for the body.

The ladies she had seen so often in fancy were close to her now. Their long riding-habits swept across the sand on which she lay; their streaming veils floated back and forth above her, as they bent down to look in her face. She had touched the shining shore at last. By dainty fingers her shroud was made, and her curls were clipped off for her mother.

When next her parents saw little Kathern it was in the church, where they had given her to God, while she was yet an unconscious infant. Unconscious now, she was given to him again, her parents looking their last upon her as she lay in the light of the picture-window, with its marvelous glory everywhere about her, the cross this time on her breast, instead of on her forehead, where her hands were peacefully folded.

Fearn Gray.

SOME ASPECTS OF DE QUINCEY.

ONE good test to apply to an author is to read his works continuously, and take in a new sense the "benefit of the doubt" which a rapid succession and contrast of one's moods in reading must excite. In De Quincey, topics so numerous and so widely separated are discussed with such diatonic changes of manner and feeling that this test becomes unusually stimulating and useful. If we take the Confessions of an Opium-Eater and follow it with, for example, the essay on Shakespeare, then pursue the fortunes of the Spanish Nun, and wind up with a careful reading of the Logic of Political Economy, we shall come away with a dazzling impression of De Quincey's range as a thinker, a student, and a writer. But this impression does not grow proportionately

stronger on reviewing the whole bulk of his writings. We gradually lose faith in the comprehensiveness which at first seemed so positive and radical a characteristic. We observe, also, that he repeats himself, that he covers large spaces with a very thin integument of thought, or with a sham, apparitional kind of humor, and that his monotony has not the charm of that other monotony belonging to the styles of more creative writers. To acknowledge this is by no means to belittle De Quincey's claims to our remembrance, but it enables us to define some things concerning him more clearly, perhaps, than they have usually been defined.

The new Riverside edition¹ of Thomas De Quincey's writings, which is a rearrangement of the old American Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877

¹ *The Works of Thomas De Quincey.* Riverside Edition. In Twelve Volumes. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Boston: H. O.

issue in a multitude of volumes, places them before us in a form so greatly improved as to remind one how much an author may gain or lose by the manner of his mere physical presentation to the public. Under the new distribution the first three volumes are wholly autobiographic, including the Confessions; and the fourth comprises all the purely literary criticism excepting those chapters collected in the fifth under the head of *The Eighteenth Century*. Then follow in due order, each group filling one volume: Biographical and Historical Essays; Ancient History; Christianity, Paganism, and Superstition; Essays in Philosophy; Politics and Political Economy. The eleventh and twelfth volumes are assigned to Romances and Extravaganzas, and to Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. One essay is omitted which old readers of De Quincey will perhaps be sorry to lose, that on *The Traditions of the Rabbins*; but as it was not written by De Quincey this is not a very serious privation. The former editor, who had to unearth many anonymous magazine articles really the work of De Quincey, was persuaded that this was also his; and after it was put into the collection and credited to him, De Quincey agreed that he must have written it. But record has now been found of the article having been contributed by another person, who also has in his favor the strong presumptive proof of having been paid for it. The gap left by the discarded essay has been filled by a fresh lucubration on Professor Wilson, overlooked by both the Boston and the Edinburgh editors, but hunted up for the present redaction, photographed from the pages of the periodical in which it originally appeared, and by that means transmitted to this country.

Very lately, while this edition of the Works has been in process of completion, a *Life of De Quincey*,¹ authorized by his family and containing large accessions of important matter, has come to supplement our knowledge of him. The frequently reiterated idea that De Quincey

had told us all that could be told about himself, and had exhausted analysis in the study of his own history, character, and genius, is somewhat fallacious. He has the appearance of considering himself objectively, but he does not really do so. As I shall presently try to show, much of the misapprehension of De Quincey that has for a long time obtained may be traced to this unfortunate semblance of self-knowledge, supported by great positiveness of statement, but concealing a very imperfect understanding of his own situation on the part of the author. Mr. Page's biography therefore, which tells its story clearly and thoughtfully, with abundant illustration wholly new, is of great value. It is, in fact, the only complete and comprehensible account of De Quincey that has been given us. Mr. Page's own analyses are not always as clear and searching as the subject deserves, but he has so disposed his matter, and so thoroughly availed himself of the impressions of those who knew De Quincey best, that we are able to enjoy a fresh and instructive view of a life that has greatly needed some such elucidation.

The relation of opium to De Quincey's genius and career is of course the main occasion for misconstruction, although the world's riper judgment will probably be that this has received more attention than it merits. For the undue prominence given to this mixed aspect De Quincey is in part responsible. He came forward in a somewhat difficult double rôle, that of the victim and the apostle of opium; and, being deeply impressed with his opium experiences and not understanding the secret of his own case, he showed great ardor in convincing the public that the operations of his mind must be looked at almost wholly with regard to the part that opium had played in them. After he had succeeded in this, he was rewarded with sharp criticism, open condemnation, or pity for his excesses. Even now, if we rely altogether upon his own exposition, we shall find it difficult to repress a certain

¹ *Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings. With Unpublished Correspondence* By H. A.

PAGE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

amount of irritation, or possibly contempt, however genuine our admiration of his power or our sympathy for his distresses. In the *Confessions*, it is true, are to be found the cardinal points by which we may come to a right conclusion as to his opium-eating habit; but the contradiction in his statement of the motives for writing about it, the rhapsodical celebration of opium in which he indulges, and the evidences of relapse into subjection to it are forever misleading one. First, he dilates upon the Pleasures of Opium, — “just, subtle, and mighty opium,” as he calls it. “The opium-eater,” he assures us, “feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.” He afterward describes the Pains of Opium, but this reverse of the medal is as artistically molded as the obverse, and fascinates as much. It is the scenic grandeur of the horror which the writer endured that absorbs him and attracts the reader. The two things go together; the exaltation and the despair are complemental. There would be nothing to criticise in the fact that both are wrought out with due skill; but De Quincey makes a place for criticism by complicating the theme with moral suggestions, and then disregarding them. He congratulates himself at one time that he has resisted any temptation to injure “the impression of the history itself” or even “its effect as a composition” by “any such unaffecting details as an appeal to the unconfirmed opium-eater. . . . Not the opium-eater but the opium is the true hero of the tale.” At other times he would have us believe that he undertook the *Confessions* solely with the intention of clearing away the gross errors of physicians with regard to opium; and then again he says that he had no purpose at all of dealing with the powers of opium over bodily disease. Finally, after the above-mentioned self-gratulation on his having nothing to do with warning the unconfirmed opium-eater, he announces that the “moral” of the *Confessions* will be found at the end.

At first there was to be no moral; now we are to have one, after all; and what does it turn out to be? Simply this: “The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater. . . . If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected.” There is still another contradiction; for, notwithstanding that the opium-eater was to fear and tremble after reading the *Confessions*, De Quincey in the preface to those same *Confessions*, speaking of the increasing use of opium among the working people of England, entirely dissented from the opinion that its spread was in the nature of a misfortune, and thought it would be much better for the laborers to partake the “divine luxuries of opium” than to resort to liquor. Thirty years later he made a short addition to this preface, having forgotten about the moral, and therein declared distinctly that his purpose in the *Confessions* was only to emblazon the power of opium over the grand and shadowy world of dreams. When to these vacillations in regard to the moral purpose, and the lurking tone of scorn for the whole moral phase, we add the discovery made in the appendix that the author’s assumption of self-conquest was based on a merely temporary abstinence from opium, terminating in a horrible relapse, we lose patience, and are inclined to make reflections very discreditable to him. In others of his writings so often a specious and sometimes sound reasoner, it is evident that here De Quincey is saturated with the opiate influence, and unable to bring it into clear relations before his mind. He loves it, he loathes it, at alternate moments; then for a time loses himself in analyzing its effects; and once more finds himself undecided how to regard it. This, I say, is the result of De Quincey’s own showing, even with the well-disposed and candid reader; and others, less anxious to understand him, would have some excuse for their failure. These annoying impressions are not altogether removed by Mr. Page’s account of the author, suave and charitable as it is. But the uncomfortable problem is at least reduced to its simplest terms by

Surgeon-Major Eatwell's Medical View of Mr. De Quincey's Case, accompanying the Life as an appendix.

Charles Lamb, in his punning way, once observed that De Quincey—who was apt to dwell on his maladies in conversation—ought to have chosen "Pain and Fuss" (Payne and Foss) for his publishers; and De Quincey himself manifests a certain humiliation, which he turns off humorously, at having to make his first claim to public attention on the score of bodily ailments. De Quincey is hardly the first eminent author who has entered literature partly with the assistance of disease; but probably of no other could it be said with severe truthfulness that he cannot be thoroughly understood without a survey of the state of his stomach. This assertion may appear absurd, or possibly cynical; but the subject is far enough from admitting of ridicule. The physiological key not only lets us into a better scrutiny of De Quincey's mind, but it also, as Dr. Eatwell says, "removes his case from the region of ethics into that of therapeutics."

De Quincey alludes once to his own health as being exquisite, but in a chapter of his Autobiography he suddenly refers to his "constitutional despondency" as to something fully understood, though the expression surprises one when taken with his previous account of himself. It is to be observed further that his sister Elizabeth, who holds so large a place in his dreams, died of hydrocephalus when nine years old. The cataleptic trance into which her brother fell when he had made his way to the side of her dead body is an evidence of his sensitive brain-organization; and Dr. Eatwell dwells particularly on one part of De Quincey's recollections of childhood as curiously showing the condition of his will. Thomas and his elder brother "Pinkey," by way of entertainment, habitually imagined themselves the kings of two rival countries, Tigrisylvania and Gombroon, of which Thomas ruled the second. The ingenious elder brother, having got hold of Lord Monboddo's theory, told Thomas

that the people in Gombroon were not as yet so far developed as the Tigrisylvanians, and that they still carried tails, like monkeys. He therefore, "with an air of consolation," suggested to the unhappy young monarch of Gombroon that he "might even now, without an hour's delay, compel the whole nation to sit down for six hours a day" by way of "making a beginning." But the thought that he was the king of a people having tails, and the prospect of that "slow, slow process by which, in the course of many centuries, their posterity might rub them off" was to the boy Thomas De Quincey—so he tells us—"the worst form of despair." "I had contracted obligations to Gombroon," he says. "My will had no autocratic power" to shake them off. This loss of control over the will bordered on fixed delusion or insanity. De Quincey's father, dying as a consumptive, is described by the son as wandering much in mind and talking with persons whom he imagined to be present; and an account of Thomas De Quincey's death, first printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* (1863) and now reproduced in *Mr. Page's Life*, discloses the same circumstance as attending his last moments. Furthermore, the opium-eater's eldest son, a boy of great intellectual promise, died at eighteen of a brain disorder which excited special discussion in medical journals. We may draw from the grandfather to the grandson a line representing morbid tendency in the brain, and the son must take his place between them on the same line. It was that tendency which gave him his "constitutional determination to reverie." Dr. Eatwell shows pretty conclusively that "opium cannot communicate to the brain any power or faculty of which it is not already possessed," and that De Quincey's reason for supposing that it heightened the moral affections and sharpened the light of the intellect was that it relieved him from the overpowering and thought-annulling pressure of pain from another source. This source was a complicated disease of the stomach,—gastrodynia, which is a neuralgic trouble, being combined with

ulceration. *Gastrodynia*, Dr. Eatwell informs us, prevails to such an extent among the Hindoos, living on vegetable food, that they are often driven by it to suicide. Cullen and Chapman, whom he does not cite, speak of its presence among the peasantry of Continental Europe as due to the constant use of vegetables and brown bread; and in the United States it has been attributed to the too frequent substitution of tea and coffee for meat, in the diet of many persons. Now De Quincey, already in ill health from too sedentary a life when he ran away from his Manchester school, in 1801, sustained himself chiefly by tea and coffee, in order to avoid expense, during his wanderings in Wales just after that escapade. When his money sank still lower, he for some weeks subsisted upon wild berries, meantime sleeping in the open air, under the shelter of a slight tent. This crude diet of raw berries might very easily, with the previous aggravations and assisted by the exposure of sleeping out-of-doors, have begun a serious disorder; and Dr. Eatwell is of opinion that it led to this same *gastrodynia*, known to physicians as originating from similar causes. It was soon after leaving Wales and going to London that, being obliged to endure excessive hunger, De Quincey began to have that horrible "gnawing" pain in the stomach which continued to agonize him at intervals through many years, and to relieve which he gradually formed the habit of taking opium. His first trial of the drug was quite fortuitous, having been made on the recommendation of an apothecary, to soothe what De Quincey describes as "rheumatic pains" in the head. But it happens that opium is the one sure specific for that ulcer of the stomach which was already torturing him, and that it has been prescribed for this purpose by high scientific authority. "Simple gastric ulcer" Dr. Eatwell speaks of as "capable of cure under favorable conditions, yet liable to recur under any error in diet." The quantity of opium which De Quincey took has actually been exceeded even in the skilled treatment of other cases of the same

disease; his mistake seems to have been that he did not put himself under constant medical care, and that he let the mere intrinsic pleasure of opium-taking mislead him into a reckless irregularity. But he who when a boy could submit himself so entirely to a chimera as to suffer positive anguish, long-continued, from his brother's taunts at the Gombroonians, may easily be forgiven yielding to a constitutional infirmity of will in this case: to such a mind the marvel and the blandishment of the dreams which opium stimulated would furnish a temptation hardly to be resisted, — not to mention the physical compulsion which habitual surrender establishes. De Quincey himself frankly accepts Professor Wilson's characterization of him as a hedonist, or seeker of pleasure. "But in his case," Mr. Page justly explains, "the pleasure, if sensuous in its forms, was valued for the poetical or spiritual suggestions with which they were charged." More than this, De Quincey's admission that he was "little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit" can hardly be received as fair to himself.

In his tremendous though ill-managed struggles to throw off the tyranny of opium, and to a greater degree in his resolute and constant literary exertions amid the discouragements of incessant illness, De Quincey showed an admirable force of will and great power of encountering "present discomfort and pain" for the sake of those who were dependent on him. A gentleman of leisure, a scholar projecting philosophical works, and with no purpose of becoming a writer for money, he was thrown suddenly on his own resources by the loss of his small competence after his marriage. It was then that he went up to London and, while still "unwinding the links of the accursed chain" that bound him in the spells of opium, made his first efforts as a magazinist; and for nearly forty years more he continued the battle with wonderful courage and vigor, notwithstanding the unconquerable nervous derangement which at times made it almost impossible for

him to write at all. It is extremely pathetic to read of his labors in supervising the publication of his collected works, when he was seventy-two years old. All his experience appears to have taught him nothing about the peculiar operations and exactions of the press, and he is therefore in constant excitement and confusion. "It kills me to write notes. . . . I am sunk in feebleness and exhaustion." So he writes to his publisher; yet he sends a perfect cloud of brief missives relating to all sorts of perplexities into which he has fallen as to the work in hand. He finds he has been busy with the wrong part, and that the printers are kept waiting; then he enters into long explanations, thinking that the printers can leave a gap in the volume and go on with later pages while he is filling it up. He gives such over-elaborate and involved illustrations on the proofs that he entirely obscures his meaning, and has to write a note of elucidation. In the midst of all he has attacks of illness and delirium; he loses the article which is under revision and has to search for hours in the wilderness of his papers, although the act of stooping always makes him very ill. On another occasion he scribbles hurriedly: "I have been next to distraction all day long, having been up and writing *all* night. I have just set fire to my hair." This note is so badly written that he has to copy it, and in looking over the first draft, after the other has gone, he is distressed to find that something in it may be construed to the disadvantage of the printer's boy who carried it; hence he is good enough to write another, longer message exculpating the messenger. It is hardly credible that he should have weathered so many difficulties; yet even at this time he would occasionally produce by a spurt of additional effort a fresh magazine article, entirely apart from the work of revision; and nothing is more remarkable than the unfailing amiability and consideration which he shows throughout these petty trials. He put a great many needless hindrances in his own way by his kindly or care-

less customs, one of which was invariably to assist the beggars, who learned to apply to him in great numbers. This, of course, made inroads upon his income, and entailed the necessity of all the more exertion to meet his current expenses. Another habit which must have cost him heavily in time as well as money was that of accumulating unlimited piles of papers sacred from the touch of any arranging or classifying finger. He had a Chinese veneration for all printed matter, and allowed newspapers, pamphlets, and manuscripts to collect until by a gradual process of "papering" or "snowing up," as he called it, the whole area of his room would be occupied, excepting a small path from the door to the fire-place and another to his desk. When things had reached this pass he would, if in lodgings, turn the key and go off, leaving the deposit there for the rest of his life. When he died, there were found no less than six of these hired treasure-houses in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for which he had been paying rent for years; and he would no doubt have driven himself out of his cottage at Lasswade also, had his family not been careful to sweep the ocean of his papers back into his own study whenever it began to encroach upon other parts of the house. Eccentricities like these may be called unmanly, a criticism which has in fact been made in a recent notice of Mr. Page's book, but it is truer and wiser to remember that De Quincey's bodily infirmities furnished an ample explanation of them. It is an unfair overlooking of the main issue to pass strictures on these slight peculiarities and omit to lay emphasis on his almost constant amiability and gentleness, his resolute and successful maintenance of his family in the face of difficulties so great that few men could have overcome them, and his honorable scrupulosity about debt. When Crabb Robinson first met De Quincey he made an observation not mentioned in the *Life*, which is pertinent here. "Like myself," wrote Robinson in his diary, "he is an enthusiast for Wordsworth. His person is small, his com-

plexion fair, and his air and manner those of a sickly and enfeebled man. From this circumstance his sensibility, which I have no doubt is genuine, is in danger of being mistaken for effeminateness." It will be well also to keep this danger of misconstruction in mind when we find ourselves annoyed by recurring symptoms of weakness in De Quincey's writings. Even the docile Crabb Robinson could not preserve his patience, in later years, after De Quincey's disappointment in Wordsworth, and referred to "his scandalous but painfully interesting Autobiography" with an air of superiority. Miss Martineau was equally irritated by De Quincey's attitude in regard to the illustrious poet, and evidently colored with this prejudice her biographical notice of him published in the *London Daily News*, which is certainly not less disagreeable than the account of Wordsworth published by De Quincey. It cannot be called a dignified action on De Quincey's part to blazon abroad the details that he did as to Wordsworth's defects of personal appearance and the rest of it; but violated taste, in this instance, served to secure strong presentation for a bitter but useful truth, namely, that the literary idol cannot always bow down to the worshiper, and that even very moderate expectations on the latter's part are likely not to be fulfilled. De Quincey undoubtedly had peculiar claims on Wordsworth: he had written to him while yet a boy, and at a time when enthusiastic appreciation was a rare boon and must have been an important aid to the poet; he had received a reply and been urged to come to the Lakes; and when he went thither, years afterward, to live, he not unreasonably looked forward to a cordial and perfect understanding and a long, unshadowed friendship. But there is nothing so much like the disappointments of literary men in each other, when there is any ardor in the feeling of either, as the griefs that come to a man and woman who love and are defeated in their love. These two men were in many ways widely opposed; and De Quincey, being the more feminine, felt

almost the acute misery of a woman's unrequited passion, when at last the alienation had come. What caused that alienation it is difficult to make out in all particulars. De Quincey curiously complains of female influence, attributing a secret ill-feeling on the part of the Wordsworths to idle remarks made by a housekeeper of his who put him in a false light before his friends at Allan Bank. But there are many little circumstances unrecorded, hardly noticeable, perhaps, that played an important part in the affair. De Quincey regarded Wordsworth as "the man whom of all since the flood" he most yearned to behold, but when he came to know him he was disturbed by the stern intellectual quality, the "harsh, ascetic sublimity," that prevailed in the Laureate's organization and demeanor. Furthermore, he confesses that he could never have been a "humble admirer," and, feeling a sense of equality in spite of the trembling awe with which he approached the poet, he was probably shocked by a resoluteness of assertion in Wordsworth which impressed him as arrogant. It is not inconceivable that Wordsworth, on the other hand, may have met with something in his devotee that struck him as presumption; and it is quite clear that he must often have been annoyed by that restless sensibility in De Quincey which Crabb Robinson, as we have seen, especially noticed as very likely to call forth adverse criticism. Perhaps the fundamental unlikeness of the two men cannot be more broadly exhibited than in their modes of meeting the death of Kate Wordsworth, the poet's little daughter. Wordsworth's manner of taking this affliction, which did not disturb his usual course of life, may be traced in the twenty-ninth of his *Miscellaneous Sonnets*,—

"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,"

and again in the forty-ninth. The first is a graceful, softened impression of bereavement put into satisfying artistic form. The second culminates with a maxim that in its dryness and calm prudence excites a feeling of impatience:—

"In all men sinful is it to be slow
To hope, in parents sinful above all."

How the loss affected De Quincey, what uncontrollable grief for a season overwhelmed him, he has told in his Autobiographic Sketches. The child died suddenly, having gone to bed in seemingly good health, and breathed her last at dawn. "Never, perhaps," writes De Quincey, "from the foundation of those mighty hills, was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news. . . . I returned hastily to Grasmere; stretched myself every night for more than two months running upon her grave; in fact, often passed the night upon her grave . . . in mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after the darling of my heart." His brain and eye were so affected that he was haunted with a perfect image of the child constantly shaping itself out of natural objects at a little distance; he fell into a strange nervous sickness, under which, if continued, he felt that life could not be borne; was obliged to travel for his health; and recovered only after four months of agony. On an occasion like this their very differences might have formed a source of mutually sympathetic accord between Wordsworth and his friend; but in many other cases they would repel, and when the breach was once made, a mass of trivial prejudices might enter in to widen it, giving weight to incidents like that of Wordsworth's treatment of an uncut edition of Burke, in De Quincey's library. The poet was taking tea there, and caught sight of the volumes. Looking about for something to open the leaves with, he took from the table a knife which had been used for buttering toast. After a moment's hesitation, Wordsworth "tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors behind it on every page." De Quincey professes to have been quite indifferent to the outrage, and to mention it only as showing why Southey, who was extremely fastidious about books, could never have admitted Wordsworth to close intimacy. But it is most probable that he deceived himself, and that

the knife left its indelible butyrous stain on De Quincey's memory with much more serious results than to the pages of Burke. He even got so far in his published reminiscences as to make a fling (a Highland fling, one might call it, since it was sent from Scotland) at "the Wordsworthian legs" for being "not ornamental," and to suggest with intolerable irreverence that the Laureate ought to have had another pair for evening-dress parties. Still, throughout his unpleasantries, De Quincey made no attack on the "name and fame" of Wordsworth, as Miss Martineau chose to intimate that he did. One gets an impression adverse to the writer, and hardly by any chance injurious to Wordsworth. Yet, on reflection, we must allow that the belittling of Wordsworth attempted in this gossiping account of him is not carried on sneakingly: at the very start the whole situation is explained, and with the utmost frankness. De Quincey admits that at times he has a sentiment almost of hatred towards his former idol. The whole disquisition on Wordsworth is a cry of passionate regret and wounded love, which others who have kept silence in similar cases ought to understand; and it would be impossible to do De Quincey justice in the matter without taking into account his singular constitution, his almost morbid sensibility, and the unhesitating confidence with which he threw his grievance before the public, not stopping to guard against the appearance of malice. The more one reads De Quincey, the more fixed grows the conviction that one cannot afford for a moment to lose sight of the man's individuality.

To fill out our conception of this individuality, we must go back briefly to the opium complication. The warrant for the damaging effect of opium on the brain and the digestion dates back at least as far as to Avicenna; and when we read that De Quincey in 1844 distinctly apprehended lunacy from the action of opium, and that his best friends doubted whether he had known since his youth what it was to eat a good dinner, — he himself having sent to an old school-fel-

low, in 1847, the grim message that he had "had no dinner since the last century," — we may form some conception of how desperately he had tampered with himself by the inordinate use of laudanum. Four times he yielded wholly to the temptation: once in 1813-16; then in 1817-18, just after his marriage; a third time in 1824-25, after publishing the *Confessions*; and lastly in Edinburgh, during the years 1841-44. But, having emerged from this final relapse, he complained no more of those peculiar pains in the stomach, about which Lamb had thought he made too much "fuss." He lived fourteen years longer, not without frequent illness, delirium, or torpor, and turning occasionally to laudanum, which, however, he now took in small quantities and largely diluted with water; but he died without symptoms of stomach disease, and apparently from simple old age. Opium had supported him, and had even — so Dr. Eatwell maintains — cured his frightful malady. It had rendered him another great service, which he was conscious of and alludes to at length, by counteracting his inherited tendency towards consumption. If Avicenna countersigns the hostile commission of poppy-juice in sending it down to posterity, Dioscorides has the start of him in crediting it with a beneficent power in relieving chronic coughs; and Dr. Eatwell quotes Dr. Brinton as suspecting that it has long been successfully used in the treatment of phthisis. The main office of the opium, then, was not to stimulate and color De Quincey's dreams, — though it did this too, — but to better him physically. Its effect on his power of expression was probably bad; at any rate, those parts of his writings relating to his dream-life which were written when he was freeing himself from the tyranny of opium are richer and more splendid than the first *Confessions*, and the language rolls upon the ear with a reverberation of strength and melody far surpassing that with which he began. But to opium, as the sustaining staff of De Quincey's life, we owe the preservation of his exceptional mind, — one which was precocious almost to the

limit of possibility, and must probably under ordinary circumstances have perished before maturity, dragged down by its abnormal development and the sensitiveness of the body in which it was lodged.

Originality, in many kinds of writing, is the maintenance of the child's freshness of vision along with the man's ripened perception. We know something about the peculiar value of their childhood in the later activity of some imaginative authors, but we no doubt often fail to estimate rightly the full extent of the reserved originality thus carried over from one period to the other. De Quincey is an exceptionally strong instance in point. He seems never to have altered. His own account of himself tends to show that in boyhood the same kind of questions occupied him as in subsequent years, and he had even then the same subtle way of thinking about them. Everything that happened to him in boyhood seems to have produced an impression of wonderful depth. At four years of age, seeing the house-maid about to raise her broom to destroy a spider, his sense of "the holiness of all life" caused him to devise instantly a piece of strategy for drawing her off: he showed her a picture, and thus attracted her attention long enough to allow of the spider's escaping. He expressly maintains that "into all the elementary feelings of man, children look with more searching gaze than adults;" but he was a child who also faced the most perplexing problems, and never rested satisfied with elementary feelings or superficial aspects. The house-maid, finally detecting his stratagem for saving spiders, explained to him that they deserved death in punishment for the many murders they had committed and would again commit. "This staggered me," he proceeds. "I could gladly have forgiven the past, but it *did* seem a false mercy to spare one spider in order to scatter death amongst fifty flies. The difficulty which the house-maid had suggested did not depart; it troubled my musing mind to perceive that the welfare of one creature might stand upon the

ruin of another, and the case of the spider remained still more perplexing to my understanding than it was painful to my heart." With like meditateness but also profound emotion he endured the loss of a favorite kitten, killed by a dog. In another place he says: "The earliest incidents in my life which left stings in my memory so as to be remembered at this day [more than sixty years after] were two, and both before I could have completed my second year: namely, first, a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favorite nurse; . . . and secondly, the fact of having connected a profound sense of pathos with the reappearance, very early in the spring, of some crocuses. This I mention as inexplicable; for such annual resurrections of plants and flowers affect us only as memorials, or suggestions of some higher change, and therefore in connection with the idea of death; yet of death I could, at that time, have had no experience whatever." These things all point to an extraordinary internal life in his earliest years; and it is significant to note that in his twelfth year he was removed from the Bath Grammar School on account of an accident to his head, by which it was at first supposed that his skull had been fractured. Upon this he makes the comment: "At present I doubt whether in reality anything very serious had happened. In fact, *I was always under a nervous panic for my head.*" That is a curious apprehension for a boy of twelve, and shows a half-conscious knowledge of the great delicacy of his brain. Two well-known passages from the *Suspiria De Profundis* open still wider the gates of this "marvelous boy's" strange world of self-communion: "O burthen of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which *has* been — in his life, which *is* — in his death, which *shall* be — mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be; — thou broadest, like the spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shad-

ow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for the child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude in life of millions upon millions, who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, with secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood." The other passage begins that part of the *Suspiria* entitled *The Vision of Life*: "Upon me, as upon others scattered thinly by tens and twenties over every thousand years, fell too powerfully and too early the vision of life. The horror of life mixed itself already in earliest youth with the heavenly sweetness of life; that grief, which one in a hundred has sensibility enough to gather from the sad retrospect of life in its closing stage, for me shed its dews as a prelibation upon the fountains of life whilst yet sparkling to the morning sun. I saw from afar and from before what I was to see from behind. Is this the description of an early youth passed in the shades of gloom? No; but of a youth passed in the divinest happiness."

The solitude to which he felt that he owed so much — afterwards expressing his conviction in the general formula, "How much solitude, so much power" — was the loneliness in which genius is born and abides that it may be sheltered from the sophistication which too often obscures the insight into truth so soon as childhood is over. De Quincey's inner life in boyhood was always intense, full of intricate reasoning, and charged with emotions that are constantly mounting to fever heat, precipitating crises. At fourteen, he has so far matured that "everything connected with schools and the business of schools" has become hateful to him. At fifteen, he visits Lady Carberry, meeting her as an equal, — nay, a superior, for he is teaching her Greek and imparting to her subtle distinctions of his own manufacture respecting Christianity, Greek and En-

glish tragedy, and the philosophy of Locke, all of which she receives eagerly; and when she, thinking to compliment him, calls him her "admirable Crichton," the boy demurs, for two carefully selected and discriminated reasons, which he sets forth, pointing out to her that he does not think it a title honorable enough to be desired, — "which made her stare." Within a year and a half later he goes upon that memorable wandering in Wales and to London which is so closely bound up with his opium history. With the exception of the chapter on Oxford, the picture of his boyhood and youth, and of the opium dreams therewith connected, is painted with an impressiveness and richness that elevate the most of it to something like an heroic scale. Notwithstanding that the different parts were written at periods so distant from each other, if we leave out certain garrulities which De Quincey interjected in his old age, the whole possesses a sumptuous unity; it is full of the artistic instinct for composition; and it would be hard to find another autobiographic revelation which relies for its most solemn and unique effects upon incidents the most ordinary and slight, with such stately results. It might be supposed that some of those reminiscences which figure in the dreams had received their colossal quality from the action of opium, but large portions that have nothing to do with the dreams have precisely the same weird magnifying force. The truth is that all throughout this body of writing we meet the atmosphere of a precocious and partially morbid child's mind, the dreams being in accord with it because they resulted from the same mind's being put in action along the same lines of fancy and experience. We have here a disclosure of the condition of a large number of precocious minds that, lacking the force to survive, are never heard from. Strange, to think of that great freight of hidden human existence lost with the early dying, which never finds expression or place in this human world for which it was made, but is diffused among the interstellar glooms and leaves no trace! But still

stranger to think that one voice should have been found, one life preserved, to tell us something of it, — enabling us to apprehend the depths of life that lie all around us, unsuspected, in hearts that we could hardly penetrate even were we imaginative enough to attempt doing so!

I think the ultimate cause of De Quincey's half unearthly spell will be found in this relation of his to a class of which he was of course an exceptional example, like all men of genius illustrating a type, yet standing high above any other instance of that type. There are minds, like Shelley's, whose precocity is also accompanied by early production; but I doubt if this could have been so with De Quincey; for the very fact that he was to express a peculiar kind of childhood required that he should get a good distance away from it before beginning to make literature of it. His genius, in all its manifestations, depended largely on accumulation. He did not begin the account of his own early experience until he was thirty-seven years old, and did not finish it till he was sixty-five. His literary and historical essays equally demanded years of preparation, resting as they did on broad expanses of reading. Yet it remains true that he seems to have changed but little from what he was at the very first; and in the few notes of his earliest remembrances, given above, may be found the characteristics of his later career and of all his productions. The impassioned self-absorption of his first boyish griefs comes up again with a sort of volcanic outburst in his anguish at Kate Wordsworth's death. In the pathos that he felt at seeing crocuses in the spring, when less than two years old, and in that mingled dawn of the horror as well as the sweetness of life, even in his childhood of "divinest happiness," we find the germ of that immensely pregnant thought of his concerning the law of antipodal associations, — one thing suggesting its opposite: the luxury and peace of a summer morning, for example, bringing with it the sense of desolation and death. This thought gives the pattern to almost all De Quincey's most valuable suggestions.

They are generally based upon some such opposition to the prevalent and obvious idea, whatever it may be,—an opposition at first striking us as captious or eccentric, but by deft touches made reconcilable with some profounder reasoning than the usual one, and hence filling us with a delighted surprise, a perception of new harmony, when accepted. This is shown in the essay *On the Knocking at the Gate* (in *Macbeth*). At first blush it seems superfluous to explain *why* we should be impressed by the knocking; we know already that it is because we don't want *Macbeth* to be found out. But why do we wish him to be sheltered? Do we approve what he has done? De Quincey reminds us that murder "is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror," and that up to the moment of the knocking we sympathize with the murdered man; but this sudden alarm throws our sympathy on the murderer, and thus brings home to us an additional horror of the situation which had really been left out before. It is a simple piece of reasoning, but the sudden revelation of so nice a mechanism underlying what we supposed to be an impression needing no explanation pleases the intellect. In a similar way, the presentation of Judas Iscariot as a perfectly conscientious man, who sacrificed Jesus in attempting to force him to what he thought the good of Judæa, and hung himself in remorse for the wholly unforeseen result, is something which so appeals to our sense of mercy—harmonized as it is by De Quincey with the gospel narrative—that we cannot altogether reject it, though probably very few persons have accepted it in full. The essays on the Essenes have the same sort of movement, but are less successful, for the author works himself up to such a pitch of enthusiastic purpose to convince, that he threatens us: he declares that if we do not embrace his theory, we are responsible for leaving at large and rampant an argument entirely destructive to the received tradition of the origin of the Christian church. The truth is, that if we do not accept his theory we have a sufficient shelter in the possibility that

the Essenes were not nearly so much like the Christians as he supposes. De Quincey delivers his premises, often, with such a captivating roulade of words that we have to look out sharply not to be misled; for—master of logic as he is, and frequently unanswerable—there is no writer of equal prominence who more readily disarms himself in his haste to rush into discussion, carry everything before him, and sit down to the enjoyment of a triumph afterwards. The essay *On War* is based on a very insufficient assumption that wars are always undertaken for the most trivial reasons; and dozens of instances might be collected from De Quincey's other writings to show how completely he can at times deceive himself, and perhaps his readers, by a faulty argument covered with plausible appeals, by timely and dazzling exhibitions of learning, or by ingenious and attractive side-issues that help him on to some conclusion which he never could have reached if he had pursued fairly the line he began upon. He had a dangerous conviction that he was almost never in the wrong. "I was right, as I usually am," he records, on one occasion; and on another: "In vain I sowed errors in my premises, or planted absurdities in my assumptions. Vainly I tried such blunders as putting four terms into a syllogism, which as all the world knows ought to run on three. . . . With disgust I saw, with disgust *he* saw, that too apparently the advantage lay with me in the result; and, whilst I worked like a dragon to place myself in the wrong, some fiend apparently so counterworked me that I" was always in the right. But in his published discussions De Quincey's efforts to be in the wrong are sometimes crowned with the most brilliant success. Conversant at once with the world of affairs and with letters, De Quincey recalls the double interests of Burke, though with a flexible and full-colored beauty of style which the statesman did not possess; but one might apply to him the converse of Macaulay's remark on Burke, that "he chose his side like a philosopher and defended it like a fanatic."

It is perhaps in some of his purely literary criticism that he is seen at his weakest. The article on Goethe, originally published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a harsh, one-sided condemnation which certainly culminates in a most inadequate inference. The three long essays on Pope seem to have been inspired by what De Quincey himself names the "sympathy of disgust." In them the writer raises, twice or thrice, a needless outcry about the "correctness" of Pope, and the "French school" in English literature. It cannot carry conviction when De Quincey says that even if an English author *should* have had his genius turned in a particular direction by happening to look into a French book, the mere fact that the French nation had gone in that direction first does not matter, because every nation has to pass through different periods in its literature, and the English would have come to this style sooner or later. Literary history would be a very simple thing if it could be disposed of in this way, and we should hardly need to discuss at all the relative influence of literary schools in different countries. But our opium-eater is still more unreasonable about Keats. Half of the short paper devoted to that poet is given up to disputing with Mr. Gilfillan the comparative laziness of authors, and the only part relating to Keats is a sharp expression of De Quincey's own distaste for Endymion and his equally decided admiration of Hyperion. He thinks it mysterious that one man should have written in two styles so unlike; but this does not move him to any respect for the mind that could master them both.

Yet, whatever his foibles, De Quincey possessed in a high degree that skill for finding a new point of view which establishes new conclusions on the same ground occupied by those he opposed. This faculty for running counter to received opinions is clearly traceable in his lighter passages. If humor is the perception of incongruous resemblances, and wit the discernment of amusing differences, then De Quincey would seem to be witty rather than humorous. But it is not his wit that we feel most. Take the

clever inversion in *Murder* as one of the *Fine Arts*: "For, if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drink on the Sabbath, and from that to incivility and procrastination." In this and a hundred like instances the comic element is more humorous than witty; but fantastic exaggeration takes the lead in it. De Quincey is almost never broadly funny; the fantastic and grotesque cast of his humor gives it an echo that turns into solemnity. Now, this genius for taking a fresh start, for opposition and correction, which shows even through his humor, insured him originality; but it was originality depending immediately on something which had been prepared for him to restate. The story of Apelles and Protogenes seems to apply: given a very fine line by Protogenes, De Quincey as Apelles could draw one still better on the panel. He had such a taste for making distinctions that he sometimes took those of other men and set them forth as his own, with all that paraphernalia of impressiveness he so well knew how to use; though it is not to be supposed that he did so with any deceptive intent. As, in his own right, he may be called a *corrector* of views, so — as a delegate for others who had not given their ideas the best setting — he may be looked upon as a valuable *developer* of views. These are his two chief functions, aside from his interpretation of precocious child-life and his magnificent narration of dreams. But this correcting tendency, united with a grim humor often taking the tone of whimsical irritation, with an arrogant sense of infallibility and with a love of displaying erudition, excites a natural opposition in some readers, and perhaps in all readers at some moments. "I do not know any instance in the writings of an author of note," writes Bryan Procter, "comprehending so much pedantry, pretension, and impertinence" as the *Reminiscences* and *Biographical Essays* of De Quincey. "They are all divergence." Procter was evidently annoyed at De Quincey's attempting to write

Recollections of Charles Lamb, and intimates strongly that De Quincey pretended to an acquaintance with Lamb much beyond what he really had. But, though there is no doubt that Procter held the better authority to write of Lamb, and though the pompousness, the garrulity, and the querulousness that evidently troubled him are undeniable, I own to finding in De Quincey's fragmentary glimpses of Elia a charm entirely superior to that of the song-writer's somewhat cold and stiff biography. It is mainly a question of literary art: Procter was hampered by his indigent prose style, while De Quincey's sketch is full of delicious modulations of light and shade; and in it you feel the personality of Lamb reflected as his own quaint visage might be seen glimmering out from some half-dimmed mirror in the halls of memory. This power of bringing us so close, — as if we had met and described the men whom *he* describes, — gives a value to De Quincey's recollections of his literary acquaintance which will be even better appreciated by another generation than by our own.

The claim which De Quincey took the precaution to set up, that he had carried the composition of impassioned prose farther than any other man, may not be accepted by everybody, although Professor Masson has shown clearly how much foundation there is for it. The counter-claim of Jean Paul Richter can hardly be set aside merely on the ground that he did not understand "the law of the *too much*." But granting the undeniable achievements of De Quincey in majestically sonorous prose, — rolling with long cadences full of a profound music like that of the sea-rote, — we must also admit that these impassioned bursts are of brief duration, and that there are wide intervals in which none of this pre-eminent power is found. The essay on Style, by an unhappy coincidence, does not contain in all its hundred and fifty pages a single piece of signally good writing, and is full of clumsy passages, the best conceivable examples of some of those faults which the essay itself condemns; and De Quincey's use of slang

has been justly criticised. In many of the compositions, of course, there is no occasion for the highest flight of eloquence; but in the Essays in Philosophy, in the Christianity and Paganism in the Eighteenth Century, and in the Literary Criticism, there is often a tedious diffuseness. If De Quincey can burnish words until they shine like gold, and chafe his page until it breaks into fire, he is equally apt to obliterate all sense and beauty with an emmollescent gush of foolishness, erroneously supposed to be humor. But we could probably not have had De Quincey's uniquely splendid or amusing triumphs in writing, without those failings which at other times make his productions so empty of everything we should like them to contain. The impulsiveness and sensibility that give him wings for exceptional flights seem at unfavorable times to hold him down and cause him to wander this way and that, until his mind, though always making for a single objective point, has run off into a maze of subdivisions and correlated thoughts intricate as the channels at the Delta of the Ganges.

It is partly these defects that have caused De Quincey to be underrated and looked upon too much as an opium-dreamer and an entertaining but somewhat superfluous essayist. Still other facts have prevented his acquiring an influence or following like those of Carlyle or Macaulay; namely, that he heads no great tendency and does not concentrate himself sufficiently upon any one subject to become a popular authority; that he always speaks with exacting positiveness, yet in some things flatly contradicts himself; and that — although a wide reader and well-furnished scholar — he has an unfortunate way of parading his accomplishments which gives him an appearance of something like quackery. He indulges also in vagaries that detract from his character for solidity. The papers on Murder and the account of Three Memorable Murders do not supply an excuse for their being as plausible as that of Carlyle's equally extravagant though symbolic Sartor Resartus; they are morbid. Klosterheim and The

Household Wreck have probably weakened rather than helped De Quincey's reputation, though they are stories that must be read to the end, and in their unrelieved gloom are very impressive as well as oppressive. There is a difficulty about this group among his compositions, that in distracting his attention from graver themes he appears to be letting himself down to a sort of elaborate trifling, merely to secure popularity. The Spanish Nun has always seemed to me an intolerably prolonged exhibition of over-conscious skill and excessive mannerism, though perhaps not more so than Carlyle's account of Cagliostro; and the discovery by somebody that The Flight of a Tartar Tribe was derived largely from a German writer throws discredit on all these foreign concoctions. Peter Bain appears to have had full faith that had De Quincey carried out his proposed philosophic work, *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*, — observe, even here he was going to correct and emend, — the result would have been of great permanent value. But the Essays in Philosophy actually prepared by De Quincey amount to almost nothing in the way of thinking. They are for the most part made up of rambling talk about Sir William Hamilton as De Quincey had seen and known him, a condensation from a Life of Kant, and Letters to a Young Man, on education, with very slight bearings on philosophy. The best of these essays is that On Suicide, in which it is proposed to measure degrees in self-murder, as we distinguish between manslaughter and murder.

English literature, in its remarkable succession of essayists from Cowley to Addison and from Addison to Johnson, Goldsmith, Macaulay, and Carlyle, continually presents to us instances of the union of literary and intellectual exercise with a striving towards the plane of imaginative production. In some instances this has been much more than a striving, as in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *Vicar*, or in Macaulay's vigorous *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Carlyle, like Macaulay, comes under the head both of essayist and of historian, and his

non-literary essays, his translations from the German, and Sartor Resartus establish a strong and sympathetic connection with the creative order of writing. The relative calibres of Macaulay and Carlyle can be gauged very well in their essays on history. Macaulay, accepting conveniently the definition that "history is philosophy teaching by experience," enters at once into a brilliant review of the different kinds of history, or rather the different modes of presenting it. Carlyle, wanting the clear, cool, levigate phraseology of his lordship, takes up the very same definition with which Macaulay began, pulls it loftily to pieces, and — with oracular obscurity yet unsurpassable depth and comprehension — shows us what *really* are the different kinds of history, and that they by no means depend for their virtue on the mere manner or crust with which Macaulay was so busy. From the historical studies which De Quincey left, — the Cæsars, Greece under the Romans, and so forth, — we can guess that if *he* had begun an essay on history in general with a quotation of the phrase "philosophy teaching by experience," his whole paper would have been devoted to a discussion of that one thing, with copious illustrations, long reaches backwards and forwards, amusing digressions, learned allusions, and subtilizing foot-notes. We might not, in reading it, have advanced very perceptibly; but we should have been entertained, brightened, should have received many hints, each of some value, and have found ourselves at the close much encouraged and assisted to think further. The very fact that De Quincey often calls forth his reader's opposition gives his rambling reflections a tonic efficacy.

All three of these essayists have copious and special learning, but vary amazingly among themselves in style and trend. Macaulay is the polished master of the superficial and the becoming, Carlyle the stern seeker of truthful outlines, and De Quincey the Apelles, again, who can put a line between those of the other two, which often for some nicety of æsthetic instinct will in that way be finer and more skillful than theirs. He possesses, besides,

a style by many degrees more pliant than either Macaulay's or Carlyle's; and no other author has put the best qualities of conversation into printed form on so vast a scale as De Quincey. In this he altogether surpasses, for variety, agreeableness, and insight, the conversationist of that older trio composed of Johnson, Addison, and Goldsmith. He

has sounded so many depths of feeling, risen to so many heights of perception, and explored so many wide areas and dim by-paths of knowledge that he is surely entitled to a place with Carlyle and Macaulay in a modern trio of great essayists, which will probably in due time be universally held to include the name of Thomas De Quincey.

George Parsons Lathrop.

AUTUMNAL POEMS.

I.

Indian Summer.

DULLED to a drowsy fire, one vaguely sees
 The sun in heaven, where this broad, smoky round
 Lies ever brooding at the horizon's bound;
 And through the gaunt knolls on monotonous leas,
 Or through damp desolate woodlands' naked trees,
 Rustling the brittle ruin along the ground,
 Like sighs from spirits of perished hours, resound
 The melancholy melodies of the breeze!

So ghostly and strange a look the blurred world wears,
 Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary squares,
 That now, while these weird, vaporous days exist,
 It would not seem a marvel if where we walk
 We met, dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,
 Some pale, intangible rose, with leaves of mist!

Edgar Fawcett.

II.

The Rose in October.

O late and sweet, too sweet, too late!
 What nightingale will sing to thee?
 The empty nest, the shivering tree,
 The dead leaves by the garden gate,
 And cawing crows for thee will wait,
 O sweet and late!

Where wert thou when the soft June nights
 Were faint with perfume, glad with song?

Where wert thou when the days were long
And steeped in summer's young delights?
What hopest thou now but checks and slights,
Brief days, lone nights?

Stay! there's a gleam of winter wheat
Far on the hill; down in the woods
A very heaven of stillness broods;
And through the mellow sun's noon heat,
Lo, tender pulses round thee beat,
O late and sweet!

Mary Townley

III.

November.

WHEN thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture-height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funereal rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

C. L. Cleaveland.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

II.

AT dinner, six o'clock, the same people assembled whom we had talked with on deck and seen at luncheon and breakfast this second day out, and at dinner the evening before. That is to say, three journeying ship-masters, a Boston merchant, and a returning Bermudian who had been absent from his Bermuda thirteen years; these sat on the star-board side. On the port side sat the Reverend in the seat of honor; the pale young man next to him; I next; next to me an aged Bermudian, returning to his sunny islands after an absence of twenty-seven years. Of course our captain was at the head of the table, the purser at the foot of it. A small company, but small companies are pleasantest.

No racks upon the table; the sky cloudless, the sun brilliant, the blue sea scarcely ruffled: then what had become of the four married couples, the three bachelors, and the active and obliging doctor from the rural districts of Pennsylvania?—for all these were on deck when we sailed down New York harbor. This is the explanation. I quote from my note book:—

Thursday, 3.30 P. M. Under way, passing the Battery. The large party, of four married couples, three bachelors, and a cheery, exhilarating doctor from the wilds of Pennsylvania, are evidently traveling together. All but the doctor grouped in camp-chairs on deck.

Passing principal fort. The doctor is one of those people who has an infallible preventive of sea-sickness; is flitting from friend to friend administering it and saying, "Don't you be afraid; I *know* this medicine; absolutely infallible; prepared under my own supervision." Takes a dose himself, intrepidly.

4.15 P. M. Two of those ladies have struck their colors, notwithstanding the

"infallible." They have gone below. The other two begin to show distress.

5 P. M. Exit one husband and one bachelor. These still had their infallible in cargo when they started, but arrived at the companion way without it.

5.10. Lady No. 3, two bachelors, and one married man have gone below with their own opinion of the infallible.

5.20. Passing Quarantine Hulk. The infallible has done the business for all the party except the Scotchman's wife and the author of that formidable remedy.

Nearing the Light-Ship. Exit the Scotchman's wife, head drooped on stewardess's shoulder.

Entering the open sea. Exit doctor!

The rout seems permanent; hence the smallness of the company at table since the voyage began. Our captain is a grave, handsome Hercules of thirty-five, with a brown hand of such majestic size that one cannot eat for admiring it and wondering if a single kid or calf could furnish material for gloving it.

Conversation not general; drones along between couples. One catches a sentence here and there. Like this, from Bermudian of thirteen years' absence: "It is the nature of women to ask trivial, irrelevant, and pursuing questions,—questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere." Reply of Bermudian of twenty-seven years' absence: "Yes; and to think they have logical, analytical minds and argumentative ability. You see 'em begin to whet up whenever they smell argument in the air." Plainly these be philosophers.

Twice since we left port our engines have stopped for a couple of minutes at a time. Now they stop again. Says the pale young man, meditatively, "There!—that engineer is sitting down to rest again."

Grave stare from the captain, whose mighty jaws cease to work, and whose

harpooned potato stops in mid-air on its way to his open, paralyzed mouth. Presently says he in measured tones, "Is it your idea that the engineer of this ship propels her by a crank turned by his own hands?"

The pale young man studies over this a moment, then lifts up his guileless eyes, and says, "Don't he?"

Thus gently falls the death-blow to further conversation, and the dinner drags to its close in a reflective silence, disturbed by no sounds but the murmurous wash of the sea and the subdued clash of teeth.

After a smoke and a promenade on deck, where is no motion to discompose our steps, we think of a game of whist. We ask the brisk and capable stewardess from Ireland if there are any cards in the ship.

"Bless your soul, dear, indeed there is. Not a whole pack, true for ye, but not enough missing to signify."

However, I happened by accident to bethink me of a new pack in a morocco case, in my trunk, which I had placed there by mistake, thinking it to be a flask of something. So a party of us conquered the tedium of the evening with a few games and were ready for bed at six bells, mariner's time, the signal for putting out the lights.

There was much chat in the smoking-cabin on the upper deck after luncheon to-day, mostly whaler yarns from those old sea-captains. Captain Tom Bowling was garrulous. He had that garrulous attention to minor detail which is born of secluded farm life or life at sea on long voyages, where there is little to do and time no object. He would sail along till he was right in the most exciting part of a yarn, and then say, "Well, as I was saying, the rudder was fouled, ship driving before the gale, head-on, straight for the iceberg, all hands holding their breath, turned to stone, top-hamper giving way, sails blown to ribbons, first one stick going, then another, boom! smash! crash! duck your head and stand from under! when up comes Johnny Rogers, capstan bar in hand, eyes a-blazing, hair a-flying . . . no, 't wan't Johnny

Rogers . . . lemme see . . . seems to me Johnny Rogers wa'n't along that voyage; he was along *one* voyage, I know that mighty well, but somehow it seems to me that he signed the articles for this voyage, but— but— whether he come along or not, or got left, or something happened" —

And so on and so on, till the excitement all cooled down and nobody cared whether the ship struck the iceberg or not.

In the course of his talk he rambled into a criticism upon New England degrees of merit in ship-building. Said he, "You get a vessel built away down Maine-way; Bath, for instance; what's the result? First thing you do, you want to heave her down for repairs,— *that's* the result! Well, sir, she hain't been hove down a week till you can heave a dog through her seams. You send that vessel to sea, and what's the result? She wets her oakum the first trip! Leave it to any man if 't ain't so. Well, you let *our* folks build you a vessel — down New Bedford-way. What's the result? Well, sir, you might take that ship and heave her down, and keep her hove down six months, and she'll never shed a tear!"

Everybody, landsmen and all, recognized the descriptive neatness of that figure, and applauded, which greatly pleased the old man. A moment later, the meek eyes of the pale young fellow heretofore mentioned came up slowly, rested upon the old man's face a moment, and the meek mouth began to open.

"Shet your head!" shouted the old mariner.

It was a rather startling surprise to everybody, but it was effective in the matter of its purpose. So the conversation flowed on instead of perishing.

There was some talk about the perils of the sea, and a landsman delivered himself of the customary nonsense about the poor mariner wandering in far oceans, tempest-tossed, pursued by dangers, every storm blast and thunderbolt in the home skies moving the friends by snug firesides to compassion for that poor mariner, and prayers for his succor. Captain

Bowling put up with this for a while, and then burst out with a new view of the matter.

"Come, belay there! I have read this kind of rot all my life in poetry and tales and such like rubbish. Pity for the poor mariner! sympathy for the poor mariner! All right enough, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Pity for the mariner's wife! all right again, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Look-a-here! whose life's the safest in the whole world? The poor mariner's. You look at the statistics, you'll see. So don't you fool away any sympathy on the poor mariner's dangers and privations and sufferings. Leave that to the poetry muffs. Now you look at the other side a minute. Here is Captain Brace, forty years old, been at sea thirty. On his way now to take command of his ship and sail south from Bermuda. Next week he'll be under way: easy times; comfortable quarters; passengers, sociable company; just enough to do to keep his mind healthy and not tire him; king over his ship, boss of everything and everybody; thirty years' safety to learn him that his profession ain't a dangerous one. Now you look back at his home. His wife's a feeble woman; she's a stranger in New York; shut up in blazing hot or freezing cold lodgings, according to the season; don't know anybody hardly; no company but her lonesomeness and her thoughts; husband gone six months at a time. She has borne eight children; five of them she has buried without her husband ever setting eyes on them. She watched them all the long nights till they died, — he comfortable on the sea; she followed them to the grave, she heard the clods fall that broke her heart, — he comfortable on the sea; she mourned at home, weeks and weeks, missing them every day and every hour, — he cheerful at sea, knowing nothing about it. Now look at it a minute, — turn it over in your mind and size it: five children born, she among strangers, and him not by to hearten her; buried, and him not by to comfort her; think of that! Sympathy for the poor mariner's perils is rot; give

it to his wife's hard lines, where it belongs! Poetry makes out that all the wife worries about is the dangers-her husband's running. She's got substantialer things to worry over, I tell you. Poetry's always pitying the poor mariner on account of his perils at sea; better a blamed sight pity him for the nights he can't sleep for thinking of how he had to leave his wife in her very birth pains, lonesome and friendless, in the thick of disease and trouble and death. If there's one thing that can make me madder than another, it's this sappy, damned maritime poetry!"

Captain Brace was a patient, gentle, seldom-speaking man, with a pathetic something in his bronzed face that had been a mystery up to this time, but stood interpreted now, since we had heard his story. He had voyaged eighteen times to the Mediterranean, seven times to India, once to the arctic pole in a discovery-ship, and "between times" had visited all the remote seas and ocean corners of the globe. But he said that twelve years ago, on account of his family, he "settled down," and ever since then had ceased to roam. And what do you suppose was this simple-hearted, life-long wanderer's idea of settling down and ceasing to roam? Why, the making of two five-month voyages a year between Surinam and Boston for sugar and molasses!

Among other talk, to-day, it came out that whale-ships carry no doctor. The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms, and says, "Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour," or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half hour," etc. One of our sea-captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he: —

"There's something rotten about this

medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick,—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book: it said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill; so I hove into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it did n't kill him in fifteen minutes! There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me!"

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean,—peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I, particularly well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates; he began life in the fore-castle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was,—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed; this vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India

ink: "Virtue is its own R'd." (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unilluminated by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar,—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal: told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well—yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First, you won't understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you would n't lay it down to eat."

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it,—there ain't any getting around that,—but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything's plain as day."

"The miracles, too, captain?"

"Yes, sir! the miracles, too. Every

one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough that stumped you?"

"Well, I don't know but" —

"Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You had n't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters?"

"Indeed, I would, captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I'll do it with pleasure. First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac¹ and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings, — plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No, all I say is, 't wa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so's 't you can see it yourself.

"Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets, — that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian; that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 't wa'n't any use; he could n't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that

¹ This is the captain's own mistake.

and t' other, — nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, *they* were ready; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

"So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour, — two hours, — three hours, — and so on, plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use; they had n't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now, what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still, would n't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, 'You don't speak up loud enough; your god's asleep, like enough, or may be he's taking a walk; you want to holler, you know,' — or words to that effect; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac; he had his faults.

"Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tucked out, and they owned up and quit.

"What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished; for

the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads, — 'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray: he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he cuts with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water?* *Petroleum*, sir, *PETROLEUM!* that's what it was!"

"Petroleum, captain?"

"Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 't was done."

At eight o'clock on the third morning out from New York, land was sighted. Away across the sunny waves one saw a faint dark stripe stretched along under the horizon, — or pretended to see it, for the credit of his eye-sight. Even the Reverend said he saw it, a thing which was manifestly not so. But I never have seen any one who was morally strong enough to confess that he could not see land when others claimed that they could.

By and by the Bermuda Islands were easily visible. The principal one lay upon the water in the distance, a long, dull-colored body, scalloped with slight

hills and valleys. We could not go straight at it, but had to travel all the way around it, sixteen miles from shore, because it is fenced with an invisible coral reef. At last we sighted buoys, bobbing here and there, and then we glided into a narrow channel among them, "raised the reef," and came upon shoaling blue water that soon further shoaled into pale green, with a surface scarcely rippled. Now came the resurrection hour: the berths gave up their dead. Who are these pale spectres in plug hats and silken flounces that file up the companion-way in melancholy procession and step upon the deck? These are they which took the infallible preventive of sea-sickness in New York harbor and then disappeared and were forgotten. Also there came two or three faces not seen before until this moment. One's impulse is to ask, "Where did you come aboard?"

We followed the narrow channel a long time, with land on both sides, — low hills that might have been green and grassy, but had a faded look instead. However, the land-locked water was lovely, at any rate, with its glittering belts of blue and green where moderate soundings were, and its broad splotches of rich brown where the rocks lay near the surface. Everybody was feeling so well that even the grave, pale young man (who, by a sort of kindly common consent, had come latterly to be referred to as "the Ass") received frequent and friendly notice, — which was right enough, for there was no harm in him.

At last we steamed between two island points whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body, and now before us loomed Hamilton on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture that exists in the world, perhaps.

It was Sunday afternoon, and on the pier were gathered one or two hundred Bermudians, half of them black, half of them white, and all of them nobbily dressed, as the poet says.

Several boats came off to the ship, bringing citizens. One of these citizens was a faded, diminutive old gentleman,

who approached our most ancient passenger with a childlike joy in his twinkling eyes, halted before him, folded his arms, and said, smiling with all his might and with all the simple delight that was in him, "You don't know me, John! Come, out with it, now; you know you don't!"

The ancient passenger scanned him perplexedly, scanned the napless, threadbare costume of venerable fashion that had done Sunday-service no man knows how many years, contemplated the marvelous stove-pipe hat of still more ancient and venerable pattern, with its

poor pathetic old stiff brim canted up "gallusly" in the wrong places, and said, with a hesitation that indicated strong internal effort to "place" the gentle old apparition, "Why . . . let me see . . . plague on it . . . there's *something* about you that . . . er . . . er . . . but I've been gone from Bermuda for twenty-seven years, and . . . hum, hum . . . I don't seem to get at it, somehow, but there's *something* about you that is just as familiar to me as"—

"Likely it might be his hat," murmured the Ass, with innocent, sympathetic interest.

Mark Twain.

FICTITIOUS LIVES OF CHAUCER.

II.

ENGLISH literature can boast of but one name greater than that of Chaucer; but to the lofty position which he occupies on its rolls is not due in the slightest the little acquaintance we have with his life. Hardly a single event of his career would have come to the knowledge of modern times, if for that knowledge we had been compelled to trust to records which owed their existence to the respect and regard inspired by his writings. Besides being an author, Chaucer was a government official, a soldier, a diplomatist; and in his capacity as a man of affairs there are constant references made to him which would never have been made had he lived merely the life of a man of letters. Had he, indeed, been only a poet, had he not been employed in various offices of public trust, we should, in spite of his literary eminence, have scarcely known with certainty a single incident of his history; and by a process of a like kind to that which has been applied to Shakespeare, men at this day might have been engaged in the attempt to prove that

his works were produced by the reformer Wycliffe. Many errors, previously held, as to the details of his career, have been dissipated during the last forty years; some fresh facts have, especially of late, been brought to light. Yet it has not been by the discovery of contemporary references made by admirers of his genius that we are indebted for whatever new information has been gained. On the contrary, it has been wholly due to notices of his duties, expenses, and emoluments that have been found among the public records, writings that stand at the farthest remove from literature. The examination of these records, a disagreeable as well as a laborious task, is also apt to be a thankless one; for while the subjects of the documents are indexed, their contents are not, and hours of toil must often be spent over papers which when read furnish nothing at all to reward the inquirer. Still, it is only by exertions of this kind that we can expect to have any further light thrown upon a career, the details of which are at best obscure. It was the examination of the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, in particular, that enabled

Sir Harris Nicolas to overthrow the elaborate fiction founded upon the Testament of Love, which for centuries had done duty as a conspicuous portion of the life of Chaucer. And though most of the Records have already been searched from which valuable results seemed in a fair way to be secured, yet there are still collections that remain to be inspected. They may contain new facts in the poet's history; they may not, and perhaps will most likely not, mention his name or make the slightest allusion to him. Too much cannot be said in praise of that enthusiastic zeal which, in the hope of the possible result, ventures to encounter the wearisome drudgery and thankless toil of the probable.

Since the formation of the Chaucer Society, in 1867, this work of searching the Records has been carried on to some extent; and though not so much has been gained as might have been hoped, still more has been gained than, perhaps, there was reason to expect. Two general statements, however, of some importance can be made as results of this renewed examination: one is that "every single original document drawn up and signed by Chaucer has disappeared from its proper place. Some one who knew the Records thoroughly has systematically picked out — probably scores and hundreds of years ago — all Chaucer's works from every set of Records, and either stolen them or tied them up in some bundle which may be among the unindexed Miscellaneous Records." The autograph-hunter had early begun his career of spoliation. The second fact is that persons with the same family name as the poet turn up occasionally in these documents. There are Chaucers and Chaucers. While, therefore, every reference that has been found points pretty certainly to the poet, there does exist the possibility that there may be another man with the same name to whom some of these entries apply. And while the probability is all another way, still that possibility ought never to be overlooked.

It might have been supposed that this slow process of searching after facts

would of itself have the tendency to develop a habit of mind that would look with impatience upon statements founded on theorizing, no matter how plausible. But, unfortunately, this has not been the case. No sooner does one fiction in regard to Chaucer fall to the ground than another rises to take its place. This last one, furthermore, is made peculiarly aggravating to the feelings by the fact that it owes its acceptance, so far as it has been received, to men who have been among the most conspicuous in their efforts to facilitate the study of the poet's writings. Worse than this, it owes its origin to the one man of all whose self-sacrificing and enthusiastic zeal and whose manifold labors have caused his name and work to be esteemed and cherished, not simply by every lover of Chaucer, but by every student of our early literature. To his energy and exertion is mainly due the discovery of the details that have been lately added to the scanty records of the poet's life. But to him also is due the attempt to make up for the lack of actual knowledge by the creation of a tale as artificial and unsubstantial as ever came from the unreal world of dreams.

The story, so far as it has already been elaborated, is a short one, though with every repetition it grows in breadth of statement and extent of inference. It is based almost entirely upon separate passages that are found in three of Chaucer's minor poems, *The Complaynte to Pite*, *The Boke of the Duchesse* or *The Dethe of Blaunche*, and *The Parliament of Foules*. Told as briefly as possible, it is in its present form about as follows: —

The poet, when twenty-one years of age, that is in 1361, fell desperately in love with a lady above him in rank. He loved her with a long and hopeless passion, for she rejected him even before he ventured to declare himself openly. The effect of this unhappy affair was to keep him miserable for eight years, that is from 1361 to 1369. During that time he composed but little poetry, his sorrow having the tendency to dry up the fountain of his verse; but after 1369, it "left

him free to work and, later, to enjoy his life."

The main outlines of this somewhat touching episode in the poet's career were first revealed to the public in a letter addressed by Mr. Furnivall, the director of the Chaucer Society, to the London Athenæum of July 1, 1871. The evidence upon which it rested was there given in full. Though the communication was a long one, we shall endeavor in abridging it to do no injustice to the argument it contained, and as far as possible shall make use of the writer's own words. The starting-point was the following passage in *The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, in which the poet is explaining why he cannot sleep:

—"trewly, as I gesse,
I hold it be a sickēnes
That I have suffred this eight yere:
And yet my boote is never the nere
For there is phisicien but one
That may me heale. But that is done.
Passe we over untill efte:
That wil not be mot nedes be lefte."

What is the sickness here referred to? According to Mr. Furnivall, these lines clearly point to a long, hopeless love of eight years, which has been rejected and now is over. It will not be, and must needs be left. The poet is free to go on with his work. But the question thereupon arises, Is there any allusion to this same hopeless love, while it was existing in a prior stage, in any other poem? Mr. Furnivall sees such allusions in *The Complaynte to Pite*, a composition from which no one has hitherto been enabled to extract much meaning. But he finds that "read by the light of the lines quoted from the *Blaunche*, it tells plainly that when the writer had for 'lengthe of certeyne yeres' (not yet eight) sought a time to speak, he ran to the Pity in his Love to pray her not to be cruel to him: but ere he could speak, he found Pity dead and buried in his Love's heart." Yet though he sees Pity's hearse and knows she is dead, he appeals to her as if she lived; he implores his Love:—

"Have mercy on me, thow hevenes quene,
That yow have sought so tendirly and yore!
Let somme streme of youre light on me be sene,
That love and drede yow ever lenger more . . .
For goddis love, have mercy on my payne!"

And he ends by declaring, —

"I wil be youre ever!
Though ye me slee by Cruelte, your foo,
Algate my spirite shal never disever
Fro your servise, for eny payne or woo."

Here, therefore, is an earlier stage of this eight years' malady than that shown in the poem on the death of *Blaunche*. Here it is not done. Here no intention is expressed of abandoning a useless pursuit; but, on the contrary, "hope even in despair, and passionate love."

In the third poem cited as evidence, *The Parliament of Foules*, Chaucer has become tricky. He purposely introduces in that the following "blind":—

"For albe that I knowe not Love indede,
Ne wot how that he quitith folk here hyre,"

yet his real feelings undesignedly crop out in two other lines, when he is complaining how he went to bed, —

"Fulfilled of thought and oesy hevinesse,
For bothe I hadde thinge that I nolde,
And eke I n' hadde thinge that I wolde."

These words, Mr. Furnivall declares, point directly to the following lines of *The Complaynte to Pite*:—

"My payne is this, that what so I desire,
That have I not, ne nothing like therto
Eke on that other syde, wherso I goo,
That have I redy, unsoghte, everywhere,
What maner thinge that may encrease my woo."

Another point of undesigned evidence in *The Parliament of Foules* is this speech of *Africanus* to Chaucer:—

"For thou of love hast lost thy taste, I gesse,
As sek man hath of swete and bitternesse."

It is upon these quotations that this new episode in the poet's life has been founded. To speak of anything in it as resting upon evidence is simply an abuse of language. The passages which are said to "clearly point," or to "point directly," to some other passages, or which "plainly" denote this or that, have no such aim or meaning in themselves, but only in the mind of the writer. Yet it is to be noticed that every assertion is expressed as unhesitatingly and as strongly as if there were a bundle of contemporary affidavits to support it. Not the slightest concession is made to the skeptic. Things are not stated as possible or probable, but as certain. Indeed, there was nothing more striking about the story, as given in this letter to

the Athenæum, than the perfect confidence which its originator had in its truth. He could not have expressed himself much more positively had Chaucer in person communicated to him the facts. Nor was the manner in which the story was told due to that excited state of mind, not uncommon with men of enthusiastic temperament, in which for the moment things hoped for look as if seen. He has repeated it on different occasions; and every time the statements have been more precise, the assertions more positive, and the results reached more full. In his Trial Forewords, which accompanied the Parallel-Text Edition of the Minor Poems, both of which appeared in the same year as the article in the Athenæum, he had already evolved some further knowledge by the same process which before had been productive of such astounding results. The Complaynte to Pite, he was enabled to declare distinctly, was "Chaucer's first poem and should be studied first," and the date of its composition was assigned to somewhere between 1366 and 1368. As if this were not enough for mere inference to accomplish for a work whose origin we know absolutely nothing about and whose meaning we can hardly guess, he went on to ascribe the peculiar versification found in this and several other poems of a similar nature to the fact of the writer's indulgence in a hopeless passion. The reasons for this assumption we shall not venture to give in our own words. "Being bound," says Mr. Furnivall, speaking of the poet, "in the strait bonds of unreturned love himself, he naturally preferred a tied-up form of stanza and of poem to express the thoughts his ropes squeezed out of him. He chose the seven-line stanza and the triple term; seven and three, mystic numbers both."

Lapse of time, moreover, has not caused the faith of the originator of this story to waver in the slightest. In November, 1873, the journal already mentioned contained a short account, evidently inspired if not actually written by Mr. Furnivall, of the results of some

of the searches then going on in the public records; and there was in it a singular mixture of facts, precise and positive in their character, which had been secured by the dreariest drudgery, and of fancies which had not that decent probability supposed to be essential to the wildest creations of fiction. Not only was the original statement in regard to the poet's eight years of misery reiterated in the strongest terms, but the further discovery was announced that he had had the somewhat peculiar experience of having been rejected before he had even proposed. "Of what Chaucer did between 1360 and 1366," said the account, "we are still ignorant, except that we are sure he was making continuous love from 1361, at least, to his pitiless mistress, who rejected him even before he dared declare his love." It is, perhaps, an excuse for Mr. Furnivall's faith in his own discovery that it seems never to have met anywhere with public contradiction. Some of his coadjutors, indeed, have fallen in with it; others preserve silence, certainly not because they believe in it, but probably because they are unwilling to enter into a dispute with a man whose services far outweigh any errors of judgment or any rashness in rushing to conclusions. Furthermore, it must be conceded that a controversy with Mr. Furnivall is not a matter to be undertaken without forethought by a person of shrinking and sensitive temperament. There are certain literary views of his which he is apt to tell us can only be appreciated by him who has an ear and a soul; and the consequence is that if one ventures to differ with him on these points he is reluctantly compelled to dispense with these two useful appendages. Nor, on the other hand, will he fare much better if he controverts Mr. Furnivall's views on language. In that case it is not impossible that he will be told that he ought "to enter himself at King's College School for a course of early English." This is a somewhat formidable prospect for any one who has got on in years. It ought to be added, however, that in the discussion which led Mr. Furnivall to

suggest this course to his opponent he was unwise enough to reinforce his views by illustrative comment. He quoted a passage from *The Court of Love*, in which occurred the phrase, "This godely fresh," as applied to the principal female character in the poem. To this he appended a note, in which he spoke of the expression as "imitated from Chaucer's 'semely swete,' but clearly not Chaucer's." Statements in regard to usage should always be couched in general terms. It is rarely safe to introduce particulars. In this instance it is especially unfortunate, for in the twelfth stanza of the third book of *Troilus and Cryseyde* "O godely fresh" is the very phrase with which the hero addresses the heroine.

In truth it is not alone an ear and a soul that are needed in the discussion of a theory based upon scattered passages in poems, the very date and circumstances of whose composition are unknown; brains may likewise not unprofitably be employed. Certainly, it is full time that a story of Chaucer's love, so utterly without foundation, should meet with emphatic protest. The respect due to its creator has given it a consideration and a circulation which would never have been accorded it a moment had it had its source in any other quarter. It has, in fact, already been introduced into text-books of English literature, — a class of works which in addition to their being the most useless to give any real knowledge of their subject are the first to receive, the last to give up, and the most potent to spread incorrect statements and absurd theories. In the *Life of Chaucer* also, prefixed to the later issues of Dr. Morris's admirable edition of selections from the *Canterbury Tales*, we are given full details of the whole pathetic story. There we have it complete: the poet's desperate love and the lady's persistent refusal, and how his life was made desolate by it, and how he felt that there was no use in crying for the moon, and how he worked himself out of the shadow of disappointment into freshness and brightness; all this is told us with a gravity

and an assurance which fill the reader's mind with a lively confidence that future editions will furnish us the lady's name, an accurate description of her personal appearance, and the motives which led her to take the course she did. The little primer of English literature, by Stopford Brooke, published in the early part of 1876, is not quite so particular and positive in its language. It simply informs us that there are lines in some of his poems "which seem to speak of a luckless love-affair, and in this broken love it has been supposed we find the key to Chaucer's early life."

Of course, the difficulty of dealing with a story of this kind is mainly due to the fact that, as it is founded entirely upon conjecture and assumption, it is hard to be overthrown by any process of reasoning. In order to knock anything down, something must first have been set up. In the very unsubstantiality of these statements lies their strength. This phantom of an argument bids defiance to all blows aimed at it, simply because it is a phantom. But like all such creatures of the imagination, shadowy and elusive as it is to him who openly assails it, for him who has faith in it it is possessed of wonder-working powers. The only statement in the whole story that advances on the road to certainty so far even as probability is the generally accepted though far from positively known date of the composition of *The Boke of the Duchesse*. This is supposed to have been written in 1369, or a little later, because it is supposed to refer to Blanche, the wife of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and in that year her death took place. From this apparently barren root has sprung a tree which fairly overshadows eight years at least of the poet's life. The reasoning employed has, furthermore, an exceedingly economical and efficient reciprocal action. The poems are first used to establish the theory of Chaucer's love; then the theory of his love is used to settle the date of the poems. And as in grammar the combination of two negatives makes an affirmative, so throughout in Mr. Furnivall's reasoning upon this sub-

ject the combination of two or more uncertainties seems to make a certainty.

The favor, however, with which the story has been received renders it worth while to subject it to a strict examination, in order to ascertain precisely what statements in it are based upon fact, and what upon supposition. As Mr. Furnivall, in speaking of any one of its details, is apt to assert that he knows it, it is well to point out definitely what there is in it which is not known, using "know" as referring not to conjecture, no matter what its degree of probability, but to that for which there is satisfactory proof. At the very outset, then, we do not know that in 1361 Chaucer was twenty-one years old. We do not know that *The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse* was written in 1369. We do not know that in the lines quoted from it Chaucer referred to himself with the idea of stating a fact in his personal history; or if these lines do thus refer to himself, we do not know that the malady mentioned in them had anything to do with love. For aught that can be proved to the contrary, the eight years' disease upon which this story is built may have been an affection of the liver and not of the heart. We do not know that *The Complaynte to Pite* was Chaucer's first poem. We do not know that it was written between 1366 and 1368. That assertion is simply an unauthorized inference from an improbable conjecture. We do not know whether it was written before *The Dethe of Blaunche* or after it. We do not know that in it Chaucer made the slightest allusion to himself whatever. We do not know when *The Parliament of Foules* was written. We do not know that the lines,

"For albe that I knowe not Love indede,
Ne wot how that he quitith folk here hyre,"

spoken of as being purposely introduced as a "blind," were introduced for any such object; nor can any satisfactory reason be given for employing a blind of that sort in regard to a matter which, according to the theory of the story, had on previous occasions been openly avowed. In short, in nearly every detail referred to in the letter addressed

to the Athenæum, there is scarcely any limit to what Mr. Furnivall does not know. One or two of the statements made in it may possibly be true; certainty cannot be claimed for a single one of them. Yet upon this series of particulars, not one of which can be proved, and some of which are, to put it mildly, highly improbable, has been reared a story that has been widely accepted in spite of the fact that it has no external evidence upon which to found it, no internal evidence to confirm it, and no intrinsic probability to recommend it; the whole mass of baseless assumption and wild conjecture crumbles the moment that criticism touches any part of it.

The formation of such a story out of such materials is one of the most striking instances of the inability to appreciate the nature or weigh the value of evidence, which has brought so much discredit upon literary investigations. For the principles which underlie all proof in cases of personal illusion by any author are by no means difficult to find; indeed, it requires some ingenuity to miss them. With a precise knowledge of certain circumstances in the life of a man, it is usually a matter of comparative ease to tell whether they are referred to or not in his writings. But if the circumstances are not known, the task of making them out from allusions or supposed allusions becomes not only a blind one, but in most instances is sure to be a misleading one. Especially must this be the case when the allusion is not to fact but to feeling. The power of genius to project itself into states of mind which at the time it is not only not going through, but which it has actually never gone through, of giving utterance to emotions which it has itself never experienced, is one of its most signal characteristics. A sorry life would have to be attributed to most poets, if they were compelled to assume personal responsibility for the views and sentiments they express in their writings; certainly, if that be the case, most of us ought to be thankful that our faculty of production is limited to prose. When special events are spoken of, there is little danger of

mistaking the reference if the events themselves are known. But if they are not known, the knowledge conveyed by the allusion may vary all the way from a certainty essentially absolute to the barest possibility. No one has any doubt that Milton means himself, when he speaks of his blindness in the apostrophe to light with which the third book of the *Paradise Lost* opens. Even if we did not know the fact beforehand, we might feel reasonably sure of it from the language there used. Or, let us take an instance of a more obscure nature from Chaucer himself. We know that from 1374 until 1386 he was controller of the customs for the port of London. When, therefore, in his *House of Fame* the poet reports the eagle as saying to him,

"For when thy labour doon al ys,
And hast ymade rekenynges,
Instid of reste and newe thynges,
Thou goost home to thy house anon,
And, also dombe as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another booke,"

it is possible, perhaps probable, that he was here referring to these particular official duties, and that in consequence the poem was written somewhere between the dates above given. Yet such a conclusion is at best only a probability; certainty is a term that can never be justly applied to it.

But the moment that allusion is made to sentiment, the task of explanation can never be successfully achieved without a knowledge of the facts. In the most favorable point of view it can be no more than a happy guess, and can have no further rightful claim to acceptance than that which attaches to a guess. Knowing as we do the circumstances of Milton's career and the date of the composition of the poem, we plainly understand the allusions in *Samson Agonistes* to the evil times upon which he had fallen, to the unjust tribunals that had brought his friends to the block, and to the fickleness of an ungrateful people which had changed its sentiments with its rulers. But when Chaucer, in *The House of Fame*, speaks of himself as "utterly disesperat of alle blys," we are equally at a loss to know the particular experience in his career to which he re-

fers, or whether he refers to himself at all, or whether he means anything if he does refer to himself. As well might one hope to squeeze rain from a Saharic sand-cloud, as out of materials so empty and juiceless as these to gather the facts for a narrative of a life.

And untrustworthy as all such references to personal feelings are in every case, they are especially so when the feeling referred to is that of love. Least of all can any allusion to it be submitted to strict interpretation and rigid analysis when we are unacquainted with the real facts. For the passion, while varying the widest of all in internal experience, varies perhaps the least of all in the range of its expression. The idle fancy of a moment or the absorbing devotion of a life is apt to find voice for the time being in almost the same terms. Moreover, within this limited range, the intensity of utterance varies not so much with the intensity of the passion as with the capacity of the individual to give it vivid representation; and for this reason the power of expression possessed by the poet as poet must always make us doubly careful concerning the weight to be attached to his words. Even could we be sure in any given instance that he was referring to his own experience, we could form no certain conclusion as to its precise nature or duration. Nor do we need to go to the writings of men of genius to learn that many persons can put very shallow feeling on this subject into very intense language. Easier than any other kind the poetry of love can be made a fashion. It has been so at some period in the literature of many races; and in our own no more striking illustration of it can be seen than in the productions of the court poets of the former half of the sixteenth century. That the sentiment then was as superficial as the expression of it was exaggerated is clear enough now; that in this respect it differed materially from much of the love poetry that has been produced both before and since is, however, not so evident.

One, indeed, cannot but wonder at what results Mr. Furnivall would ar-

rive, if he applied to the whole works of Surrey and Wyatt and other poets of that period the same principles of interpretation which have yielded him such rich returns when applied to a few scattered passages in Chaucer. Certainly no ampler field can be offered anywhere to him who is on the lookout for suggestion, and who revels in inference. The verse of that time was largely employed in depicting the sentiment of love. Every variation of tune the world-old passion has played upon the human heart found expression in song. The special subject of the poet was generally complaint of cruelty in some form on the part of his mistress. In the exaggerated language of gallantry then prevailing, all nature sympathized with the sorrowing lover. At his unhappy state the rivers stopped in their course, earth wept in dew, and forests sighed for grief. The tale of Orpheus was renewed again; only in this time rock, tree, and stream danced no longer with joy at the magic music of the singer, but conducted themselves in the most dismal manner to accord with his misery. And, indeed, his condition as depicted by himself in these poems was sad enough to justify a good deal of depression on the part of inanimate nature. At night he tossed, he turned, he groaned; sleep failed him or fearful dreams haunted his slumbers; agues burned him, chills froze him, mind and body were both in a hell of torment. He woke from his restless sleep in tears and complaints, crying out, "Alas! alas!" which in these times, it has been accurately observed, no one ever does save in print. His utterances during the day were generally sobs and sighs, intermingled with occasional curses at his ill fortune. Absent from his mistress, his sufferings were doubled; present with her, her conduct only added fuel to the fires of misery that were wasting him to ashes. At times he resolved that he would renounce forever her who used a despairing lover so cruelly; at other times he was determined that no pain, however great, no treatment, however capricious and cruel, should cause him to waver in his constant faith. On the contrary, when fortunate, his

hours were not much better employed. Instead of sleeping, he spent the night in meditating upon the perfections of his mistress, the beauties of her person, and the graces of her mind. But it was rarely the case that he was fortunate. Chaucer's misery, as depicted by Mr. Furnivall, is not to be compared for one moment with the sufferings which all the men of that time seem to have undergone as a regular part of life's experience. It is a consoling thought for the happiness of the world that the damsels of the present day are not quite so hardened to entreaty, nor so pitiless to prayer. Judging from internal evidence which the poems of that period furnish in abundance, the fair ones of the sixteenth century must have had hearts like the nether millstone. No less an agency than that which shakes the earth or melts the elements with fervent heat would seem to have had the power to move them in the slightest degree. The whole stock in trade of poetical simile was exhausted in vain efforts to give an adequate conception of their cruelty. Water, we are told, by continual dropping will wear away the solid rock; humbleness of demeanor will sometimes turn to pity the raging fury of the lion; there are circumstances under which even the tiger becomes gentle. But no such display of weakness is recorded of the fair ones whom the poets of that day sang. Time, which crumbles everything else, could not even soften their hearts; entire submission could not make them relent, nor opportunity dispose them to be favorable. Death seemed to be the lover's only remedy for the cruelty of his mistress; and even to the bitterness of death was added the keener pang that she would regard it not.

These are not mere inferences. They are direct statements scattered by scores up and down these poems, and repeated again and again with every conceivable sort of variation. But in spite of them, nobody seriously believes that a single one of the sturdy warriors and statesmen of the time of Henry VIII., who were full as hard-hearted as they were hard-headed, ever lost half a dozen

nights' sleep in consequence of the affection he bore to his mistress. If it be absurd to suppose so in this case, it is a far grosser travesty of evidence to found a story of Chaucer's love upon detached passages much more obscure in expression than those which have just been described. Every one has a right to form any theory he pleases; but he has no right to state it as a fact, especially when he is in a position to mislead others who have not the special knowledge requisite to criticise or to controvert. We wish to speak of Mr. Furnivall with all possible respect. The most unstinted recognition is due to his self-sacrificing exertions; and his claims upon the gratitude of all students of our language and literature are of a kind that can neither be disregarded nor forgotten. But the very qualities which have made him invaluable in his present position — the enthusiasm, the positiveness, the disregard of apparent obstacles, the determination to secure and show immediate results — are the very ones which unfit him for weighing delicate and complicated cases of evidence. No partisan of any sort is more hasty in forming and expressing his opinions; and not even a member of the English Society for the Discovery of Great American Poets is more dogmatic in asserting them, more pertinacious in adhering to them, or more intolerant of those who reject them. But we can well afford to discard his whole elaborate story until he brings forward in support of it some evidence besides indefinite allusions of doubtful import, contained in compositions whose dates are unascertained, and, in the present state of our knowledge, are unascertainable; until, in particular, he can base it upon something stronger than the vague statements of poems like *The Complaynte to Pite*, which belongs to that allegorical class of writings whose chief attraction seems to lie in the obscurity with which the leading idea can be expressed, and which so far from being a genuine love-poem does not, outside of a few lines,

exhibit so much the language of real passion as the fantastic utterances of an emotion which is painfully put through its paces. No such theory is needed, as Mr. Furnivall seems to think, to account for that "undertone of tender pathos and sadness" which is heard in so many of the poet's works. That would naturally be found in the writings of any man of genius, and most of all in those of one who shows in manifold instances that he was a profound and sympathetic observer of the care and sorrow that go to make up so much of human life. So far from that, indeed, the baseless character of the story, when the evidence in its favor is considered, is made even more conspicuous by the intrinsic improbability of Chaucer's having gone through eight years of constant suffering, and yet exhibiting no vestige of its effects in what he produced. No healthier nature than his can be found in the whole range of our literature among the poets whose personality appears prominent in their writings. There is not a trace of morbid feeling in his lines, which still glow for us with all the freshness of immortal youth. The sadness and misery of the times in which he lived and acted, and his own personal misfortunes, which must have been many, seem never to have warped the clearness of his vision, never to have depressed the cheerfulness of his spirit, never to have led him to fall in with the gloomy anticipations so common with even the greatest of his contemporaries, who fancied, in looking upon the wide ravages of pestilence and war, that the opening of the seven seals had begun, and that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. In that serene air of calm we can afford to let him dwell. Whatever theory we may form, for our own gratification, to explain his words and acts, let us leave entirely the field of conjecture in recounting to others the story of his life, and frankly admit that we know nothing where it is impossible for us to know anything.

T. R. Lounsbury.

CARLO GOLDONI.

AFTER Oliver Goldsmith, I do not know any figure in the history of literature that should take the gentle reader's liking more than the Italian comic dramatist, Carlo Goldoni. These two charming writers are not unlike in certain particulars of their lives. They were both children of that easy-going eighteenth century, of the period before its griefs began with the French revolution, and as Irishman and Venetian they might very naturally have been allied in temperament; the American traveler is nowhere more vividly reminded of a certain class of adoptive fellow-citizens than in Venice. Moreover, they had both the vagabondizing instinct, and were æsthetic wanderers, Goldsmith all over Europe, and Goldoni up and down Italy, to die after many years' self-exile in France. They were alike in their half education for the medical profession, and alike in abandoning that respectable science for the groves of Academe, not to say Bohemia; Goldoni, indeed, left the law and several other useful and grave employments for those shades, which are not haunts of flowery ease, after all. But these authors are even more alike in certain engaging qualities of mind than in their external circumstances. If the English essayist was vastly higher in the theory than in the conduct of life, poor Goldoni had his moral ideas, too, and tried to teach in his comedies purity, good faith, and other virtues which were foolishness to most of the world by whose favor he must live. He resembled Goldsmith in the amiability of his satire, the exquisite naturalness of his characterization, the simplicity of his literary motive; but he was no poet, though a genius, and he falls further below Goldsmith in this rather than in respect of the morality he taught.

Perhaps Doctor Goldsmith would have been but little pleased to be compared with the Venetian dramatist, if the comparison had been made in his life-time,

for if he ever heard of Goldoni at all, it must have been in scornful terms from that Joseph Barretti who dwelt in London and consorted with Doctor Johnson, and had wielded upon his Italian brethren a *Frusta Letteraria*, or Literary Lash (as he called his ferocious critical papers), that drew blood: Barretti despised Goldoni for a *farceur* of low degree, not being able to see the truth and power of his comedies, and used to speak of him as "one Charles Goldoni." Nevertheless, if the Venetian could have brought himself to leave the delights of Paris long enough to pay that visit to London which the Italian operatic company once desired of him, he might have met Goldsmith; and then I am sure that the founder and master of the natural school of English fiction would have liked the inventor of realistic Italian comedy. At any rate Goldoni would have liked Goldsmith. The Spectator was the fashion at Venice as well as at London in Goldoni's day; it had formed the taste for the kind of writing in which Goldsmith excelled, and The Citizen of the World would have found an intelligent admirer in a man who helplessly knew as much of the world as himself.

I wish with all my heart that these amiable authors were alike in having both written their memoirs. What a treasure would not the autobiography of Goldsmith be, written with the fullness and frankness of Goldoni's! What would we not give for such a picture of London life as Goldoni paints of Venetian life in the first half of the last century! I fancy the history of Goldsmith written by himself with the same gentleness and forgiving mildness and humorous self-satire as Goldoni's; more of these qualities it could not have; and I doubt if in the whole range of autobiography one can find anything of a cheerfuller sweetness. I have personally to be glad that his memoirs was one of the first books which fell into my hands when I went

to live in Venice, and that I read it together with his comedies, so that the romantic city became early humanized to me through the life and labors of the kindly dramatist.

The "large and beautiful house" in which Goldoni says he was born, between the bridges of the Knuckle-Bone and the Honest Woman (the Venetian street nomenclature is much of it deliciously quaint), is still shown to strangers; and I have no doubt but at Chiozza, where much of his boyhood was passed, they could find you, for a very small sum, many palaces in which he lived. At any rate, when you visit that smaller and forlorn Venice¹ twenty-five miles away in the lagoons, you cannot have a pleasanter association with it than the dramatist's memory. Goldoni will tell you that he was always returning to Chiozza from whatever misadventure he met with elsewhere, until he finally fled the lagoons to escape marriage with a young lady of that city to whom he had inadvertently betrothed himself. Here his mother remained, while his father tried to establish himself, at this city and that, in his profession of physician, and vainly placed his son at one school and another, and was always on the point of making his fortune. They were of a gay, improvident Modenese race, and from the time when Goldoni's grandfather came to Venice and outshone all the patricians in the wasteful splendor of his villa on the Brenta, to the very last year of the dramatist's life amid the early days of the French revolution, his career seems to have been providentially enriched by every strange experience that could fit into the hand of a comic author. What better fortune for a man destined to write comedy than that he should run away from school at Rimini, and come back by sea with a company of strolling players in their bark to Chiozza?

"My comedians were not Scarron's

¹ "Chiozza is eight leagues from Venice, and built on piles like the capital. It is computed to contain forty thousand souls, all of the lower order, — fishermen, sailors, and women who make a coarse lace, in which a considerable trade is carried on; there are very few individuals above the vulgar.

company, but on the whole they presented a very amusing *coup-d'œil*: twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a store-keeper, eight domestics, four chamber-maids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, and a lamb. It was another Noah's ark! The bark was very large and divided into a number of apartments. Every female had her little corner, with curtains. An excellent bed was fitted up for me beside the manager, and all of us were comfortable. The steward, who was at the same time cook and butler, rung a little bell, which was our signal for breakfast. On this, we all assembled in a sort of saloon in the middle of the vessel, above the chests, trunks, and packages. After breakfast, play was proposed till dinner should be ready. We played, laughed, joked, and gave ourselves up to all manner of tricks till the bell summoned us to dinner. Macaroni! Every one fell upon it, and three dishes were devoured. We had also a la mode beef, cold fowl, a loin of veal, a dessert, and excellent wine. What a charming dinner! No cheer like a good appetite. We remained four hours at table. We played on different instruments, and sung a great deal. Alas! an adventure took place which interrupted the happiness of the society. A cat escaped from her cage, the favorite of the principal actress, who called on every one for assistance. She was briskly chased, but, being as wild as her mistress, she skipped, leaped about, and crept into every hole and corner. When she found herself at last rather warmly pursued, she climbed up the mast. Seeing the distress of Madame Clarice, a sailor sprang up after her, when the cat leaped into the sea, where she remained. Her mistress was in despair: she attempted to kill every animal within reach of her, and to throw her waiting-maid into the watery grave of her darling. We

Every person is ranged there in one of two classes, — the rich or the poor: those who wear a wig and cloak are the rich; and the others, who have only a cap and *capotto*, are the poor; and yet it frequently happens that the latter possess four times more wealth than the others." — *Goldoni's Memoirs*.

all took the part of the waiting-maid, and the quarrel became general. The manager made his appearance, laughed, rallied and caressed the afflicted lady. She at last began herself to laugh, and the cat was forgotten. The wind was unfavorable, and we remained three days at sea, always with the same amusements, the same pleasures, and the same appetite. We arrived on the fourth day at Chiozza.

"I had not the address of my mother's lodgings, but I had not long to inquire. Madame Goldoni and her sister wore a head-dress; they were in the rich class, and known by everybody. I requested the manager to accompany me: he very readily consented, and announced himself on his arrival. I remained in the ante-chamber. 'Madam,' said he to my mother, 'I come from Rimini; I have news from your son.' 'How does my son?' 'Very well, madam.' 'Is he content with his situation?' 'Not remarkably so, madam. He suffers a great deal.' 'From what?' 'From being so far from his tender mother.' 'Poor child! I wish I had him beside me.' (All this was heard by me, and my heart beat within me.) 'Madam,' continued the manager, 'I offered to bring him with me.' 'Why, then, did you not?' 'Would you have been pleased?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'But his studies?' 'His studies! Could he not return? Besides, masters are everywhere to be had.' 'Then you would willingly see him?' 'With the greatest joy.' 'Here he is, then, madam.' On this he opened the door, and I made my entrance. I threw myself at my mother's feet, who cordially embraced me; neither of us could speak for our tears. The actor, accustomed to scenes of this nature, after passing some agreeable compliments, took his leave of my mother and departed; I remained with her, and frankly owned the folly I had committed. She scolded me one moment and caressed me the next, and we were quite pleased with each other."

From the college of Pavia, where his father afterwards placed him, Goldoni, in pursuance of his adventurous destiny,

having written a lampoon on the principal families of the city, was expelled. He tells us how he was instantly smitten with shame and remorse, and sixty years later, when he writes his memoirs, he is still on his knees to such of the good people as have so long survived the wrong he did them. But in the mean time, there was that Dominican friar who accompanied him home, — that friar who confessed him and took all his little money from him in penance, and then fell asleep amidst the tale of his remaining sins, a friar forever precious to the imagination! And there was the picturesque and melodramatic family dismay when he reached home: his father's wrath, his mother's tears! It is all like a chapter of Gil Blas.

"In the evening I was sent for to supper," says Goldoni, in recounting the story of his journey home by boat, "but refused to go. A few minutes afterwards, I heard the words '*Deo gratias*' pronounced in a pathetic tone by an unknown voice. It was still tolerably light; and, on looking through a crevice of the door, I observed a monk, who was addressing himself to me. I opened, and let him in. He was a Dominican of Palermo, the brother of a famous Jesuit, highly celebrated as a preacher; and he had embarked that day at Piacenza, and like myself was bound for Chiozza. He knew my story, the master having revealed everything to him; and he came to offer me the temporal and spiritual consolation which his vocation entitled him to bestow upon me, and which my situation seemed to require. He displayed a great deal of sensibility and fervency in his discourse: I saw him shed tears; at least, I saw him apply his handkerchief to his eyes. I was touched with this, and abandoned myself to his mercy.

"The master sent to inform us that they were waiting for us. The reverend father was by no means disposed to lose his collation, but seeing me full of compunction he begged the master to have the goodness to wait a moment. Then, turning towards me, he embraced me, and with tears in his eyes pointed out

to me the dangers of my situation, and showed me that the infernal enemy might take possession of me and plunge me into an eternal abyss. I have already hinted that I was subject to fits of hypochondriacal vapors, and I was then in a most deplorable situation. My exorcist, perceiving this, proposed confession to me. I threw myself at his feet. 'God be praised!' said he. 'Yes, my dear child, prepare yourself till my return;' and he then went and supped without me. I remained on my knees and began a conscientious examination of myself. In half an hour the father returned with a wax-light in his hand, and seated himself on my trunk. I delivered my confiteor, and went through my general confession with the requisite humility and contrition. It was necessary to exhibit signs of repentance; and the first point was to make reparation for the injury done by me to the families against whom I had directed my satire. But how was this to be done at present? 'Till you are enabled to retract your calumnies,' said the reverend father, 'you can only propitiate the wrath of God by means of alms; for alms-giving is the first meritorious work which effaces sin.' 'Yes, father,' said I to him, 'I shall bestow them.' 'By no means,' he replied; 'the sacrifice must be instantly made.' 'But I have only thirty paoli.' 'Very well, child; in foregoing the money which we possess we have as much merit as if we gave more.' I drew forth my thirty paoli and requested my confessor to take the charge of distributing them to the poor. This he willingly acceded to, and then he gave me absolution. I wished to continue still longer, having some things to say which I had forgotten; but the reverend father began to doze, and his eyes closed every moment. He told me to keep myself quiet, and he took me by the hand, gave me his benediction, and hurried away to his bed.

"We were still eight days longer on our passage; I wished to confess myself every day, but I had no more money for penitence. I arrived, trembling, at Chiozza, with my confessor, who undertook to bring about a reconciliation be-

tween me and my relations. My father was at Venice on business; my mother saw me coming, and received me with tears, for the almoner of the college had not failed to inform my family of the particulars of my conduct. The reverend father had but little difficulty in touching the heart of a tender mother; she possessed ability and firmness, and, turning towards the Dominican, by whom she was fatigued, 'My reverend father,' said she, 'if my son had committed a knavish action, I would never have consented to see him more; but he has been guilty of a piece of imprudence, and I pardon him.'

"My traveling companion would have wished that my father had been at home to present him to the prior of St. Dominic. There was something under this which I could not well comprehend. My mother told him that she expected my father in the course of the day, at which the reverend father appeared satisfied, and without any ceremony he invited himself to dine with us. While we were at table my father arrived, and I rose and shut myself in the adjoining room. On my father's entrance he perceived a large cowl. 'This is a stranger,' said my mother, 'who demanded hospitality.' 'But this other plate — this other chair' — It was no longer possible to be silent respecting me; my mother wept; the monk harangued; he did not forget the parable of the prodigal son. My father was good-natured, and very fond of me; in short, I was sent for, and at last restored to favor."

Goldoni was still very young, and he had a very good heart; he had been cajoled into his satire by some malicious fellow-students, and the lesson that humanity is above literature came to him mercifully early. He was thereafter the founder of a school that ennobled satire by dispersonalizing it. As regarded his dramatic career, his expulsion from college was an advantage. It made him the companion of his father in his medical practice at Chiozza, where he saw a strange and instructive side of life; and later he was his father's fellow-traveler on a journey into Germany and a long

sojourn in the Friuli, where he constantly enriched himself with curious experiences, whatever were his father's gains.

There must have been large numbers of Italians in the eighteenth century who did not enjoy themselves, but wherever you find them in memoirs they seem to be having the best of times: eating, drinking, singing, gaming, masking, making love right and left; there is apparently no end to their pleasures. This is the impression of Italian life that remains in one's mind from Goldoni's recollections of his light-hearted youth. They have theatricals in all the houses where he visits; and he who began manager in his childhood with a puppet-show is naturally turned to dramatic account in those cheerful palaces. Wherever he goes, now with his father, or later, when he passes from one city to another on his own changing occasions, he has nothing to do but to amuse and to be amused. If it is in the Venetian dependencies, he calls upon the patrician governor, and stays at least two weeks with him; if it is in distant countries like Milan, or Modena, or Parma, he is the guest of the Serenest Republic's envoy, — an envoy with no more to do than an American minister, except to be gay, to be profuse, to be elegant, to ornament society, and to patronize the bowing and obsequious arts. What a charming epoch! Life is everywhere a party of pleasure. There is a certain journey of Goldoni's (in one of his college vacations), down the Po and over the lagoon to Chiozza, which strikes one even at this distance of time and space with intolerable envy: ten young gentlemen and their servants, in a luxuriously appointed barge, drifting idly down the current, and nowise concerned about arriving anywhere. They all, save Goldoni, play upon some instrument, and he who cannot play can rhyme the incidents of the voyage. The peasants forsake their fields and flocks as the happy voyagers pass, and crowd the banks of the stream; when the enchanted barge halts at night near some town, the citizens throng it with invitations to every sort of gayety; the nobles from their villas send hospitably to arrest the

wanderers; it is a long progress of delight, under skies forever blue, among shores forever green. Ah, to have been young and rich and well-born in that day!

Or to have been a Venetian officeholder in times when the government was the affair of the rich and amiable patrician families who had the taste to choose such friends as young Goldoni, and to make their work agreeable to them! The reader must go to his autobiography for the account of the prolonged picnic of young gentlemen and ladies who followed the chancellor's coadjutor, Goldoni, into the woods of Feltre to stay the depredations upon the government timber. The expedition proved almost fatal to Goldoni's peace; for he tells you how he fell in love with one of the young ladies, and how "curiously" he reasoned himself out of the imprudence of making her his wife by considering, Italian-like, that if the fatigues of the journey had so great effect upon her she would fade and age early, and so leave him to despair!

It is hard to realize that all such junketing goes on amidst pretty continual fighting. Spaniards and Austrians and Frenchmen are always down there in Italy cutting one another's throats, and every now and then interrupting with a siege or a battle the Italian party of pleasure. The Italians take the interruption as philosophically as they can, and as soon as the dead are buried and the fires put out go on with their amusements as before. Of course a man predestined to write comedy must often be taken at a disadvantage by these wars, and Goldoni's memoirs owe some of their most entertaining chapters to his misadventures among combatants with whom personally and nationally he was at peace. The republic of Venice had long maintained her neutrality (though her territory was violated at will by the belligerents) amidst the ever-renewed hostilities of the barbarians who fought out their quarrels on Italian ground, and she did not meddle with that brief war which the Cardinal Fleury and the Emperor Charles VI. set going between them

about the Pragmatic Sanction and the election of the Polish king in 1729. It all resulted in the succession of Maria Theresa to the imperial throne, in the establishment of the Spanish Bourbons in Naples, and the house of Lorraine in Tuscany; but in the mean time Goldoni, being a Venetian, had not even the tempered interest in the war of those Italians whom its event was to give this master or that. One fine morning, being now attached to the Venetian embassy in Milan, he is roused by his servant with the news that the city is in the hands of the Sardinians, who have joined the French and Spanish side. This is annoying to a gentleman who has already so far entered upon a literary career as to have written an unsuccessful opera (there is nothing more Gil-Blas-like than his account of how the singers laugh it to scorn¹), but Goldoni is above everything cheerful, and he retires uncomplainingly with the embassy to Crema, to be out of the way of the bom-

bardment of the Milanese citadel; and from Crema he shortly afterwards goes to Parma, where, standing on the city wall, he witnesses the once famous battle of that name. The next day he sees the dead, twenty thousand men, stripped naked over night, and strewn in infinite shapes of mutilation and horror over the field; and, having by this time resigned his office under the Venetian envoy, he gladly quits Parma for the territories of the republic.

Never were misfortunes more blithely narrated than those which beset him on this journey. He is first of all things an author, and amidst these scenes of violence and carnage he has been industriously contriving a play: his *Belisarius*, which he carries with him in his pocket, and which he reads aloud to his traveling companion, a young abbé of literary taste, as they drive along in their carriage through a country infested by camp followers, deserters from either host, and desperadoes of every sort. Sud-

¹ "I was eager to present my piece, and to have it read. We were then in the very time of the Carnival. There was an opera at Milan, and I was acquainted with Caffariello, the principal actor, and also with the director and composer of the ballets, and his wife (Madame Grossatesta), who was the principal dancer. I thought it would look becoming and be of advantage for me to be presented to the directors of the Milan theatre by known individuals. On a Friday, a day of relaxation throughout almost all Italy, I waited in the evening on Madame Grossatesta, who kept an open house, where the actors, actresses, and dancers of the opera usually assembled. This excellent dancer, who was my country-woman, and whom I knew at Verice, received me with the utmost politeness; and her husband, a clever and well-informed Modenese, had a dispute with his wife respecting my country, in which he very gallantly maintained that by descent mine was the same as his own. It was still early, and as we were almost alone, I took advantage of that circumstance to announce my project to them. They were enchanted with it, and promised to introduce me, and they congratulated me beforehand on the reception of my work.

"The company continued to increase; Caffariello made his appearance, saw and recognized me, saluted me with the tone of an Alexander, and took his place beside the mistress of the house. A few minutes afterwards, Count Prata, one of the directors of the theatre, the most skilled in everything relative to the drama, was announced. Madame Grossatesta introduced me to the count, and spoke to him of my opera, and he undertook to propose me to the assembly of directors; but it would afford him infinite pleasure, he said, to know something of my work, a wish in which he was joined

by my country-woman. I wanted nothing so much as an opportunity of reading it. A small table and a candle were brought towards us, round which we all seated ourselves, and I began to read. I announced the title of *Amalasonte*. Caffariello sung the word *Amalasonte*; it was long, and seemed ridiculous to him. Everybody laughed but myself; the lady scolded, and the nightingale was silent. I read over the names of the characters, of which there were nine in the piece. Here a small, shrill voice, which proceeded from an old castrato who sung in the choruses, and who mewed like a cat, cried out, 'Too many, too many; there are at least two characters too many.' I saw that I was by no means at my ease, and wished to give over my reading. M. Prata imposed silence on this insolent fellow, who had not the merit of Caffariello to excuse him, and, turning to me, observed, 'It is true, sir, there are usually not more than six or seven characters in a drama; but when a work is deserving of it, we willingly put ourselves to the expense of two actors. Have the goodness,' he added, 'to continue the reading, if you please.'

"I resumed my reading. Act first, scene first, *Clodesile* and *Arpagon*. Here M. Caffariello again asked me the name of the first soprano in my opera. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is *Clodesile*.' 'What!' said he, 'you open the scene with the principal actor, and make him appear while everybody enter, seat themselves, and make a noise. Truly, sir, I am not your man.' (What patience!) M. Prata here interposed: 'Let us see,' said he, 'whether the scene is interesting.' I read the first scene, and while I was repeating my verses, a little insignificant wretch drew a paper from his pocket, and went to the harpsichord to recite an air in his part. The mistress of the house was obliged to make me excuses without intermission."

denly brigands appear and stop at once the carriage and the reading of Belisarius; the literary gentlemen are glad to escape with but their lives. Towards night-fall, Goldoni encounters some kindly peasants at work in the field; they take pity on him, give him to eat and drink, and bring him to their good curé in the village. The curé is a man of culture; Goldoni mentions his play, the curé makes him a little dinner, and he reads his blessed Belisarius (which has remained safe from the rapacity of the brigands) to his host and two other ap-
plaudive abbés! What is adversity after all, then? A matter of individual temperament, of race?

Goldoni repairs to Venice, and he does not again quit that soft and safe retreat for ten years, during which he establishes his fame. But at the end of that time his destiny takes him into the fighting once more: his old friends, the Frenchmen, the Sardinians, the Spaniards, the Austrians, are all at it as usual, this time about the right of Maria Theresa to reign in the dominions of her father. They are all civil to the pleasant dramatist, however, and treat him handsomely when he gets into trouble. He duly turns his adventures to account in comedy, and in his memoirs he narrates them with unfeigned enjoyment of their absurdity.

Goldoni, indeed, would not have been the cunning worker in human nature that he was, if he had not seen his own errors and their consequences with an impartial eye. Somewhere in his comedies you will find every one of them used, with more or less disguise, — usually less. He knew quite well that he was himself an amusing character, but for all that he recognized his serious obligations to the race, and he kept a much livelier conscience, literary and moral, than most people of his world. Certain things, as gaming and intriguing, he was forced practically to blink in himself as well as others, such being the fashion of his age; but he wrote comedies in which the career of the gambler was painted in its true colors, and he helped ridicule the *cavalier servente* out of existence. He

seems to have been tenderly attached to his wife, who returned his love with interest; in a society devoured by debts he abhorred debt, and amidst envies, backbitings, and jealousies of every kind he kept a heart uncorroded by hatred and full of generous friendship.

He was curiously limited in his satirical scope. In Venice he could not paint a dissolute or wicked noble, or indeed put upon the stage a Venetian noble of any sort; his nobles, therefore, were ostensibly of the inferior, titled sort from the mainland. He might not so much as name a convent in comedy; any young lady immured in a nunnery must be mentioned as being "at the house of an aunt;" and of course the vices and follies of the clergy were sacred from his touch. He drew his characters from the citizen class chiefly, but often with great effect from the lowest of the people. Within the bounds set him he painted the Venice of his time so gracefully, so vividly, so truly, with so much more of the local human nature than of the mere manners of the age, that his plays mirror in wonderful degree the Venice of our own day.

No author ever wrote more purposely and directly for the theatre than Goldoni; in this, at least, he was Shakespearean. He may be said to have always known the stage; his acquaintance with players began when he ran away from school with the strollers from Rimini, and it continued all his life. When he began seriously to write comedy, it was for a company of which he actually formed a part, and he studied his actors and kept them as constantly in view as the persons of his drama. His observation was from the world at large; when he had discovered or imagined a character, he trained his players to his own conception of it. Often he wrote a part especially for some comedian; sometimes he portrayed the characters of his actors in the play, and he knew how to avenge himself for their obstinacies, caprices, and jealousies by good-natured satire of their recognizable qualities.

His material lay in himself and everywhere about him in that Venice which

he knew so well. There his genius seemed to prosper most; although he wrote brilliant plays elsewhere, and lived to give the French stage a comedy that had a prompt and (as those things go) enduring success, Venice was the scene of his greatest triumphs. There for many years he continued to produce one play after another with almost uninterrupted good fortune, while elsewhere his inspiration was fitful and uncertain. The best of his hundred and fifty comedies are those in the soft speech of the lagoons; the next best are those Italian plays of which the scene is laid in Venice.

They are simple affairs as to plot, but their movement is very spirited. The dialogue is always brisk, with a droll, natural, sarcastic humor in it that smacks of the popular life; it is rarely witty, — perhaps there is not a memorably witty passage in all his plays; there is no eloquence, and not often anything like pathos, though now and then amidst the prevailing good spirits of his comedy there are touches of real tenderness. His art is extremely good; the plays are well contrived. There are few long speeches; the soliloquies and the asides are few; there are seldom explanations or narrative statements; the sympathetic spectator is briefly possessed of the situation by the dialogue; the rest is left to his patience, which is never heavily taxed, and to his curiosity, which is duly piqued. I find the same sort of pleasure in reading Goldoni's comedies as in seeing them played; though in reading, the baldness of the morality is, of course, more apparent. One ought not to smile at this morality, however, without remembering the age, the religion, and the race to which it was addressed: to these some very elementary principles might have seemed novel.

I do not know how often Molière is still played in France, but in Italy, and especially in Venice, Goldoni has his regular seasons, and holds his place upon the stage as firmly as Shakespeare, with whom he is not otherwise comparable; he was, as I have said, no poet. All his countrymen are agreed as to the vast,

the unique value of his theatre in their literature. "To say Goldoni is to say Italian comedy," writes Torelli in a paper on the dramatist in his *Passaggi e Profili*. "The severe critic who, in speaking of the gifts of this famous man, would hold him to strict account for his many defects cannot dispute the common voice which has pronounced the Venetian humorist the father and the restorer of comedy. Goldoni, like all illustrious authors, has had his impassioned detractors, his impassioned apologists: they have fought over his fame, for and against; they have discussed the marvelous subtlety of his dialogue and the poverty of his diction. But the true judges of Goldoni were not the detractors, nor the apologists, nor the commentators, nor the libelers; his true judges were the people in the pit, the spectators surprised by the truth of the characters which he had studied from life, and struck by the aptness of the sallies and replies, which they had felt stirring in their own minds before the persons of the play had uttered them. The worth of Goldoni consists in the material truth, so to speak, of his action, apparently expressed as it comes to hand, but really sought out with study and artifice." The praise of Emiliani-Giudici is as cordial and as just, if not so subtle: "No one painted better than he the life that served him for a model, taught morality with urbaner satire, invented dramatic situations with greater art, showed greater fertility. Cesarotti, a fervent admirer of French literature, compares him to Molière, and declares that if Goldoni had had more leisure for study, and could have meditated and finished his productions with more affectionate care, he might have boasted a greater number of masterpieces, and have been the first comic dramatist of the world. . . . Goldoni himself laments the fate that forced him to work at such a breakneck rate. In one year he promised and composed sixteen comedies. Nearly all his productions, therefore, lack that final touch by which a writer frees his work from the inevitable redundancies of the first sketch, gives the

material greater significance, balances the larger and the lesser parts, and achieves for it beauty and symmetry as a whole." I am bound to say that I have not myself felt in Goldoni that want of finish here deplored, except a certain tendency to tameness and coldness in the conclusion of some of his plays. Neither should I agree with Cantù in much of the censure which he mingles with his praise: "Full of that spirit of observation and imitation which seizes and portrays life, he reveals character not in phrases and reflections, but in situations and in contrasts; and not character strained and exaggerated, but mixed and average as we see it in society. He obeys his own knowledge of life rather than the requirements of art, but his observation was limited to the lower classes, whence he drew trivial persons. . . . Gondoliers, servants, dancers, parasites, adventurers, *cicisbei*, usurers, misers, husbands and wives of the populace, he depicts with marvelous fidelity . . . but not the patricians in their refined corruption, nothing that ennobles sentiment or elevates the mind. He neglected his diction, and when he did not use his native dialect he fell into an incorrect, common, and pleading-lawyer's Italian; he sins in useless scenes, prolix discourses, scurrilous allusions; yet no one surpasses him in the management of dialogue, in the naturalness of his characters, in the simplicity of his style."

One can hardly blame Goldoni for not embroiling himself with the government by attacking the Venetian nobles, and if he preferred to paint the common life about him he was right to do so; in matters of art one must do what one likes if one would do well. As for the style, it is so much better to be graphic and simple than to be impeccable that even the Italian world, which really suffers from an inelegance of speech, easily forgives Goldoni's negligent diction; the foreigner does not feel it. To elevate the mind or ennoble the sentiments is not quite the comic dramatist's business; on the other hand, Goldoni never pandered to a vicious taste, in morals or æsthetics. His comedies are pure

in surprising degree when one thinks of the contemporary English stage and romance; they may be read, for the most part, with as little offense as so many novels of Dickens. Now and then he girds himself up to attack some social abuse, like the *cicisbeo* system, by which every fashionable wife had her conventional adorer, recognized in that quality by the world and tolerated by the husband. It was a silly usage, but not so often wicked as might be thought. Parini's satire lashed the poor *cicisbei* in Lombardy, while Goldoni laughed at them in Venice; but it must have cost the dramatist more to be virtuous against them, for he was a social creature, liking best to please every one, and fond of the gay and fine world. He gently complains of the enmities his ridicule of the *cicisbei* excited against him.

The reader of his memoirs will be interested and perhaps amused to find Goldoni defending the Protestants from the insult offered them in a dramatic lampoon upon himself, and actually procuring its suppression on the ground of its offensiveness to the ambassadors of many friendly powers resident in Venice, where indeed foreign Protestantism had enjoyed perfect immunity ever since the times of Luther. But it is really not fair to judge this sweet and kindly spirit as a moralist or a reformer of any sort except in his own proper world of comedy. Here he was bold, strenuous, and untiring, and he succeeded in firmly establishing the Italian comic drama against the popular taste and the power of the vested interests.

Of course there were Italians who wrote true comedy before Goldoni: there were Ariosto and Machiavelli, to name no others, but their plays were not played, and there was no body of national comedy at all answering to that of the French or English. There were imitators of the French and imitators of the Spanish schools of comedy, and there was a sort of comic spectacle, full of supernatural prodigies and fanciful extravagances, which was in high favor. But the national spirit found expression chiefly in the so-called *comedy of art*, which had the

strongest hold upon the popular affection; and this Goldoni supplanted by the sort of conquest which seems to compromise and even to concede; with the French and Spanish schools, with the spectacular drama, he never pretended to make terms.

The comedy of art was simply the outline of an action supplied to the players. The characters in every plot were drawn from the same stock: Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Il Dottore, Colombina, Corallina, and other inferior masks, and the dialogue was the inspiration of the actors; it was very good or very bad according to their ability, and it could not have been possible to a race with less genius for improvisation than the Italians. Some of these masks were of vast antiquity, like Pantalone and Harlequin; the others dated back three or four centuries. Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Corallina, and Colombina are always servants or people of low degree; they have severally their conventional traits of slyness and stupidity, as immutable as the dresses or masks in which they appear. Arlecchino and Brighella are by immemorial attribution natives of Bergamo, and speak the quaint dialect of their city; they are both rogues, but the former is usually the prey of the latter. Colombina and Corallina are equally wicked jades, and are almost convertible characters. They "know the defects of women in general, and of their mistress in particular. Colombina or Corallina, whichever it is, is from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. She is pretty just short of wounding the vanity of her mistress; she knows by heart the swoons, vapors, caprices, tastes, of the lady whom she has the advantage to serve. When she comes into her chamber in the morning and hears the call, 'My dear Colombina!' she instantly foresees a day of convulsive attacks, emotional prostration, of tears, and of confidences. If the lady is old, Corallina makes fun of her behind her back, and flatters her to her face; tells the whole neighborhood of her artificial pretenses, her unspeakable follies. If she is young, she aids her with embassies,

with advice; or else — and then the case is terrible — she opposes her in everything, and makes her really unhappy."

Pantalone dei Bisognosi is always a Venetian merchant; he wears the dress and the long beard of his class and city in the Middle Ages. He is true, just, punctiliously honest; a wise head and a soft heart; usually his son is a reprobate, and costs him much anxiety and money before he turns from his evil ways at the end of the comedy.

Il Dottore Bacchettone is of the learned city of Bergamo; he is dressed in black and has a great wine stain on his face. Generally it is his business in the Goldonian comedy to be the friend and correspondent of Pantalone, and the father of the lover or heroine of the play.

Goldoni wrote some hundred and fifty comedies, and in quite half of them, I think, these standard characters appear. Every company had actors and actresses identified with the parts, and it was the dramatist's difficult task to preserve enough of the traditional to keep them recognizably the same, while constantly inflecting and varying them to give novelty to the action and meet the exigency of the plot. He was obliged to adopt the masks while supplying a complete play instead of the outline of the comedy of art, which he was seeking to supplant in the popular affections. His success was slow and fitful. From time to time he was forced to give his players outlines; even so late as his sojourn in Paris, we find him supplying these skeleton dramas to the Italian company with which he was connected. But without doubt it was Goldoni who extinguished the comedy of art, and created for the Italians not only a real comedy, but the taste to enjoy it, though the impulse in that direction had been given from time to time long before his day, and once by the good San Carlo Borromeo, — a saint who scarcely needed canonization. "One Flaminio Scala," writes Torelli, "head of a company of players, following the example of the ancient art, began to give his pieces unity and form; he began to write out notes and take them into the theatre, showing the plot of the action,

and explaining what each actor should do upon the scene, the idea by which he should be guided in improvising, and of what nature the buffooneries of Harlequin should be. Scala was praised to the skies, and proclaimed *illustrious* by all Milan. The times were rather shameless: this brave company, seeing themselves every day higher in favor with the Milanese, loosed the rein of modesty and let their tongues wag at will. San Carlo Borromeo called them before him, and having thoroughly rebuked them all, especially Harlequin, forbade them to play anything more without first submitting the action to the censorship. 'But if we should happen to *improvise* something!' cried Scala, meekly. 'Write out the play first, and you will avoid that,' replied the archbishop. And perhaps from this point began the abolition of the comedy of art, and the regular comedy had more studious followers."

Nevertheless, the honor is Goldoni's of having created the regular comedy without losing the charm of the old, for there is a very great charm in the constant recurrence of the familiar faces of Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Colombina, and Corallina in the perpetually varied action and circumstance of his plays. When once you have entered into their spirit, it is delightful to find that the lover is always Florindo, and that his mistress is always Rosaura; it is like meeting those people whom some novelists have the fancy of making reappear through all their fictions, and there is a sort of convenience in it for the lazy imagination. I do not mean to say that all of Goldoni's comedies are restricted in their range of character to these personages; great numbers of them entirely depart from the tradition which these keep in view; but I own that I like best those which follow the old comedy of art with respect to their *dramatis personæ*, though I must own also that I do not quite know why.

Goethe, writing from Venice in 1786, describes the performance of one of the best of the Goldonian comedies dealing with the popular life, — a comedy which

is still sure to be played at least once every winter in Venice: —

"Yesterday, at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed *Le Baruffe - Chiozotte*, which I should interpret the Frays and Feuds of Chiozza. The *dramatis personæ* are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck, — their dealings one with another, their vehemence, but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks and unaffected manners, their *naïve* wit and humor, — all this was excellently imitated. The piece, moreover, is Goldoni's, and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the sea-port still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much; and although I did not understand a single allusion, I was, nevertheless, on the whole, able to follow it pretty well. I will now give you the plan of the piece: it opens with the females of Chiozza sitting, as usual, on the strand before their cabins, spinning, mending nets, sewing, or making lace; a youth passes by and notices one of them with a more friendly greeting than the rest. Immediately the joking begins, and observes no bounds. Becoming tarter and tarter, and growing ill-tempered, it soon bursts out into reproaches; abuse vies with abuse; in the midst of all one dame, more vehement than the rest, bounces out with the truth; and now an endless din of scolding, railing, and screaming; there is no lack of more decided outrage, and at last the peace officers are compelled to interfere.

"The second act opens with the court of justice. In the absence of the *podestà* (who as a noble could not lawfully be brought upon the stage) the *actarius* presides. He orders the women to be brought before him one by one. This gives rise to an interesting scene. It happens that this official personage is himself enamored of the first of the combatants who is brought before him. Only too happy to have an opportunity of speaking with her alone, instead of

hearing what she has to say on the matter in question, he makes her a declaration of love. In the midst of it a second woman, who is herself in love with the actuary, in a fit of jealousy rushes in, and with her the suspicious lover of the first damsel, who is followed by all the rest; and now the same demon of confusion riots in the court as a little before had set at loggerheads the people of the harbor. In the third act the fun gets more and more boisterous, and the whole ends with a hasty and poor *dénoûment*. The happiest thought, however, of the whole piece is a character who is thus drawn: an old sailor, who from the hardships he has been exposed to from his childhood trembles and falters in all his limbs, and even in his very organs of speech, is brought on the scene to serve as a foil to this restless, screaming, and jabbering crew. Before he can utter a word, he has to make a long preparation by a slow twitching of his lips and an assistant motion of his hands and arms; at last he blurts out what his thoughts are on the matter in dispute. But as he can only manage to do this in very short sentences, he acquires thereby a sort of laconic gravity, so that all he utters sounds like an adage or maxim; and in this way a happy contrast is afforded to the wild and passionate exclamations of the other personages.

"But, even as it was, I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh and tumultuous shout of exultation from beginning to end. . . . Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement*. However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and light-hearted countrymen."

There could be no better analysis of a Goldonian play than this, nor more satisfactory testimony to the favor the dramatist enjoyed among his own people. Yet it is said that Goldoni was at last glad to quit Venice because of the displeasures he suffered from the suc-

cess of a rival dramatist, Carlo Gozzi. This writer carried to the last excess the principle of the spectacular drama, which Goldoni abhorred, and his popularity must have been sorely vexatious; but our author, who is commonly very frank about his motives, does not hint at any such reason for his expatriation. Those were the grand and courtly times when a prince, having a fancy for this or that artist, could send through his ambassador and "demand" him of his native government. From time to time members of Goldoni's company were demanded by foreign powers; at last he was himself demanded of the republic by the king of France. Quite the same, of course, he was master to stay at home if he liked, but he preferred to accede to the demand and to go for two years to the great city, then as now the centre of artistic aspiration, whither his fame had preceded him. He lived in Paris the rest of his days. He often thought of returning to Venice, but as often was helpless to tear himself from the delights of Paris: the charms of Parisian society, the quick and constant succession of novelties in science, literature, and art, the exquisite playing at the theatres — all, in a word, that could allure a man of fine taste and light temperament. Of light temperament Goldoni undoubtedly was, and as such he was a true son of his century. It is amusing, in his memoirs, to observe how unconscious he is of any brooding change which was to involve the destinies of the agreeable great folk with whom his lot was cast: the princesses whom he taught Italian, the king whom he was brought to Paris to amuse, the elegant court of which he modestly formed a part. He laments the death of the cold-hearted debauchee Louis XV. as if he had been really the well beloved of his people; he devoutly rejoices over the nuptials of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the birth of their children, as if the kingship were to go on forever; and he makes no sign, amidst his comments on French society, of any knowledge of an impending and very imminent French revolution. It must be owned that republicans have always

taken very kindly to foreign monarchs: the Swiss have been the stay of several tottering despots; the Americans were the most loathsome admirers and flatterers of the Second Emperor. Poor Goldoni was in raptures—that is the truth—with French royalty and all that belonged to it, and probably no man in France was more astonished when the revolution swept everything of that sort away. He had a pension of four thousand francs from the king, which went with the other pensions when the civil list was abolished, and so Goldoni fell into extreme poverty, and sickness followed upon his deprivations. Then the poet Chénier rose one day in the convention, and making these facts known asked the restitution of Goldoni's pension, which was voted by a great majority; and an annuity of twelve hundred francs was continued to his widow after his death, which took place five years later, when he was eighty-six years old.

No kindlier creature seems ever to have lived, and he had traits of genuine modesty that made him truly lovable. He never would suffer himself to be compared with Molière; he meekly bowed down before French geniuses whom the world has ceased, if not to adore, at least to hear of; when the great Count Alfieri calls upon him he is almost overpowered by the honor the noble tragic author does a greater man. Nothing can be sweeter than the courage with which he goes to Diderot (who, having plagiarized one of Goldoni's comedies, spoke ill of his talent) and compels his detractor to be his personal friend. He seems to have kept his temper throughout his trials and vexations in Venice with actors, managers, patrons, and spectators; if ever he retaliates it is by some satire which they join him in enjoying. A very curious chapter of these troubles is that relating to the printing of his plays, a right which the manager, Medebac, pretended to forbid him, and which he was forced to assert by smuggling into Venice an edition printed in Florence. But all that part of his autobiography

relating to his life in Italy is full of the quaintest and most varied experience, and it makes a whole dead world live again: a world of small ducal and princely courts; of alien camps in the midst of a patient and peaceful country; of strange little local jealousies and ambitions; of fantastic and conventional culture fostered by a thousand and one academies or literary societies (Goldoni was himself a shepherd of that famous Arcadia¹ which was the first of these); of a restricted and frivolous intellectual life wasting itself in idle disputations and trivial brilliancy; of a social morality amusingly perverted, and yet not so bad as it would seem to a wiser condition of things, though foolishly bad, without doubt. In this world the philosophies and heresies of transalpine Europe seem to have no root; it is as devout as it is gay; the church directs its culture as well as its conscience,—one might almost say its vices as well as its pleasures, so much are the clergy and the whole religious profession in and of that world.

When Goldoni gets to France his autobiography is no longer so charming. His delightful spirit indeed remains unchanged, but it does not deal with such delightful material. He sets down much concerning Paris that does not interest, and as I have hinted he omits almost everything that touches the grand social and intellectual movement of the time. Perhaps as a foreigner attached to the court he could not see this; but he felt too deeply the greatness and fascination of the French world ever to leave it for his native land. He was full of wonder at its variety, its mental liveliness, and its eagerness for every sort of novelty, and the closing chapters of his memoirs are hardly more than a chronicle of such marvels as ballooning, walking on water, and other semi-scientific inventions. He has much to say of the journals of Paris, but not much of value, and he does not seem to have considered their great number and activity as the prophecy of another age and another order of things. For Goldoni, apparently, the eighteenth century was to last forever.

W. D. Howells.

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxix. page 84, *Some Arcadian Shepherds*.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

BOSTON, 1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With the look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half crazed and half divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that burned
With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird
As a soul at the judgment day!

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
And the people held their breath;
For these were the words the maiden spoke
Through lips as pale as death:

“ Repent, repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals!
Let all men worship Him in the way
That his light within reveals.

“ Thus saith the Lord! With equal feet
All men my courts shall tread;
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!”

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
And her sackcloth closer drew;
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart,
(Small blame to the angry town!)
But the words she uttered that day nor fire
Could burn nor water drown.

To-day the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod;
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God.

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
 It thrills the conscious walls;
 The stone from the basement cries aloud,
 And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
 And pulpits that bless and ban;
 And the Lord will not grudge the single church
 That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
 And the prophets under the sun,
 And the first is last, and the last is first,
 And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
 And her bay tides rise and fall,
 Shall Freedom stand in the Old South Church
 And plead for the rights of all!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the last Contributors' Club the reviewer of Tourguéneff's *Terres Vierge*s is charged with a serious misinterpretation of one of the characters of that book, with wringing an indelicate meaning out of the novelist's innocent words. The point in question is whether or not Marianne had leanings toward the nihilistic doctrine of free love, which is in Russia very much what Mrs. Woodhull's notions are in this country. The contributor, who asserts Marianne's innocence of any intention except that of being lawfully married, says that she is "a character too fine and too carefully delineated to be assigned, without at least some semblance of evidence, to the alliance of Mrs. Woodhull." The fact that she is carefully delineated has, of course, nothing to do with the question; let us see if there is not at least "some semblance of evidence" to warrant an unfavorable construction of one important part of her character. This is a disa-

greeable subject to discuss, but if the novel has been unfairly treated it is right that the error should be pointed out, and if the reviewer has been unjustly accused of perverting an author's meaning he should be allowed the privilege of self-defense. In the first place, in chapter xxvi., — I cannot refer to the page of the French duodecimo edition, having by me only a copy of the quarto, — in the conversation between the aunt and Marianne, Madame Sipiagin, referring to her niece's acknowledged affection for Neshdanof, says: "Vous avez suivi l'impulsion de votre cœur, admettons-le — Mais naturellement cela doit se terminer par un mariage." To this Marianne replies: "Je n'en sais rien — Je n'ai pas pensé à cela." A few moments later she tells her aunt: "Vous êtes enchantée, oui, vraiment enchantée, de voir que je réalise vos éternelles prédictions, que je me couvre de honte, et la seule chose qui vous déplaît, c'est

qu'une part de ce scandale doive retomber sur votre aristocratie—votre honnête maison." And again she adds: "J'ai la conviction que je suis beaucoup plus honnête que vous." These remarks are inexplicable on the theory that she is looking forward to legal marriage with Neshdanof. She distinctly says she has not thought of marrying him, and she speaks of the disgrace she is going to bring upon her aunt's household. In the next chapter (xxvii.) Marianne tells Tatiana that Neshdanof is neither her husband nor her brother. Tatiana says: "Alors, vous vivez comme ça, en libre grâce? Ça aussi, à présent, ça se voit souvent. . . . Pourvu que Dieu donne sa bénédiction et qu'on vive en contentement et confiance! Il n'y a pas besoin de prêtre pour ça." . . . To this Marianne replies: "Comme vous avez de jolies expressions, Tatiana! 'En libre grâce!' Cela me plaît beaucoup." Consequently, in the scene the contributor alludes to, it is by no means certain that she proposes to Neshdanof lawful wedlock. Most readers would, I take it, gather a contrary impression, not alone from the words she then uses, but also from what she has previously said on the subject. It is quite true that the expression *je serai à toi*, taken by itself, may refer to surrender in marriage, but the way to judge the meaning here is with due regard to all the evidence, and not by construing a single equivocal sentence. As to Neshdanof's statement in his letter, it is to be borne in mind that he was a gentleman and full of refined feeling, so that he could not accept the sacrifice without wishing to make the union binding; and as for Solomin, he was already interested in Marianne, and was anxious that she should disgrace herself as little as possible.

It is to be remembered that in this novel Tourguéneff portrays with great accuracy the present state of affairs in Russia, and that the country is in a very curious condition. The story appeared last winter in a Russian review, and in December last, while the MS. was in the printers' hands, there was an outbreak in St. Petersburg quite as senseless as those

described in *Terres Vierge*s. The trial of those who took part in this miniature revolution, as well as of those who distributed incendiary pamphlets, was held in February and March of the present year, and gave legal proof of the exactness of Tourguéneff's drawing. The reports which appeared in some of the Continental journals read almost like the chapters of this novel which refer to the socialistic conspiracies. The Russian traits that are becoming clear to observers of the present war are not such as one would have expected to find. For example, the correspondent of the London Times, in the Russian army before Plevna, writes to that paper under date of August 19th: "I venture the assertion that the Russian people to-day are the most purely democratic in their tendencies and customs in Europe. There is, it is true, the form of an absolute despotism in the government, but this vast undercurrent of democracy makes itself felt in the very heart of this despotism, and really controls its action;" and he illustrates this by an account of the way in which officers recognize privates as their equals. Those who detect a resemblance to the condition of things in this country would do well to note this important difference. The same correspondent speaks elsewhere of an old bridge which "was covered with a sticky coating of mud, a foot in depth, which held the wagon wheels like a vise; a squad of soldiers was stationed there all day to lift transports through this viscous mud, when they might have cleared it away entirely in twenty minutes with half a dozen shovels." And this is but one instance of their clumsiness out of many. But to return to the state of Russian society: it is reported by numerous apparently trustworthy authorities that the country is really infested by nihilism. One old resident writes to the Pall Mall Gazette (see Pall Mall Budget for August 10, 1877, page 15): "The nihilistic plague affects nearly the whole female population immediately above the peasantry. The widest possible definition of women's rights is acquired at the institutes of noble young

ladies as well as at the humblest boarding and day schools, and the enjoyment of those rights after marriage is encouraged by the immorality of the men and the facility with which auricular confession to a debased and servile priesthood condones every offense against the laws of God and man." The conduct of many Russian female students at Zürich, which brought so much disgrace upon the cause of the education of women, will also be remembered. Russians, too, will in conversation acknowledge the lamentable immorality of a large portion of society. Almost at the beginning of Terres Vièrges Tourguénéff says of Mashurina: "*Elle était fille et très chaste — chose peu étonnante! s'écriera quelque sceptique en se rappelant ce que nous avons dit de son extérieur. Chose étonnante et rare! nous permettrons-nous de dire à notre tour.*"

Under these circumstances it will perhaps be plain to the contributor who was pained by the accusation brought against Marianne that it was not "created by the imagination of the critic," and that it is not an "uncharitable construction founded on those words alone," *je serai à toi*, but one that had its origin in the words of Marianne, in the suppositions of those about her, and in the condition of things which Tourguénéff was describing.

— The other day, after a vain search for Daudet's Jack, I was obliged to fall back rather unwillingly upon Cherbuliez's new story, Samuel Brohl et Cie. A French novel was necessary, since I was preparing for a midsummer railroad journey, and experience has taught me that nothing else can so well neutralize the heat and irritations of such an occasion, — like strong coffee when one is obliged to sit up all night, or the pungency of smelling-salts in a crowded hall. I have not, heretofore, liked Cherbuliez; his stories have seemed to me unnecessarily tragic and sensational. It was therefore with judicial calm that I opened Samuel Brohl et Cie, regretting Jack and recalling with a sigh the vivid pages of Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné, which had consoled me during a similar

journey the preceding year. (In speaking of these stories, of course I allude to the original text. A French novel translated always seems like a Paris dress imitated with paper patterns in an interior country town; the form may be there, but oh, oh, the spirit!) My journey lasted three days, and I read Samuel Brohl through three times. In my opinion it is a wonderfully well-told story. It is not great; it does not lift you off your feet, nor send hot chills down your spine, nor call up a tear. But it has the rare merit of being so cleverly constructed that you do not suspect the secret of the plot until the author himself shows it to you, and then your admiration for his dexterity is increased when you go back and notice that at no time did he conceal anything, but played his game, as it were, with his cards face upward on the table all the while, dominating you, however, and making you forget them by the steady power of his eye.

The opening of the story presents an imaginative girl, rich in her own right and independent, restive under the commonplaces of life, thirsty for the unusual; this girl is traveling through a wild mountain region with her father, but without the safety-valve of a woman friend; the Moiseney is not that. All her relatives expect her to marry, some day or other, a young gentleman named Langis, whom she has known from childhood; but because she has known him from childhood she sees nothing in him, of course, and turns her head impatiently to all quarters of the horizon, waiting for the unknown hero to appear. And in this, hard experience and the practical world to the contrary, she does not seem, in my eyes at least, ridiculous; love of the heroic and the capacity for enthusiasms are not at any rate attributes of *small* minds. Young Langis, his suit deferred for the present, amuses himself philosophically as best he can, while Antoinette looks about her and takes time to make up her mind; he is a good fellow in his way, but seems to have no comprehension of the needs of an idealizing temperament like hers, and it

is extraordinary how few men, in real life as well, comprehend them. Why, almost any man can win any imaginative woman (whose affections are disengaged) by means of one or two quiet acts of heroism done for her alone, some silent show of courage or unselfishness, which is all the more effective if there is no advantage to be gained thereby; delightful, uncalculating inutility!

To this expectant girl enter the Count Larinski, taciturn, powerful, handsome, dramatic. He climbs the most appalling peaks carelessly, he saves her father's life, and he persistently avoids *her*; dragged at length, almost by force, into her presence, he relates by chance, and as though it were the most ordinary tale in the world, a history bristling with more vivid adventures, misfortunes, and noble but utterly impractical impulses than ever met the ears of a girl weary and impatient of the commonplace, the conventional, and the comfortable, the three ever-present influences of her life. The finishing touch is bestowed when she discovers, by a comparison of hand-writings, that this same person was the giver of a basket of rare Alpine flowers, — flowers she especially coveted and had in vain tried to gather, — which was sent to her anonymously soon after her arrival in the mountains, accompanied by a note, saying, "An unfortunate man came to this valley weary of life, ready to die. He saw you pass! He has *now* the courage to live."

The effect is immense. And it always will be immense. "I cannot live without you," — what a plea! It goes to the deepest fibres of a woman's nature, half adoring, half pitying. Antoinette now announces that she intends to marry this count; general trouble around the circle of relatives and friends, including, of course, Langis, who is very well drawn from beginning to end in that he does nothing remarkable, but remains what he is first pictured, a practical young fellow who is going to have Antoinette if he possibly can, but, in case of failure, will not exactly hang himself. Another character now advances, Antoinette's godmother. This experienced dowager

undertakes to prove from headquarters that the Pole has invented, or at least exaggerated, his story, after the manner of his nation, — polite people with piano-playing tendencies and poetic eyes. But behold! word comes back from Vienna that every detail is exactly true. New consternation in the circle of relatives, new triumph for Antoinette. Everything rolls on towards the marriage.

In the mean time the skillful narrator lets the reader into the secret; what the anxious dowager with her "information direct from Vienna" and her cautious diplomacy cannot discover, the reader now learns. The real count is dead, and a handsome Polish Jew, of plebeian origin, named Samuel Brohl, has possessed himself of the name, papers, history, souvenirs, and even qualities of the last of the Larinskis, the theft being an easy one, since Brohl had made himself the lonely nobleman's only and confidential friend. He steps into the dead man's identity, and the circumstances are such that no suspicions are aroused; it was not an inheritance of money. Thenceforth, in all his plans and adventures, he thinks of himself as "Samuel Brohl and Company," his partner being "silent," indeed, six feet under the sod; some of the best parts of the book are these mute conversations of his with "the firm."

The reader now watches with eager interest the efforts of the opposing circle of relatives; but at every point the Pole is ready for them. Through it all he remains calm and dignified as ever, and Antoinette becomes more and more infatuated with him. Langis roams around on the outskirts like an angry bull-dog. The time for the marriage draws nearer and nearer; the Pole waxes feverish, and is almost hard to the girl who adores him. Her fortune is to be his without restriction. Suddenly the heavens open, the lightning falls. Sooner or later our old sins always turn up and face us: the one person in the world who knows the real Brohl by a pure chance now passes by, and in a moment the secret is out. It is a degrading one, and exit the Pole.

Langis, of course, gets Antoinette. One can imagine how he will hold her

mistake over her head all her life. It is probable that she will at times ask herself silently why it is that "sensible people" are apt to be so dull, and "adventurers" so entertaining.

The great art of Cherbuliez is shown in the fact that throughout the whole we cannot entirely despise this Brohl, in spite of his servile youth and manhood of imposture. One of the finest scenes in the book is towards the last, where, after the Pole has been found out and all is over, Langis visits him in his room in order to get from him Antoinette's portrait and letters. Before the discovery Langis had challenged his rival; but now he remarks with careless scorn, "I was at the service of the Count Larinski; I cannot be expected, of course, to fight with a Samuel Brohl!" He produces a package of bank-notes and proposes to buy back the souvenirs. Brohl's face changes: his nose becomes more hooked, his chin more pointed; his Jewish father would certainly have recognized him then. He leans back in his chair and drives sharp bargains for his collection of tokens; he alludes to the use he might make of them, and calls attention to the fact that the letters are signed. At last it is over: Langis has the picture and letters, and the discarded lover has the sum of twenty-five thousand francs in exchange for them. Langis now rises; the Jew asks him to wait a moment; twisting the bank-notes together he holds them over the flame of the candle, and burning them to ashes quietly remarks, "You will not, I think, refuse to fight with me *now*!"

The story is a new presentment of a truth which is so obnoxious to many good people: namely, no man is wholly bad. It is, of course, much more effective and dramatic to conduct one half of the world down into the lower regions and put the cover on tight, and then take the other half up through the golden gates. But the trouble is that in real life people cannot be divided like school classes; degrees of good and bad shade into each other imperceptibly; finite eyes cannot see *all*. Instead of being bewildered by these facts, it seems to me

that we ought to take courage from them. To be sure they do away with an aristocracy of virtue; but they also enfranchise millions of serfs. Here, as everywhere, "the mid-world is best."

— A speculative individual in New York has flooded the book-market with a series of English novels which he sells at the low price of ten or twenty cents per copy, according to the thickness of the pamphlet. These novels are issued in quarto shape, with three columns to the page, and vary from twenty to seventy-five pages each. It is certainly cheap literature, but it is not poor, as cheap literature is apt to be; for the plan of publication embraces the works of the great masters of modern English fiction, such as Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade, etc. That the lively projector of this enterprise will reap a golden harvest is very clear to me, but it is by no means so clear how a leading New England journal can bring itself to indorse this business as "in every respect notable and commendable." It is a notable and disgraceful piece of piracy, and if it is commendable, then the ingenious person who steps into your hall and gracefully appropriates your overcoat deserves to have a Philadelphia award. I hold that this New York literary tramp has done a very disreputable thing, and inflicted great wrong —

First, on the English author, whose work he steals;

Second, on the American author, who cannot afford to sell his wares at a price which is remunerative to a man dealing in stolen property;

Third, on the American publisher, who pays copyright to English authors for the privilege of reprinting their works in a worthy manner; and

Fourth, on the general reader, who has eyes to be ruined by a poor-faced, fine type set in unleaded columns.

To encourage this style of cheap literature is to do an injustice to every reputable publisher in America and to every man or woman in the United States who depends upon literary labor for a livelihood.

It will be time enough to be jubilant

over the era of cheap reading when we can get the best books, clearly and neatly printed, at the lowest possible price consistent with a fair profit to the manufacturer; it is rather premature to hail the advent of that period in the appearance of the flimsy paper and execrable type of The Riverside Library. (The name *Riverside*, hitherto associated with an establishment noted for the accuracy and elegance of its typography, is obvious sarcasm.) I am the happy possessor of the fifth number of that series; it contains Thaddeus of Warsaw, by the adorable Miss Jane Porter, and the Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre, — the latter work occupying just eight and one sixth pages, with 18,921 letters to the page. (I have counted them with the assistance of a microscope.) Both stories, it goes without saying, abound in typographical errors. Our entertaining old friend Thaddeus has had many a hard rub in the course of his varied career, but I think he was never quite so shabbily treated as in the present instance.

—I suppose that many of your readers were fully convinced (as I was) by Mr. Wells's article in the July-August number of the North American Review. But is he quite as satisfactory in his statement of the remedy as in his explanation of the evils which have caused the recent quarrels between labor and capital, and threaten serious results for the future?

The real question certainly is, as he puts it, What is to be done with the three men out of six who are no longer wanted to make shoes (for instance) and whom nobody has need for in any other branch of human industry? He answers: Open up new fields for employment, stimulate new wants. But is it not plain that this is but a temporary expedient at best? The experience of the past shows us that there is no hope that consumption will ever hereafter (while coal and iron last) keep pace with the improvements in productive apparatus. If all the capitalists in the country would unite in the effort to apply Mr. Wells's remedy, its inadequacy would still be shown almost at the start. The

very ingenuity which he would set to work to discover or create new wants would be speedily diverted into the devising of new mechanical combinations to supply them. So the last state of the workman would be worse than the first, as he would only have learned of a few more things which he could not hope to have.

But there is another and a more efficacious remedy. The world may be roughly divided (like Gaul) into three parts: First, we have the habitations and the pathways of men, including all the cities. Secondly, the farms. Thirdly, the waste places. Our surplus workmen of the cities can find no room on the farms, for machinery is crowding them out there just as in the factories. Obviously, then, they must go to the "waste places," the rough lands which can never be cultivated successfully by machinery.

The negroes at the South have been blindly (instinctively, one might say) adopting this course for several years past. You can hardly ride half a dozen miles through some parts of Maryland without coming on a cluster of their cabins in the very heart of a piece of woodland. Each owns his acre or half acre, or more, of corn-land, or it may be a larger clearing; and perhaps he has a flock of geese and a few pigs beside. He has traps out, too, for rabbits, and an old long-barreled musket wherewith he occasionally contrives to kill a partridge sitting, and a "possum dog" for night sport. In the spring the yellow perch come up the "branches" by millions, and he can scoop them out and salt them if he will. In the summer a clumsy dip-net, a coarse cord, and a chicken's head are outfit enough for the capture of all the crabs he can eat. The woods and fields, also, abound in berries, and he can sell easily what he does not want. So, too, of his rabbit-skins and coon-skins, and best of all his otter-skins, less often attainable. The musk-rats and squirrels give him meat and fur both. If he is not above doing an odd job or so he can make money for investments at the village store in candy and Sun-

day finery. But he is not absolutely forced to this dire resort. Like Charles Sumner he is "no man's man." What employé working and living on a salary can truly say as much?

Sambo has fathomed the question. We have been living for a century under a condition that is passing away. The employer and the employed are not to be hereafter numerically the two great classes of society. Henceforth the forces and products of inanimate nature will more and more take the place of the great body of employés. In the cycle of human affairs we are coming again to a time when the largest class of men will be those who work for themselves and support themselves directly.

A very little land will enable a man to live. A very little money will enable him to buy that land. If he is earning anything, a little self-denial will enable him to amass that money. If he is earning nothing, then I say that a wealthy man who values his property (not to mention the calls of humanity) could not do a wiser thing than to help the poor man to a patch of land, and take a mortgage thereon for repayment. It would give him a chance for life and hurt nobody, beside removing one item from the sum of society's present dangers. I believe if this matter were fairly presented it would be accepted as perfectly practicable. I have some hope that this suggestion may reach the eyes of those who can act if they will.

The remedy, if applied, would be complete. I am satisfied that on the Chesapeake peninsula alone, within reach of our large cities, there is enough wild land which would yield excellent crops to support all the unemployed now in the country. Even in New England there is a great deal; and in the South and West the aggregate is enormous.

— We are accustomed to think of our wild flowers as growing in conformity to the botanies, but an experience of some years has convinced me that they have their idiosyncrasies as well as we, and that the text-books must either be revised or discarded altogether. Take, for instance, what is known in the vernacu-

lar as "trailin' 'butus," whose flowers, according to Gray, "appear in early spring." We in Hartford think we know exactly when to hunt for it, and that is when the swamp maples are in bloom and the country roads are beginning to get dusty; and certain it is that the young girls from Poquonnoc and Kensington who attend the high-school always wear its blossoms in their hair when they read their graduating essays on *To-Morrow* or *The Mission of the Beautiful*. But these are not infallible signs. On the 20th of March, 1868, *arbutus* was picked at Cheshire, Connecticut; on the 29th of February, 1869, at Laurel Hill, Norwich; about the middle of January, 1870, in Maine. The last week in January, 1876, it concluded to show itself in New Hartford, Connecticut, and astonished the people of Buxton, Maine, by appearing on the 17th of November, in company with some buttercups which had disregarded the season assigned them, "May to July," with the plausible excuse that some flighty members of the family had exhibited themselves in the pastures of Willimantic, Connecticut, January 17, 1870. The dandelions in 1866 were not satisfied with the long period from March to October, but must needs bloom on the Isles of Shoals on Christmas Day, and on the 9th of January of the following year repeat the hazardous experiment in New Hampshire. What shall we say when we find *viola pedata* ("May") purpling the Minnesota prairies in October, as it did in 1866? And must the good folk of Arlington, Massachusetts, who gathered raspberries on the 18th of the same month, in 1871, be sneered at for believing that the opportunity will again be presented? For many of these astonishing statements, those respectable authorities, the *Boston Advertiser* and the *Springfield Republican*, are responsible, and I beg that no one will accuse me of presenting them collectively in a flippant spirit.

— Every one who has tried his hand at writing the great American novel or national drama, and has deplored the lack in our society of a personage corresponding to the brigand of European ro-

mances, is under obligations to a certain novelist into whose latest story the tramp has been allowed to force himself. Mr. Winslow Homer has also discovered some valuable qualities in the vagabond, and with reason, for, having frequent opportunities of studying the tramp from the shelter of a railroad car, I have become deeply impressed with his picturesqueness, and hope it may be long before the revival of business calls him out of our Connecticut landscape. Spinning by too rapidly to determine the depth of the soil on his hands, or to catch the malignant expression in his eye, I merely note that he harmonizes remarkably well with his surroundings, clad as he often is in a dingy garb of blue or butternut; especially so when he lies sleeping on one of those patches of greenish-gray moss that dot the yellow reaches of sand below Wallingford, with a gnarled apple-tree above him and a brilliant sky behind. View him on the sunny side of a bank (he always picks out the very spot that you would have selected for your own lounging place), where he has kindled a little fire with stolen matches, or where he sits musing by the brook, his scanty stock of linen spread out to dry on a turf glittering with dandelions, and tell me if he does not seem as necessary to the landscape as the birds, squirrels, and butterflies that sport about him.

— I have not been convinced by the arguments of Mr. David A. Wells, in the September *Atlantic*, to show that titles and debts are not property. The whole essay, a curiosity in legal literature, overlooks the simple fact that it takes two to make a bargain; that is, in order to a transfer of property, property must be exchanged for it.

Historically the case is this: Mr Kirtland had twenty thousand dollars, the evidence of possession being "cash" or gold in hand, or certificates of stock in Connecticut. Is there any way by which Mr. Kirtland can retain thus much personal wealth, of course in Connecticut, where he resides, and yet put it out of the reach of assessment for taxes? Mr. Wells says, Yes. Southern lawyers say, No.

Let us look at Mr. Wells's plan. His client lends money on a mortgage of land in Illinois. He does not buy the land; he only secures a conditional pre-emption or right to have it sold. Instead of twenty thousand dollars cash at his bankers or in his safe, he has a mortgage. When the assessor comes, can he say he is worth twenty thousand dollars less? By no means. In a business point of view he is better off with the property in that shape, paying him in Connecticut a better income of interest, than before. There has been no loss or diminution. The evidence of his possession of the twenty thousand dollars has merely changed its name. The tax is not laid on the title, but on the property itself, twenty thousand dollars, in all its protean change, as in the classic fable, and I hope with the grasp of Hercules. The ownership of twenty thousand dollars' worth of personal property has never passed out of Mr. Kirtland, or been exchanged for realty. If so, it would be curious to inquire why the mortgagor in Illinois still pays the state tax on the mortgaged property. Are the twenty thousand dollars — cash, notes, or mortgage — to go untaxed in Illinois, because the mortgagee, Kirtland, does not reside in Illinois? and untaxed in Connecticut, because the conditional assignment involves property out of the State's jurisdiction? If such were the policy of the law, it would enable capital to draw to the resident owner all its fruits of interest by investment in foreign securities or mortgages out of the State's jurisdiction, and yet be exempt from all the burdens of government. The New York capitalist need only exchange the nominal holding of securities with the Philadelphia or New Orleans capitalist, and both be exempt from any taxation. It would throw all the burden of taxation on lands, mining, manufactures, and commerce, and relieve the usurer and money-broker from any tax whatever. It is a proposal not to tax capital invested in usury. Not only does the theory deny that cash, bonds, and mortgages are property, but it asserts that by merely changing the name of property, as from bank-stock to

foreign mortgage, its character is so altered, without diminution of value to the holder, that it ceases to be property.

Titles and debts, like the stones that indicate the boundaries of land, define the character of the property possessed, and the law taxes the thing described, not the paper, parchment, or granite. It always remains the same, — twenty thousand dollars in the possession of Mr. Kirtland, — and should be assessed wherever he is.

But shall the twenty thousand dollars, "something made of nothing," be taxed twice, — be taxed as cash in the hands of the mortgagee in Illinois, and as a mortgage lien in Connecticut? It is a sufficient answer to that to say it is not the business of Connecticut to determine on what property Illinois shall lay her taxes. So long as Mr. Kirtland has possession of his twenty thousand dollars, as evidenced by the mortgage lien, and its interest is paid to him in Connecticut, he is not injured by any Illinois tax that is not laid on him. Nor would this be altered even if Mr. Kirtland paid the local tax on the mortgaged property, which is not the case stated by Mr. Wells; because that would be a mere incident of the transaction, insufficient to alter the express deed of the parties, declaring the realty had *not* been transferred.

But in practice the twenty thousand dollars is not taxed twice. The Illinois mortgagor is assessed the whole value of the estate mortgaged *plus* twenty thousand dollars cash and *less* twenty thousand dollars indebted to Kirtland, of Connecticut, by mortgage recorded. Thus, every incident shows that the property of twenty thousand dollars, which Mr. Wells persists in not recognizing as such, has never passed from Connecticut to Illinois, and the mortgaged land has not passed to Mr. Kirtland so as to render him locally liable for its assessed taxable value. The twenty thousand dollar property has gone through changes of name in the transaction, as a rogue assumes an alias to escape the officer; it has been cash or bank-stock in Connecticut, a mortgage lien laid in

Illinois, and part cash again, but in all these it has always been the same twenty thousand dollars' worth of property in the possession of Mr. Kirtland, of Connecticut. And that is what the State taxes, — the thing itself, not the name Mr. Kirtland may give it in his business. Titles and debts, therefore, are property just as federal currency is property, — not for the value of the paper or printing, but, to repeat the illustration of the landmarks, because they define and point out the property to be valued. So the mint stamp on a gold coin is property in that it defines what the piece is worth. The law only assumes that the mint stamp is correct. If Mr. Kirtland wishes to deny that the stamp on that particular mortgage bond is right, that is, it is a bad debt, he has that remedy. But he cannot at once admit that, like the mark on the coin, it is a correct definition of value in his hands, and then plead the contradiction that it is not the twenty thousand dollars the bond calls for. If it is property to him, it must be property to the State of Connecticut; and that I hold to be sustained by the Southern decisions throughout.

— I have sat for an hour or two lately in close proximity to Tweed, during one of his examinations before the board of aldermen in New York. One never entirely gets over his readiness to see the biggest thing of its kind in any notable line. Tweed is the Centennial of embezzlers. The magnitude of his exploits puts him on a different scale of being. You don't feel as if you could enter into his sentiments and understand him in your way, on general principles of human nature. Speculation falls off abortively, as from the contemplation of how it must seem to be a rhinoceros or a white whale. *

He has the face which Nast made so familiar, but so much less familiar than Nast's that it seems washed out and visionary. He has a worldly but by no means a distinctively wicked air. Who has, that you can depend upon? I have known a person who was decided by discriminating physiognomists to have "rascal written in every line of his

face" turn out an honest and faithful agent. There seems to be, indeed, no certain "art to find the mind's construction in the face." The corporeal substance is too tough for the soul adequately to work itself through, and the features have to get along the best way they can without this assistance.

His complexion is red, his eye a milky blue, which is seen from a long distance. He read over the minutes of his previous testimony at first, breathing a little stertorously, like a lawyer preparing his notes to address the court. There is no theory of necessity or temptation in Tweed's case, with which criminals at least palliate their own failings. His logical course, therefore, the only possible proceeding by which he can raise himself a little way, is to pull down as many as possible to his level. He seems finally to have taken this natural view of it. Each of his quick answers came tearing into the community like a case of moral canister. Now a row of senators, now a learned counsel, now a trusted financial officer, was mangled. It is not my province to decide on the truth of these charges; the point is that guilty or innocent the shots are fired and have their effect. At some lucky lapse of memory in minor matters, a name of this or that participant, one could hardly suppress a sigh of relief, as though he had seen a man barely escape a railroad train. Suppose some Tweed of ordinary life should turn up in each community and go to revealing what everybody had done! Would it be a good or evil moral influence, I wonder!

The audience at this hearing consisted of small-headed, crooked-featured men of the people, of a young and aimless sort, who might have been hanging about the corridors in the vague hope of — a possible overpaid job. It is hard to believe, but the ex-"Boss" has been cheered while getting into his carriage. The imagination of this constituency is dazzled, perhaps, to the exclusion of moral considerations, by the Aladdin-like brilliancy of the treasures in which he dealt, and by the grandeur of the conception of taking a city of a million peo-

ple by the throat for one's own personal benefit.

Five thousand dollars, at one time, the Boss admits he considered a fair sum, — about as much as he now considers five dollars. Out of an invested capital of ten thousand dollars in doing the city printing, five plunderers drew seventy-five thousand dollars per annum for several years. The new court-house consumed fourteen millions, of which less than two were paid for the actual construction.

The legend of Tweed, as it might be called, with that of Jim Fisk, lingers in the Bowery, and the cult is disseminated to especial advantage in these hard times, throughout the country, by means of depressed "variety show" performers who wander out to open entertainments in the smaller places. The two are celebrated in a song, in which the weaknesses with which they stand charged are conceded in a manner, but their irregular sequestration of the funds of the rich is fully condoned in consideration of the uses to which they were put.

As well as I can recollect, the ballad has a general character like this: —

"You may talk about Tweed and his monstrous frauds,
But he turned not the needy away from his door;
He distributed charities in various wards;
Oh, he always was good to the poor."

It does not differ so much from the plan of our friends the communists, — a man in the treasury ladling out its contents for the benefit of the indigent, — except, perhaps, that Tweed took rather too much for himself.

There are those who despair of republican institutions and of government generally, from a few cases like this. I should be inclined to do so myself, except that I notice that it is not the government alone which has an occasional book-keeper who steals. One's attention is called now and then to something of the sort in the most vigilantly watched departments of private life.

— As to the cure of the faults arising from false culture various things may be said. The first thing necessary is to recognize the error, for the sting is taken out of affectation when its existence is

acknowledged; but much more than this is necessary before any real change can be made. It would be well, in the first place, to confess that it is impossible for every one to know everything, and that a pretended omniscience, besides being unattractive, can be too easily assumed really to tempt any thoughtful person. Then it is not too much to say that there is nothing especially desirable in having the world filled with glib uniformity of opinion, in finding men's ideas as monotonously alike as their dress-coats. A commendable plan would be to cultivate in all persons that for which they show some taste, and not to try to cover all their deficiencies with smooth padding, in order to secure agreement of each one with every one else, while keeping all from the full development of their latent points of excellence. Some will show no capacity for receiving culture: any wood may be varnished, but not every sort receives polish; and so it is with men and women. Others, again, can be properly educated, and additions may be made to their stock of information by educating the taste and not by fastening upon their inactive minds the general verdicts with which cultivated respectability demands that we shall agree. This may be illustrated by the following anecdote of a wise father who was more anxious that his daughter should be a person of taste than that she should learn her opinions by rote. Accordingly, he used to take her two or three times a week to look at the casts of the statues at the Boston Athenæum, where she soon learned to perceive what there was fine in the statues of Sophocles, Menander, etc. For the next step her father told her that he was going to show her a statue grander and more dignified than

any she had already seen, which, too, it would require all the experience she had to be able to enjoy. He then took her to Houdon's statue of Washington and his cane. The daughter looked at it for some time, and then said, "I know it must be very fine, because you said it was, but I really cannot see what you find to admire in it." This is a true way of learning, which is in every respect preferable to getting a list of what is good out of a book, and then turning one's experience to the corroboration of the authorities one has chosen to believe in.

There is, however, one thing at work which will doubtless prove more efficacious than denunciation of what is wrong or than recommending what is right in anecdotes and parables, and that is the voice of fashion, which has begun to say, in discreet, barely audible whispers, seldom heard as yet, but all the more powerful on that account, that culture is nonsense, and that its days are numbered. There need be no fear in any timid soul that this edict threatens harm to real education; it means, if it means anything, that pretentious culture may be soon an unfashionable thing, and that the great ardor for æsthetic propriety will be succeeded by some new enthusiasm, which too will have its day of flourishing, its fall and disappearance. No friend of real culture — there seems to be no other name for it — need fear the day; possibly in that dim future when people will have ceased to care for agreement with every one else, there may be some faint encouragement given to originality, which, properly checked, would be an interesting thing, but all the truth will not be in our hands then; perhaps, however, we may be able to see more clearly some of our errors.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE title-pages and back-lettering of Dr. Anderson's five volumes¹ upon the missions of the American Board seem to us to need reconstruction in the interest of system and uniformity. The first of the five, as enumerated below, is really a collection of lectures upon what may be called the *science* of missions, delivered some years since to the students of normal theological seminaries in different parts of the country. This discussion has, of course, though essentially philosophical in its character, an historic cast, and an appendix contains much valuable statistical matter relating to the general missionary work of all branches of the Christian church. The historical series proper begins with the second of the volumes named, to wit, that upon the missions of India; but there is nothing upon either its title-page or cover to indicate the fact. The remaining three volumes are numbered consecutively, upon their backs, II., III., IV., and these numerals are repeated on the title-pages; but the further arrangement of the latter is such as to give occasion for some confusion in the mind of the unfamiliar reader respecting the exact number of volumes upon the missions to the Oriental churches, and to lead him to suppose that upon the Hawaiian Islands there may be two volumes, whereas there is only one. The proper and logical ordering of the historical series would be this: History of the Missions of the American Board. Vol. I., India; Vol. II., Hawaiian Islands; Vols. III., and IV., Oriental Churches. The work certainly is one which deserves the clearest and most appreciative introduction to the public.

Few men have lived to be so connected with such a service to their race, and to write such a history of it, as Dr. Anderson. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is the oldest foreign missionary organization in the United States, and Dr. Anderson, though not now in active service, may be said to be its oldest liv-

ing secretary. The board was organized in 1810, and Dr. Anderson's official connection with its administration extends over a period of forty years. In addition to the close knowledge of its affairs acquired through the ordinary duties of his secretaryship, he has had the advantage of a personal study of the missionary field by extended travel in it; and this, together with his acquaintance with almost all of the hundreds of missionaries who have been sent forth, and his long-continued correspondence with them, has fitted him above every other man living for the compilation of such a history. The theory upon which the missionary work of the American Board proceeds is probably well understood. That theory is that the whole world "lieth in wickedness" and under "condemnation," relief from which is to come only through knowledge of the doctrines of the Bible, as interpreted by the so-called "evangelical churches," and conformity of life thereto. However men may differ as to the soundness of this theory, and whatever hope we may have for such of the unfortunate heathen as fail to be reached by its benefits, there can be but one feeling of respect, and even of admiration, for the faith and courage, the energy and zeal of those who accept it and whose service thereof is here recorded. It has often seemed to us that the book of the Acts of the Apostles is the most entertaining and suggestive portion of the Scriptures. Such a history of modern missions as the one before us partakes largely of the same character. It is full of that truth which is much stranger than fiction. Its biographies present many striking portraits; its personal reminiscences abound in pleasing anecdote. The color of romance lights up many of its pages, and its contribution to our useful knowledge of the human race is solid and valuable. Laying all religious opinions aside, one may read either of these volumes with a degree of instruction and interest which few works can equally supply.

¹ *Foreign Missions: Their Relations and Claims.* By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Third Edition. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in India. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

History of the Missions of the American Board of

Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Hawaiian Islands. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Oriental Churches. In Two Volumes. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

In the early years of the century there were at Williams College a circle of young men who found themselves fired with the purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen in foreign lands. Their names, ever memorable, were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Knott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell. It was this undertaking which so appealed to the Trinitarian Congregational churches of Massachusetts as to call into being the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to be the agent of the support and direction of these young men. India was chosen as the first field of their operations. The period 1810-1815 was exceedingly unpropitious for a beginning, the East India Company being then in the midst of a desperate struggle to keep its broad and lucrative domain closed to education and the gospel, and the war between Great Britain and the United States giving occasion for still more serious obstacles. The entrance of the missionaries upon their work under these circumstances was attended by many remarkable and trying incidents. The volume upon the India missions is cast in twenty chapters, and traces one important line of religious effort in British India for half a century. The mission to the Oriental churches seems next to have engaged the attention of the board. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the map of the territory covered by this mission is almost precisely the same as that with which we are made familiar by the travels and labors of the apostle Paul. Thus, after the lapse of almost eighteen centuries, during which the ideas of Christianity have extended around the world, we find them returning and attempting to renew themselves upon the very spot where they were first proclaimed. Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Asia Minor, Greece, these are parts of the identical field of earliest apostolic effort. Indeed, the traces of those efforts still remain, and in a degree the object of the modern missionary is but to retouch, as it were, the worn plate upon which the older workman expended his most careful skill. The two volumes upon the Oriental missions will be found to throw not a little light upon that border land between Europe and Asia which is just now the centre of so much interest. The modern history of the Turk and of his relation to Christianity and civilization cannot be fully understood except by the perusal of that chapter of it which is here recorded.

Of all the missions of the American Board, none perhaps has been so successful within

the limits of possibility, or to a greater degree has excited the popular sympathy, than that to the Hawaiian Islands. This is now substantially a finished work. It was in 1809, or thereabouts, that a young Sandwich Islander, named Obookiah, landed in New Haven from an American ship. Wandring about the town, his attention was soon attracted by the college buildings, and having learned their object, he was found one day weeping upon the threshold of one of them. To a compassionate gentleman who questioned him as to the source of his grief he replied that it was because there was no one to instruct him. Could there be anything more pathetic than this picture from real life? Obookiah was taken in hand, others like him were joined with him, and a school was started for their benefit at Cornwall, Connecticut, with the intention of fitting them to become useful missionaries to their own people. Out of this school grew the mission to the Sandwich Islands, which was commenced in the year 1820. This was more than forty years after the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, and twenty-three years after the missionaries of the London Missionary Society had made a first landing at the Society Islands, in the South Pacific. Obookiah, however, had died in 1818. His death may be said to have been the life of the Hawaiian church. Two young ministers from the Andover Theological Seminary, Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, three native Hawaiian youths from the school at Cornwall, a physician, two school-masters, a printer, and a farmer formed the first missionary company. They were "married men, and the farmer took with him his five children." This little colony of souls was organized into a mission church at Park Street Church, Boston, and sailed from that city in the brig *Thaddeus*, October 23, 1819. An unexpected train of events at the islands prepared for the missionaries a very friendly reception, although in quality it was not exactly in keeping with the conventionalities of "good society." When his majesty the king came on board the brig, at Kailua, "to dine with the only company of white women he had ever seen, his clothing, in accordance with the taste and fashion of the time, was a narrow girdle around his waist, a green silk scarf over his shoulders, a string of large beads on his otherwise bare neck, and a wreath of feathers on his head; without coat, vest, pants, or shirt, without hat, gloves, shoes, or stockings." The missionaries soon introduced a

better style of dress. "At the reception of the first reinforcement at Honolulu, three years later, the dress of the king and of his chiefs of both sexes was after the civilized fashion." The Sandwich Islanders are probably now past salvation, from a human point of view, for their long-continued and hereditary habits of vice have fatally undermined the national constitution; but undeniable it is that the fifty years' work of the American missionaries has completely transformed the national character, and displaced a degraded savagery with the order and much of the culture, of the Christian state. To the fact of this great civic and moral revolution an abundance of unimpeachable witnesses testify. Said the Hon. H. A. Pierce, the American minister resident, at the Jubilee in June, 1870: "Forty-five years' knowledge of this archipelago enables me to draw a truthful contrast between their former state and present condition. In 1825, Hawaiians were ignorant and debased, though amiable and hospitable, possessing greater intelligence than Polynesian races. In 1870, we see them advanced to a high degree of Christian knowledge, general education, civilization, and material prosperity. The happy result is due, for the most part, under God, to the labors of the American missionaries. On an occasion like this I am permitted to bear personal testimony to their Christian virtues, zeal, devotion, industry, ability, and faithfulness, as illustrated by fifty years of missionary labor, and I am firmly of opinion that without their teachings and assistance this nation would have long since ceased to exist." So, too, the late Rev. Franklin Mising, an Episcopal clergyman, and one of the secretaries of the American Church Missionary Society, who spent four months at the Islands during 1867, writes: "I visited thoroughly the chief islands, nearly every mission station on the whole group, and, so far as facilities were given me, all the religious, educational, and social institutions. I attended Sunday and week-day services; made the personal acquaintance of the major part of the missionaries of all creeds; conversed with persons of many professions and social grades. . . . To me it seems marvelous that in comparatively so few years the social, political, and religious life of the nation should have undergone so radical and blessed a change as it has." It is a good cause for thanksgiving to a large and influential portion of the community that Dr. Anderson's life has been spared to prepare these volumes. It could be wished, in the

interest of that historical fullness and accuracy which we are all interested in securing, that he could find time and strength for the completion of a work of which we have here only a part. But whatever the limits of his earthly life may prove to be, he may certainly look back with satisfaction upon his long and faithful service to Christian missions, of which this literary labor of love is by no means the least part.

— Baker's *Turkey*¹ is issued by the American publishers in a very attractive form, as a companion volume to Wallace's *Russia*; but the two books are alike only in typographical execution and in the style of binding. The scope and purpose of the work on *Russia* is very different from that on *Turkey*. It rests on a much broader foundation, possesses greater originality, and shows greater care in preparation. Colonel Baker's work, while it contains much that is valuable and interesting, presented in an easy, off-hand style, bears the marks of having been somewhat hastily put together to meet the demand for information on the Eastern Question. The author visited European Turkey in 1874, and after traveling over a considerable portion of it on horseback, noting the manners and customs of the people, and the resources of the country, he took advantage of the imperial rescript granting to foreigners the right to hold real property in the Ottoman Empire, and has since occupied the greater portion of his time in carrying on a farm in that part of Southern Rumilia known as Macedonia. It may be presumed, therefore, from the fact of his having taken a pecuniary interest in the industry of the country, that his experiences with the government and the people during his travels did not make an unfavorable impression upon his mind. An Englishman, especially one who travels under the auspices of official favor, is likely to see the best both of public and private life among the Turks. That Colonel Baker has presented what he believes to be a true picture of the people and their rulers we may well believe; but that he has been misled as to the character of the Mussulman population, and that he has formed too high an estimate of their capacity for future advancement in civilization, is evident to any one at all familiar with the history of that country during the past hundred years. He does not pretend, he says, that Turkish administration is all that can be desired, but

¹ *Turkey*. By JAMES BAKER, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

it is not in any degree as bad as it is usually painted. He found that the Turkish rank and file, "the real pith of the nation," were distinguished for patience, discipline, sobriety, bravery, honesty, modesty, and *humanity*. This last descriptive epithet he knows "will excite an indignant exclamation from many at the present moment. But look at the Turkish soldier in private life, and you find him gentle and kind to children and women, and exceedingly fond of animals. His first thought after a long and tiring day's march is his horse. As soon as he has made the animal comfortable, then he thinks of the man. When he is exasperated by what he thinks are insults to his creed, he kills and slays as his teaching tells him, and he appears a fanatical madman." Now it is very little consolation to the Christians subject to Turkish rule that the Turk is kind to his horse and gentle to the women and children of his family, if, on the slightest provocation, he takes a holy pleasure in mutilating and slaying those who do not profess the Mohammedan faith; and Colonel Baker's statement simply goes to sustain the Russian position, that this fanatical madman must be put into a strait-jacket when he undertakes to mutilate and slay his Christian subjects simply because they are Christians and not Mohammedans.

The theory which this book endeavors to establish is that all, or most, of the evils which have come upon the Turks in these latter days are due to the interference of Russian agents and to the corrupt reign of Sultan Abdul-Aziz. The mass of Mussulmans are represented as living in harmony with their Christian neighbors except where the religious passions of both are stirred into activity by outsiders. Colonel Baker says that in traveling through Bulgaria, in 1874, he "never saw a country which looked less like the seat of rebellion: the people were prosperous, peaceful, and contented. The foreign agents who were sent to manufacture rebellion in 1867-68 were ordered to compel the peaceable Christian peasantry to join their ranks and rise against their oppressors. The orders were the same in 1876; and in abject terror some few unfortunate Bulgarians did join the ranks of the many ruffians that gathered in the hope of plunder, and we know the sad result."

Against this statement we may put the testimony of a correspondent of the London Times, who was with the Russian advance when it entered Tirnova. "The poor

people," he says, "literally wept, prayed, and hung upon the necks of their deliverers, who were almost smothered in flowers. One saw rough cuirassiers of the guard and dirty dragoons grinning with delight as they carried armfuls of flowers, as much as they could possibly manage, and had their hands seized and kissed by pretty girls. Everything that was done came evidently and directly from the heart,—the heart relieved from an unendurable yoke and a great and immediate danger." The correspondent has a good deal more to say about what he saw and heard concerning the sickening brutality of the "humane and gentle" Turkish soldier; and the Times, remarking editorially on this letter and the letters of other correspondents at the seat of war, says, "It is a terrible commentary on Turkish rule that wherever the invader comes he is received by the Christians with enthusiasm."

Colonel Baker's idea that the mass of the Mussulman population is well disposed towards the Christians, and that the disturbing element, apart from Russian interference, is caused by the exactions of a corrupt administration, is altogether at variance with the representations usually made on behalf of the Turks. The notorious failure of the Turkish government to carry out the reforms which were promised in connection with the treaty of Paris, as well as the failure to carry out measures promised and promulgated since then for ameliorating the condition of its Christian subjects, has been excused on the ground that the Mussulman population in the country were violently opposed to the liberal policy proposed by the government, and that they were determined to resist, as contrary to the teachings of the Koran, the granting any privileges to the Christians. The plea of those who uphold Turkish rule is that we shall have patience yet a little while to enable the government to educate its Mussulman subjects up to its own high standard of tolerance and liberality. If Colonel Baker is right, the representations of the English government have been quite at fault in the excuses which they have hitherto made for the short-comings of the porte.

The author's feeling against Russia is so strong that he gives credence to a story that the Russians stirred up a rebellion in Bulgaria in 1867-68, with the intention, if it rose to formidable proportions, to furnish Russian troops for the purpose of quelling it! That there is a strong feeling among the Russian people in favor of driving the

Turks out of Europe, that individuals, both in private life and in subordinate positions connected with the government, have been concerned in disreputable schemes to propagate rebellion among the Christian subjects of the Ottoman power, is well known; but that these men have been backed by the Russian government, that that government has been engaged in petty intrigues with the Bulgarian peasantry to promote a revolt with the intention of afterwards getting a hold upon the Turkish government by assisting it to put down the revolt, will not be generally believed until more trustworthy evidence is furnished than we find in the statements of the ingenious storytellers who stand fast by the ancient of Islam.

It should not be understood from the space here given to the subject that the book is wholly, or in great part, devoted to a discussion of the Eastern Question. That question forms but a small portion, and, when properly estimated, the least valuable portion, of the contents. There is much interesting matter in relation to the early history of the Bulgarians, the Turks, the Ottoman slaves, the Albanians, and the Crimean Tartars, and some original and valuable observations upon agriculture and Turkey as a field for emigration. By means of machinery and good farming, Colonel Baker thinks Turkey can compete successfully with America in the great European markets. But the great difficulty heretofore has been in getting the machinery set up, and in obtaining laborers who could operate it.

—During the year since Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. projected their pretty series of miniature reprints, the Vest-Pocket Series¹ (a name to which some of us who do not like to call a waistcoat a vest must always object), the numbers have increased to nearly a hundred, with an ever-increasing public favor, and with an equally increasing claim to it. The little volumes are not in any sense to be reviewed, but they fulfill so well a literary purpose that criticism cannot quite ignore them. Their range is wide, and they offer in their extremely portable and convenient shape an extraordinarily judicious selection of the best English and American literature. Some thirty-two of the series are devoted to American authors: six are given to Emerson's essays,

the detachable character of which singularly suits them to this form of publication; Longfellow has three; Lowell, four; Aldrich, three; Whittier, two; Hawthorne, four; and the rest are distributed among the best authors published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. Among English writers are Tennyson, Dickens, Mrs. Browning, Goldsmith, Dr. John Brown, Coleridge, Keats, Gray, Browning, Carlyle, Pope, Macaulay, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Kingsley, Shakespeare, Shelley, Moore, Southey, Scott, Collins, Herrick, Byron, Campbell, and Bloomfield; and many of these names, which so fairly strike the liking of the vast average of readers, are represented by selections of "favorite poems," which are again surprisingly fortunate guesses at the general taste. There are twenty-five volumes of favorite poems, and on the whole we do not see how they could have been better chosen or indeed how the whole series could be improved. The form is one in which all who love literature will be glad to read again the things that have often pleased them; and we cannot help believing that it will render a signal service to letters by lightly bringing to many vacant minds the intellectual occupation they would never seek. It is in compact and available shape a sort of introductory library to the best English literature, — a collection to be kept on work-tables and window-seats, where all the household may readily find and use it at any odd half hour.

—That Lass o' Lowrie's² is perhaps not a book to arrest all readers at the first glance; the Lancashire dialect so freely used and a certain air of artificial impressiveness will possibly strike some persons unfavorably. But whatever disadvantage there may be in these things is only superficial. The conventional contrasts, if we may call them so, between the brutish miners and the intelligent, excellent engineer too obviously named Derrick; between the timid and sincere curate Grace and the self-confident rector; and again between Anice, the rector's daughter, and Joan Lowrie, are almost inevitable. An author of more experience, or with a taste for more subtle distinctions and more intricate relations, might have mitigated the sharpness of these oppositions, which tend to diminish rather than heighten the color of the characters; but it is evidently a part of Mrs. Burnett's

¹ *Vest-Pocket Series*. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. By FRANCES HODGSON

BURNETT. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

remarkable gift to fix everything firmly in black and white, and simplify her outlines; and it must be admitted that she produces by her method a vigorous, most powerful effect. Derrick, Grace, and Mr. Barholm are, we think, a little too simply conveyed; the three women are drawn with a much more intimate knowledge and sympathy,—especially poor “Liz,” whose wavering, errant, querulous yet appealing nature, combined with her hapless beauty, is put before us with touches more delicate than the other portraits receive. But whatever differences there may be among the several representations, there is nothing to be denied in the whole work: all is true in its degree. The dialect, too, which we are sure will have prejudiced some readers at the start, is admirably managed. It never runs to excess, as George Macdonald’s Scotch patois does; and as the ear becomes used to it, there arises a new zest from the uncouth talk. The range of peculiar words is extremely small, yet Mrs. Burnett draws from it various effects, from the broadly comic to the pathetic. But the story is hardly one to be discussed on the level of mere literary technics. It contains art enough, for it contains the substance of all art in its deep insight into human suffering and aspiration; and though the narrative is not carried on from chapter to chapter as closely as one would wish, there is not a superfluous sentence in the book: the characters, at least, evolve themselves in a purely dramatic way. We shall not be surprised to find Mrs. Burnett, in the future, taking a place—not on just the same grounds, but by virtue of merits of her own—with Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell among the few eminent women novelists whom we distinguish from good masculine novelists only that we may pay them an added reverence.

—Canolles¹ is an old-fashioned story of the Revolutionary period. To veteran novel-readers, accustomed to elaborate plots and subtle delineations of character, Mr. Cooke’s art will not be entirely satisfying. They will smell the *dénoûment* afar off; and they will smile, perhaps, instead of tremble when, after the failure of all imaginable efforts to relieve him, the hero is led out to be shot. They know that there is to be a rescue or a reprieve just as the weeping lieutenant is about to give the last and fatal order; and they know that, although there

are insuperable obstacles in the way of a union between the brave partisan and his lovely sweetheart, the union will take place, and the last page will give assurances that the heroic stock is in a fair way of being perpetuated. But even to such knowing readers the story will not be without interest. It will remind them of their school-days, when the favorite novelist’s heroes were all gallant and handsome, and could jump further, ride faster, and shoot straighter than any of their fellows; and the heroines were always “jolly,” and performed marvelous feats in the way of dancing and of riding horseback. With all its shortcomings the story is thoroughly healthy and hearty; and it will be quite sure to interest the boys who are fond of Cooper, Kennedy, and Gilmore Simms.

Captain Canolles is the leader of a company of rough-riders operating in Virginia during the presence of the British troops in that State in the last years of the war. The captain is a man of mystery, with a bad reputation. He holds no commission in the American army, and is supposed to fight for plunder alone, and to take from the invader and the invaded alike. His coolness and courage under the most trying circumstances are beyond those of Cooper’s braves. He has a sense of honor as high as that of the Chevalier Bayard. Why does he pursue a course which brands him as a freebooter and a desperado? After the reader has puzzled over this for a sufficient length of time, and has been properly tantalized by having the explanation almost within his grasp, he is told that Canolles is the son of an F. F. V. His father supported Patrick Henry in opposing taxation without representation, and was afterwards a delegate from Virginia to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was nevertheless opposed to a separation from Great Britain, and when independence was declared he mortgaged his estate, took the proceeds, and went to England, leaving his two sons, who were indisposed to desert their native State in such a crisis. The elder son, Canolles, espoused his father’s quarrel so far as to refuse to accept a commission from the Continental Congress; and during the early part of the war he sat sulking at home, like Achilles in his tent. His brother, who possesses a more ardent temperament, does not hesitate to lead a company of cavalry into the continental service. When the British invade Virginia, Canolles sees his duty. He changes his

¹ Canolles: *The Fortunes of a Partisan of '81*. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Detroit: E. B. Smith & Co.

name, raises a company of men in his neighborhood, establishes his headquarters in the great morass known as White Oak Swamp, and sallies forth to harass the invader and help drive him from the State. His refusal to accept a commission, coupled with repeated captures of the money chests accompanying the British forces, and his failure to account for the treasure taken, subjects him to the imputation of being a mere marauder. It afterwards appears that the money is used to pay off the mortgage raised on the family estate by the father when he fled to Europe. That being accomplished, and the foe being on the retreat to Yorktown, where they finally surrendered, Captain Hartley Canolles Cartaret—for that is his true name—disbands his rough-riders, and is about to retire to Europe to hide a broken, or at least a fractured heart, when he learns that Miss Fanny Talbot, the object of his affection, has discarded her former lover and is languishing for him. The conclusion is obvious. Mr. Cooke would perhaps claim that his novel has a purpose, namely, the cultivation of a States rights spirit. But no federalist and no believer in Mr. Boutwell's theory of subordinating the State to the United States authorities need fear its influence in a political way.

— St. Thomas of Canterbury impressed the imaginations of men in his own and in succeeding days as few men have ever done. Before the century in which he lived was gone out, the poets had written the story of his romantic career, and many times since he has been forced to sit to versifiers of every degree of merit for an heroic portrait. We confess with some reluctance that the earlier are more to our taste than the more modern versions of his life. In Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence, for instance, notwithstanding his prosiness, the dreariness of his theology, his long-windedness, and like faults, there is a sense of reality, the vigor of strenuous and abundant life, the Middle Age flesh and blood, the pulse of things real in their day, which we miss in later authors.

The book before us¹ is throughout more or less an anachronism; the sentiment has caught the modern pallor; the finger of a new time has touched the story, the breath of a new spirit blows through it. It is not merely that here and there a single verse is

out of tune, as when the world-worn Empress Matilda is made to say,—

“Life, my child,
In times barbaric is a wilderness;
In cultured times a street or wrangling mart:
We bear it, for we must;”

a sentiment which smacks of the London gentleman too much. Our author does not present to us the man Thomas à Becket, full of energy and passion, whose youthful lance had sent

“That French knight, Engelramme de Trie,
Upon the red field rolling.”

The object on which his eye is fixed is not the fierce struggle between the unyielding archbishop and King Henry, so much as the spiritual transformation of Becket from the impatient chancellor of the world into the meek martyr; and thus it happens that fervent piety rather than dramatic power characterizes his poem. It is the steadfast, majestic, eternal church which claims his highest poetic feeling. When the hour of the great martyrdom approaches, and John of Salisbury, whose heart is with the fate of Becket, feels the “earth shiver as ship in storm,” and “the ground earthquake-shaken” and “shadows vast far flung, and whence we know not, o’er it sweep,” the author’s heart is with the monk Herbert, who sees meantime “the church” which

“Nor hastes, nor halts, nor frets, nor is amazed,”
but,

“A smile upon her lips,
She stands with eyes close fixed upon her Lord,
Nay, on his sacred vestments’ lowest hem,
To see where next he moves.”

It is when he shows the power of the church for support and healing, as in the nun Idonea, or for the peace which comes of exalted mysticism, as in the monk Herbert, or when he is setting forth the claim of the church to a place of large, if not controlling, influence in the state, as in the meeting of Becket and Henry, that he is most in earnest and most moved.

It is in harmony with this treatment that while he has taken most of his incidents and motives from the old chroniclers, he has excluded much of the fierce passions and free speech of the Middle Ages which make the old story so vivid and so real. At the council of Northampton, when the primate, deserted by the bishops and his knights, worn with sickness, and racked by the conflict of his duty to the church and his fealty and love to the king, in danger of imprisonment and death, bears in his own hand for protection the archiepiscopal cross, the chroniclers tell us of bishops who stood

¹ *St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem.*
By AUBREY DE VERE. London. Henry S. King & Co.
1876.

weeping, and how Thomas himself could hardly maintain the dignity of his office, so strong and violent was his grief; and amid this his great enemy, the bishop of London, urged him to lay down the cross, and when he refused actually laid hold of it and tried to wrench it from his hands.

"Des meins la li voleit par vive force oster"

says Garnier. Such scenes as this are robbed of their violent incidents, we suppose, as being inconsistent with the dignity of the poem; so in the scene of the martyrdom, the hurry and terror of the accompanying incidents are left out. It is not because this is a sin against exact realism — which we would not cry out at — that we are sorry for the omission, but because these things convey the spirit of the real drama. We think, too, that the author has not caught the workings of the great passions which made the heart of the struggle. The sincere and simple devotion of Becket to the church and of Henry to the state, while through all his anger Henry loved Becket and through all his injuries Becket loved Henry; the counter-currents of the two great ideas of government which each served and of which they were only the momentary and transitory champions and defenders, by the compelling fate of which nevertheless their human affections and lives were riven, — this it is which was the core of the real drama then enacted, and this our author has inadequately presented.

If we do not look for more than our author has to give us, however, — a descriptive poem in dialogue inspired by deep piety toward the church of Rome, — we shall find much pleasure and many excellences. The story of St. Thomas has a charm wherever and whenever told, whether by friends or enemies; and here we have a noble figure in the saint and many interesting figures in his friends. Across the scene of monastic treachery and intrigue flash the sunshine and civilization of Queen Eleanor's fair Guienne, where are

"Swift southern springs, that with a flame of flowers

In one day light the earth;"

and men who say the church's cap is

"A fool's cap on a palsy-stricken head."

Very impressive is the dying Empress Matilda with her ill-spent life and horrid dreams, and the courtier bishop of Lisieux is interesting, although, like others in the poem,

¹ *Josh Billings' Trump Kards*. Blue Glass Philosophy. With illustrations in Natural History,

drawn in too few lines to be much individualized. The love of the young prince for Becket, the scene of Becket's life at Pontigny, the joy of the people in his return to England, heighten and calm the interest of the reader; and he lays down the book, feeling that it is good, if not the best work, and very welcome in these days of heated, unripe, confused, or gentlemanly commonplace poetry.

— Among the many American humorists, as they are generically called, Josh Billings has always held a high place, not only on account of his humor, which he shares with many, but also on account of his wisdom, which is an even rarer quality. In this slender volume,¹ printed on bluish paper, are to be found several brief sayings, with their truth and eternal aptness half hidden beneath bad spelling. There are also longer paragraphs, never running over a page, on various subjects, the subjects being of but slight importance, for the book is not an encyclopædia but a collection of witty sayings. The chapters on Grand Pa and The Skool Boy are characteristic examples of his style. Short as they are, they are too long to quote, especially since the apothegms are so good examples of American humor, which in unprofessional mouths, at least, is generally the quiet, almost arid expression of some unexpected truth. For instance: —

"When i hear a man bragging what he dun last year, and what he iz a going to do next year, I kan tell pretty near what he iz to work at now."

"Euny man who kan swop horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, is just about as pious az men ever git to be in this world."

"It iz very eazy to manage our nabors' bizziness, but our own sometimes bothers us."

"We all of us beleave that we are the espeshall favorites ov fortune, but fortune don't beleave any sutch thing."

"I notiss that when a man runs hiz hed aginst a post, he cusses the post fust, all kreashun next, and sumthing else last, and never thinks ov cussing himself."

Here is a remark which is probably the result of a good deal of experience: —

"Thare is grate risk in being a comik philosopher: nine tenths ov the world will keep both eyes on the monkey, and lose sight entirely ov the philosophy."

by F. S. CHURCH. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1877.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

A new novel by Cherbuliez by no means arouses so much interest now as it did only a few years ago, and for this the author is more justly to be held to account than is the wavering taste of the public. There is this to be said: that every successful novelist is his own worst rival; his readers will be making invidious comparisons between what he does now and what he did formerly, without making proper allowance for the sense of agreeable surprise which novelty alone can give, and can of course give but once. Then, too, we have the feeling about every living author that he is capable of change, and that if he would but listen to wiser counsels—our own, for instance—he would straightway win the fame he sighs after. Moreover, we demand rigidly a steady advance, and faults once venial appear incorrigible on frequent repetition. In the present case² Cherbuliez is as brilliant a writer as ever. He uses epigrams as freely as other writers use points of punctuation, and for about the same purpose: he has invented a mystifying plot, and he tells the story in such a way that the reader never knows what new thing is coming; but yet, after it is read, one finds that no very satisfactory impression is made upon him by all the intellectual fire-works that have been set off for his benefit. Cherbuliez can be amusing, but there is something depressing in the sight of a man of such undeniable ability who devotes all his energy to the flimsiest entertainment of an idle generation of novel-readers. The entertainment may be called flimsy, because it is nothing more than what one gets from hearing an anecdote well told. There is nothing else in the book, not an atom of seriousness, so that the novel seems trivial, especially when we remember how Cherbuliez, when younger, gave promise of better things. This is the real cause of regret: that a man who began with the brilliancy and refinement of *Le Prince Vitale* and *Un Cheval de Phidias* should thus turn into a sort of professional mountebank before the public, and regard every human emotion and passion merely as moves in the game which his characters play with as much real feeling

in their souls as there is of ecclesiastical fervor in a bishop on the chess-board,—that a man who once did so well and promised so much better should sink to this is indeed disappointing. The amusement of the public is of course the first duty of a writer of novels, and it may be as fair as the epigrammatic form of expression allows fairness to say that instruction should be the last; but there are varieties of amusement, and Cherbuliez puts before his readers, with so much cleverness, such an imitation of real feeling that the reader, although interested, is filled with regret. In this story, for instance, a German Jew named Brohl has assumed the name and personality of a Polish count whom he has known, who has died in great poverty, and under this disguise the Jew has won the love of a very charming French girl. All of our author's heroines are attractive and life-like; this one is no exception, but there is something odious in the way in which Cherbuliez, of late years, at least, persistently maltreats them. In this story the young woman gives her heart to this fascinating reptile, and the novel describes the net-work of intrigue spun by him and by those who suspect him of being the adventurer he really is. It is enough to say that Cherbuliez has written this to make it perfectly plain that the book holds the reader's attention fast, and that he is a bold man who can say at any given chapter that he knows what is coming next; all he can be sure of is that it will be something very clever. But all the cleverness in the world will not make up for the tone of the book, which is undeniably depressing. The hero is a most odious villain, the girl's feelings are dangled before the public in a painful way, and one cannot help a sort of shame at reading a story which, if true, ought to be kept from the public out of respect for the victims. But yet it is entertaining.

— Mr. Hillebrand has a good subject before him in his contribution to the series of histories of European States,³ a collection which is appearing at Gotha under the supervision of A. H. L. Heeren, Ukert, and U. von Giesebrecht. It contains already seventy-seven volumes, which have gone over the ground very thoroughly, and there is not much left for future writers to do in

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Samuel Brohl et Cie.* Par VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

³ *Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten.* Herausgegeben von A. H. L. HEEREN, F. A. UKERT, und U. v. GIESEBRECHT. *Geschichte Frankreichs.* (1830-1871.) Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Erster Theil. Gotha: Perthes. 1877.

order to bring the work down to the present date. Mr. Hillebrand's share is writing the history of France for the forty years between the accession of Louis Philippe and the fall of the empire of Napoleon III. This is a period of which the early part is comparatively unknown, because it has hardly found its way into histories as yet, while only the later years are written in the memories of men. There is this advantage, however, that the records are numerous, and obscure points can have light thrown upon them by some of the men who were the actors in the events described in the books. Mr. Hillebrand has evidently made thorough studies for his book, and certainly, in view of the abundance of material, choice must have been a difficult task. Moreover, there were so many different kinds of thought agitating men's minds — especially many in France and in this century — that much space is needed for bringing all the actors, with their different rôles, upon the stage. In this volume we find the unadorned record of the first seven or eight years of the reign of Louis Philippe, and in succeeding volumes we are promised full details of the influence of socialism and St. Simonism upon events, the history of their rise, etc. This cannot fail to be very interesting: Mr. Hillebrand doubtless knows his subject well, and he has seen enough of the practical working of fine theories to make this part of his history entertaining and instructive reading. A full account of the performances of Napoleon III. will be of service to the public, especially one written by a man who has seen so much of modern French life with his own eyes as this writer has done. The present volume is the fruit of much patient labor. We are so accustomed of late years to picturesque histories that this one will seem to have rather the character of a blue-book than that of an artistic and delightful arrangement of the facts that shall deeply impress and charm the reader. Then, too, the fact that most histories have been written by human beings with decided feelings about the things they have described causes the impartiality of this one to appear strange and unattractive. The author takes no side in the matters he has to record; he seems to feel a sort of contemptuous dislike for Louis Philippe, but it is nowhere precisely expressed, although the book certainly leaves on the reader no favorable impression of that king.

What is the merit of this book is the simple, readable, and apparently trustworthy

way in which is told the story of what happened in France forty years ago. It is not an attractive period, and there is something monotonous in the way that French discontent showed itself at that time, in a sullen opposition varied by disgraceful attempts at assassination. The whole matter is to be found narrated in these pages, with references to the authorities for most of the statements, and with such further illustration as serves to make obscure points clear. We look forward with eagerness to the succeeding volumes, especially because this opening volume concerns itself mainly with the politics and the diplomatic relations of France at the time it covers. The history of the current of French thought and of the doings of Napoleon III. will be of greater interest.

— Those who care for lighter works in German literature will welcome Wilhelm Jensen's new novel, *Fluth und Ebbe*.¹ The author is an admired novelist, whose writings, so far as we know, have not been translated into English. This is by no means a trustworthy verdict about their merits, for poorer stories than his have been introduced in their own language to English readers. The present one cannot be very warmly commended to the attention of translators. It is intolerably long-winded, and, what is even worse, the mystery which blinds the eyes of so many of the characters is transparent to those who are familiar with novels; so that he who has any doubt whether the shipwrecked sailor is to return before the end of the second and last volume has the capacity of receiving a good deal of enjoyment from dull stories. The slowness with which the plot is unraveled is somewhat wearying. But apart from these local peculiarities there is a good deal of merit in the story. The scene is laid in a sea-port town in Northern Germany, and throughout the book there are to be found rhapsodical descriptions of the sea which are of real beauty. What is of even more importance to a novel, the development and management of the characters is marked by a certain crudity and simplicity, as if the writing of fiction was still in its infancy. The wicked person, the Consul Assmann, had sent to sea an unsound ship containing a worthless cargo, which had been enormously insured, that he might get profit from its disappearance. It went down as he had arranged, but of course there were surviv-

¹ *Fluth und Ebbe*. Ein Roman. Von WILHELM JENSEN. 2 Bnde. Mitau: Behre. 1877.

ors who appeared at an unwelcome moment before their would-be murderer. There are other characters, too, more or less intimately connected with these personages, and they are, on the whole, well described, although the way they are brought before the reader is not the most artistic. One man, for instance, is the editor of a daily paper, who is designed for a pompous bore, and he is indeed just that, but with such intensity that he becomes a real infliction upon the reader. Moreover, the way in which the alleged English lord watches the conduct of the Assmann family through a telescope in a neighboring house is more ingenious than life-like or imaginative. But apart from this tendency to show life in a succession of pictures rather than in a gliding panorama, the book may be read with satisfaction by those who are anxious to lay their hands on

a new German novel. It is a novel, so to speak, with good instincts, with fine characters in it; like Hattenbach, the old scholar, betrothed all the best years of his life to the woman he was too poor to marry, and like the sailor's wife with her starving children. There is feeling enough in the book, and it is evidently the work of a man who is sensitive to emotions, so that he escapes the deadly fault of being commonplace; but the action is so slow and casts such long shadows beforehand that the jaded reader who is anxious only to be thrilled will not care for it. It should be said in its praise that the book is well printed, and that the leaves have the advantage, rare in a German book, of being stitched and not merely placed in order, to the confusion of the first person opening the book, who will find the leaves flying over space.

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EDUCATION.

THE Harvard Examinations for Women are an attempt to create and bring to bear upon schools and courses of study for girls influences similar to those already exercised upon the schools for boys by the supervision of the colleges. That these college influences are indirect makes them none the less powerful. And it has long been the opinion of careful observers of the education of girls that some well-recognized standard to work up to could be made as useful for them as for boys.

It is plainly indispensable that the authority which sets the standard should be one widely known and esteemed. For this reason the Woman's Education Association of Boston, in their efforts to secure higher qualifications and more thorough training among teachers, and more genuine work in

the schools for girls, applied to Harvard University for help.

A precedent already existed in the Higher Examinations for Women by the universities of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cambridge. Even a short experiment in England had demonstrated that young women were glad to submit to exact tests of ability, and, what is more important for the practical influence of the work upon schools in general, the certificates of proficiency awarded by the universities attained at once a market value, securing for their holders more desirable positions as teachers and better salaries. "No one would think now of employing a governess who had not a university certificate," is the remark of Miss Yonge.

The New England plan really owes not

much more to the English one than that general suggestiveness in which so much comes from the Old World to the New.

Our public-school system has made the idea of examinations of some kind familiar to girls, while in England, until the recent government inspections, they were almost unknown. But an examination of a whole school in classes, by a visiting committee, is an entirely different thing from the voluntary choice of a young woman to devote herself to a specified course of study, and then to offer herself for a thorough testing of her work.

Merely to have duplicated the high-school examinations would hardly have been worth while, nor would it have attained the desired end. The high-schools are of necessity planned to meet the average wants of a large number of pupils. Their standard must be set for the capacity of the average, which always proves far below the ability of at least one quarter of a large class. The very effort of the schools to make the work thorough under the difficulties of irregular attendance and insufficient preparation makes it narrow and cramped. The schools which fit boys for college demand so much special labor from the teachers in the few studies required for the entrance examinations that in the girls' side of the schools the subjects the study of which is necessary to fit them for intelligent women in ordinary life must be neglected. To put it in other words, the girls, who can at best take only a four years' course of study beyond the grammar-schools, are obliged to put up with what is merely the preparatory work of a course intended to last nine or ten. The extreme disparity of standard between school and school has also been a serious barrier to progress.

With these considerations in view, after a careful survey of the work actually prescribed in a large number of high-schools, academies, and private schools, the course of study now required by the Harvard Examinations was marked out.

The papers and the examiners are provided by Harvard University, and the certificates of success are signed by the president.

The expense of the work is borne by local associations, who assume all the labor of advertising, giving information, and making suitable provision for the young women at the time of the examination. The work at Cambridge, Massachusetts, is under the auspices of the Woman's Education Association of Boston. That in New York is

under a local committee. Examinations will be held at other centres as soon as there is a demand for them and competent persons are ready to undertake the local supervision.¹

The examinations are of two classes, — preliminary and advanced. The first may be divided into two parts at the option of the candidate, with the reservation that the examiners must be satisfied in at least three subjects at the earlier examination. Candidates must not be less than seventeen years of age to receive the preliminary certificate, and no one will be admitted to the advanced examination who has not passed the preliminary. In this respect it differs from all the English plans except that of London University. That alone requires all the subjects before granting the certificate. The others require only three or four, and the candidate's choice among the given subjects is almost unrestricted.

In the advanced work the study may be confined to branches of one subject, — mathematics, language, history, or literature. But for the preliminary examination the candidate must be prepared in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physical geography, botany (or physics as an elective), French with either Latin or German, English and American history, and English literature.

The variety, or we might say the many-sidedness, of this course of study, together with the condition that all this preliminary work must be satisfactorily done before attempting further special study, indicates very clearly the character of the whole undertaking. It is not to encourage or multiply specialists, but to enforce the importance of thorough elementary work as the indispensable foundation for a liberal education. It does not aim at professional training, not even for teachers, but seeks first to secure that general discipline and furnishing of the mind on which must be based, with equal necessity, both that higher education which is to give us cultivated women in ordinary life and the special study which fits for a profession.

As to the amount or the quality of the work to be done, whether in the single subjects or as a whole, it is difficult to make a satisfactory statement without a literal repetition of the official requirements. It is not too much to claim that the preliminary examination will serve as "a test of elementary education of a liberal order."

¹ There will be centres at Philadelphia and Cincinnati in 1878.

"The best work of the best high-schools" was the original interpretation of the standard, but the experience of five years goes to prove that the schools are few which pursue a course of study of such breadth as this, or which insist upon the requisite thoroughness. The public schools, as we have already hinted, lack in breadth. It may be a useful education; it is not a *liberal* one.

The private schools (we mean the term to include all schools not free) are likely to fail in the drill and discipline which develop power in mind and character. The reasons why would furnish material for a whole article. The interference of parents renders any systematic plan almost impossible. The preference among the mothers for showy accomplishments sacrifices reality to appearance; and to sum all in one word, the entire ignorance among our wealthy and leisurely class of the indispensable need of rigorous training for success in social life defeats the endeavors of the most skillful teachers.

Yet it is a fact that so far the candidates who have succeeded best have come from private schools. This is partly accounted for, on the one side, by the possession of means sufficient to secure special instruction; and on the other, by the greater freedom of private schools to adopt, if they will, new plans of study. Superintendents and committees move slowly. And, moreover, there is a natural reluctance on the part of the already burdened high-school teachers to add anything to the work already required of them. As we said before, the girls are sacrificed to the boys. It is not improbable that we may have to wait before seeing very large numbers of candidates until, as it were, a new generation of teachers and committees arise who can see that in education, as in building, one must plan the end from the beginning. A four years' course of study becomes an absurdity if it is identical with the first four years of a course intended to cover eight or nine years.

We ought not to omit in our sketch the stimulus and the help which such examinations may give to solitary study. There is a good deal of idle young ladyhood, the result simply of not knowing what to do. Only the true "scholar" can work without external aid, but the love of books and the habit of study can often be fostered by well-made paths and definite points to mark the way, such as examinations may furnish.

We would not be understood in all this as mistaking examinations for a means of education. We approve them only as a test — the best, perhaps, which our imperfect methods have yet reached — to show what use has been made of the true means of education. Of their effect upon girls, when conducted as these are, without the element of competition, we quote a letter from a school-mistress in England who has had much experience of the university examinations: "So far as they bear upon the characters of pupils, we have nothing to complain of, but everything to encourage us. We find that they frequently strike a most effectual blow at sentimentality and conceit, and they lead to habits of order, economy of time, and interest in study, and to more sympathy with those who are engaged in the graver business of life."

There is a small but hopeful band of enthusiasts who will answer every word thus said by insisting that all girls should be fitted for college, and that college education is the universal panacea. Such sanguine spirits are hard to convince, but cooler judgments and more practical eyes will see that it will be long before any considerable proportion of young women go to college. The wherefore is beyond our present purpose, but it must be evident that the work to be done for the immense majority of young women must be accomplished within or near the limits of school life.

Such a plan as the Harvard Examinations for Women traverses no one's special theories. It leaves the college question entirely open, and at the most it professes to be only one way of helping toward the better education of women in a field which offers but too many opportunities for patient effort.

Some breath has been rather idly spent in reproaching Harvard for offering examinations without instruction, as if it were the shadow without the substance; but whoever makes such a suggestion seriously must have little knowledge of the actual work of great universities. A large part of it has always consisted of just such labor. Our people are so unfamiliar with any sort of examination outside the old narrow school-committee interpretation of the term that it is scarcely strange that the good of them should be questioned. But in older communities the probable superiority of the tried or tested man or woman is rarely denied.

The necessity for independence in the

examiners has led many persons even to maintain as a distinct theory that it is a decided gain *not* to have the instructing and the examining body one and the same. Without insisting upon this view of the matter, we cannot do better than to call the attention of these objectors to the great prominence which was given to this very point in the discussions upon university reform in England fifteen years ago, — discussions of which these very Higher Examinations for Women were a direct result.

It is not, its friends said, solely the instruction of the university that is of such value to society, but it is the guaranty that is put upon the work done by the student. Other work equally good is no doubt done elsewhere, but there is no stamp to distinguish it from the worthless. Let us have the same guaranty outside the walls of the university, and its usefulness will be vastly widened. The various local examinations throughout Great Britain and Ireland were the result of this demand.

Without claiming for Harvard any such position as that of the Old World universities, and even admitting her influence to be in some aspects a local one, there is no authority on this side the water more widely recognized, and no verdict more highly esteemed, than hers.

It is this wide recognition and general acknowledgment of the competency and impartiality of the verdict that will make the plan so useful in determining the worth of teachers. As we have already said, the university certificates in England from the outset had a market value. From the very first the demand for teachers holding them exceeded the supply, and still continues to do so, although hundreds now pass each year.

The female teachers of our country number about two hundred thousand. Accepting as colleges all the institutions that claim the name, we do not find that they send out even two or three thousand graduates yearly. The normal-schools do not graduate as many. In 1874 the number going from them to teach of *both* sexes was under fourteen hundred. The vast majority must then have received, with the rarest exceptions, only the ordinary school education. But to discriminate between the schools from which they come or the abilities they have, there have been no means whatever that could have any force outside each separate community. Each superin-

tendent, supervisor, or committee sets his own standard, and oftener than not refuses to acknowledge the existence of any other.

"The regulations respecting the examination of teachers appear to be responsible, to some extent, for the frequent changes which occur, and which form a special blot upon the American system. . . . An annual examination must be insufferable. . . . The want of uniformity must work prejudicially. Teachers who are rejected by one set of examiners are passed by another. In one county of Ohio ninety-seven per cent. of those examined passed and received certificates; in another fifty-five per cent. of the candidates were rejected. This instance alone is sufficient to prove the necessity for some definite standard of qualification and uniform method of examination."¹ No experience is so disheartening to the young teacher as this passing from one set of examiners to another; while so long as this variety of standard exists, the public has no protection against the clever pretenses of the shallow or the ignorant, and no defense against the piteous pleading of genteel necessity.

The success of the three years' work at Harvard is not to be measured by the number of candidates, for it has been emphatically seed-time. It must take years for the mere knowledge of such a scheme to reach those for whom it is intended. The correspondence of the committees in charge represents every State in the Union, every variety of school, and all classes of teachers.

It is plain that the study cannot be taken up at the last moment except by girls of unusual natural power or of specially fortunate instruction. It must grow with their growth. The girls in the grammar-schools now are to be the candidates of the next decade.

It is to this element of permanence that the scheme will owe its success. Any short experiments in education are worse than money thrown away, and time lost. The association is determined that there shall be a fair trial, and, if need be, the university is ready with yet longer patience.

A pamphlet containing requirements, lists of books, specimen examination papers, etc., will be forwarded on application to the secretaries, 114 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, or 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

¹ The Free School System of the United States. F. Adams. England.